Who owns the telephone?

For seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time, learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

Today John Graves, and many thousands like him, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned by more people than any other, and the great majority of its owners —laborers, clerks, housewives, business men and others—have bought it with their savings. As its business has grown, the number of its shareholders has increased until now one out of every 45 telephone subscribers is also a stockholder.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

AND

IN AUGUST—

THERE will appear the diary of V. Bulgakov, secretary to Count Leo Tolstoy.

Bulgakov jotted down the petty bickerings of the household. He chronicled Madame Tolstoy's insane jealousy; her shooting through the walls of her bedroom with the revolver she kept beside her because "she was practicing to kill Tchertkov"—Tolstoy's best-loved disciple.

"I suffer more than you," she told her daughter, when she heard Tolstoy was dying. "You are losing a father, but I am losing a husband of whose death I am guilty."

Another Feature of The August McClure's

"WHEN aged women and young girls were put to death for holding a religious meeting," Thomas Lurting, "in obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit," opposed his individual conscience to the might and majesty of the English navy, declared a strike upon the eve of battle, took pirates captive, rebuked the king and, in spite of all, continued to live happily ever afterward.

This is the story told in the first of two articles dealing with the early history of the Quakers.

ALSO

JUDGE GARY'S ORGANIZATION OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

By Ida M. Tarbell

THE LARGER VIEW

ENGLAND has its Eton, its Rugby, its Harrow, its Charterhouse, its Oundle and others. America has scores and scores of schools good for girls, schools good for boys.

"The private boarding school has in itself," says Mr. J. R. Campbell, "the attributes of personality, character and tone, in such measure and such force as is true of no other type of school." That is why the private school can speed up the unusual and also maintain a high average; do the best for the exceptional, and not neglect the ordinary.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is for all good schooling. It is decidedly for the private school. With representatives throughout the land going into homes where there are children to send off to school, it has an unusual opportunity to help schools, while it helps its readers to choose schools.

But McCLURE'S also takes the larger view. By a strange coincidence the man The New York *Times* says has done most for university extension finds himself in this issue the spokesman of this larger view. Of course McCLURE'S will help the private schools, both big and small. But McCLURE'S approves of such expansions of the great idea as the pilgrimage, so successful just a year ago in the Shenandoah Valley, and of the college pilgrimage soon to start around the world under the auspices of the University Travel Association and the Presidency of Dr. Charles F. Thwing.

We are watching with delight the private school idea reaching out to those who cannot come within school walls. The President of La Salle Extension University is right: "Experience can be plused with practical training and a man may earn while he learns." The Alexander Hamilton Institute asserts that "Organized business training is now available to every man capable of benefiting from it whether he can go away to college or not." With all this the International Correspondence School agrees.

The private school, then, with its smaller percentage of students to teachers and its more intensive democracy is first and last the interest of McCLURE'S. But also the private school, dynamic, expansive, pilgriming on land and sea, going out to those who cannot come to it.

The larger view—that is the McCLURE vision.

LYMAN P. POWELL.

The McClure Vision

NEVER before in its history has McCLURE'S MAGAZINE opened its campaign for the good schools with a larger vision than in this memorable number. The Kingsley School is a good school. Everybody who knows about schools knows it deserves the confidence of parents.

KINGSLEY SCHOOL

Box K, Essex Fells, N. J.

A boys' school which cultivates a democratic spirit while teaching initiative, self-reliance and self-control. Character building and sound scholarship are the chief aims of the school. Prepares for leading colleges, also full academic courses with diploma. Public speaking. Small classes guarantee to each pupil the maximum of the teacher's attention. Supervised study. In beautiful hill country, remote from city and town distractions, yet easily accessible. Upper and lower schools. All athletics. Competent coaches and close supervision.

For catalog address

James R. Campbell, A.M., Headmaster

Birch Wathen School

A modern day school for boys and girls

150 W. 94th Street - 147, 149 W. 93rd Street
New York City

BUT it is of the essence of the American Private School that there must be variety. This is suggested by the Birch Wathen School, a modern day school for boys and girls at the very heart of New York City and easily accessible from every point. Watch for others in the months to come.

COLONEL Sandy Beaver took the Riverside Military Academy when it was a small school and has made it one of the great Military Schools of the country. It is an honor to present the Riverside Military Academy to our readers and thus add further to the variety for which McCLURE'S will always stand.

RIVERSIDE

A military academy of the highest standards, located 50 miles north of Atlanta, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, 1400 feet above sea level, with 350 cadets from 25 states.

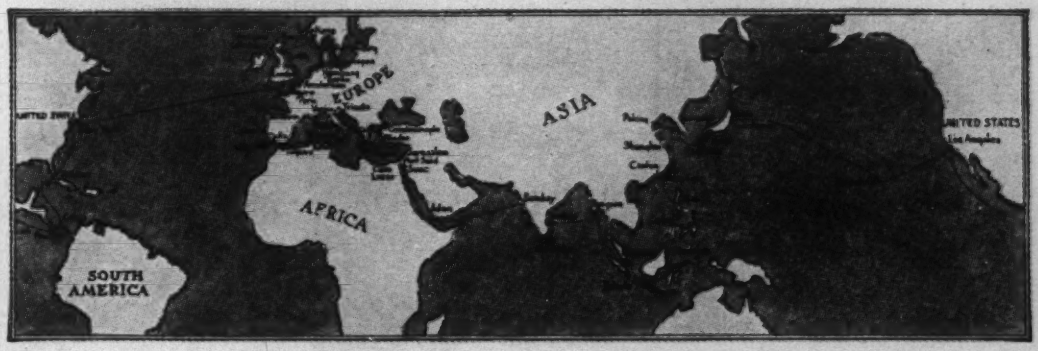
Thorough preparation for Universities, Government Academies or Business. Strong faculty of experienced educators. Small classes; close personal supervision; parental discipline; corrective gymnastics.

Junior unit R. O. T. C. directed by active officers of the regular army. Campus in the midst of 2000 acres of forest park; large athletic fields; lake 300 feet wide and two miles long; boating; swimming; fishing; hunting; mountain-climbing; beautiful golf course; largest gymnasium in the South. Flat rate of $894.00 covers every possible expense including board, tuition, uniforms, laundry, books and a weekly spending allowance.

For catalogue, address

Colonel Sandy Beaver, President, Box M, Gainesville, Ga.
(Member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the U. S.)

One College Year Afloat



A Trip Around the World while Preparing for College or Regularly Pursuing a College Course, and for College Graduates

PRESIDENT CHARLES F. THWING—*Educational Administrator*

The broadening influences of travel in many foreign countries as a part of a collegiate education have now become an accomplished fact.

Many colleges and universities have co-operated to attain this end, and to insure the granting of college credits. Therefore, students preparing for college suffer no loss of time, and those in the Freshmen or other years of college or university work receive full credits for work done.

The Steamship "UNIVERSITY"

(18,000 TONS)

specially fitted up for this work, with library, classrooms, gymnasium, etc., will be operated on the basis of a college dormitory and commons.

It will sail from New York on October 1st, visiting Cuba, thence to Panama, passing through the Canal and around the world on the course shown on the map above.

Thirty-five different countries will be visited and stops made at fifty foreign ports.

The registration is limited to 450 men students.

Registry open to Final Year Preparatory Students, College Students in any year, and College Graduates. Advanced courses are offered from which upper classmen may select studies to secure a year of college credits.

A special feature is the study of foreign trade and principal products exported by countries visited.

The faculty consists of forty men, specialists in their lines, selected from the leading colleges and universities of the United States.

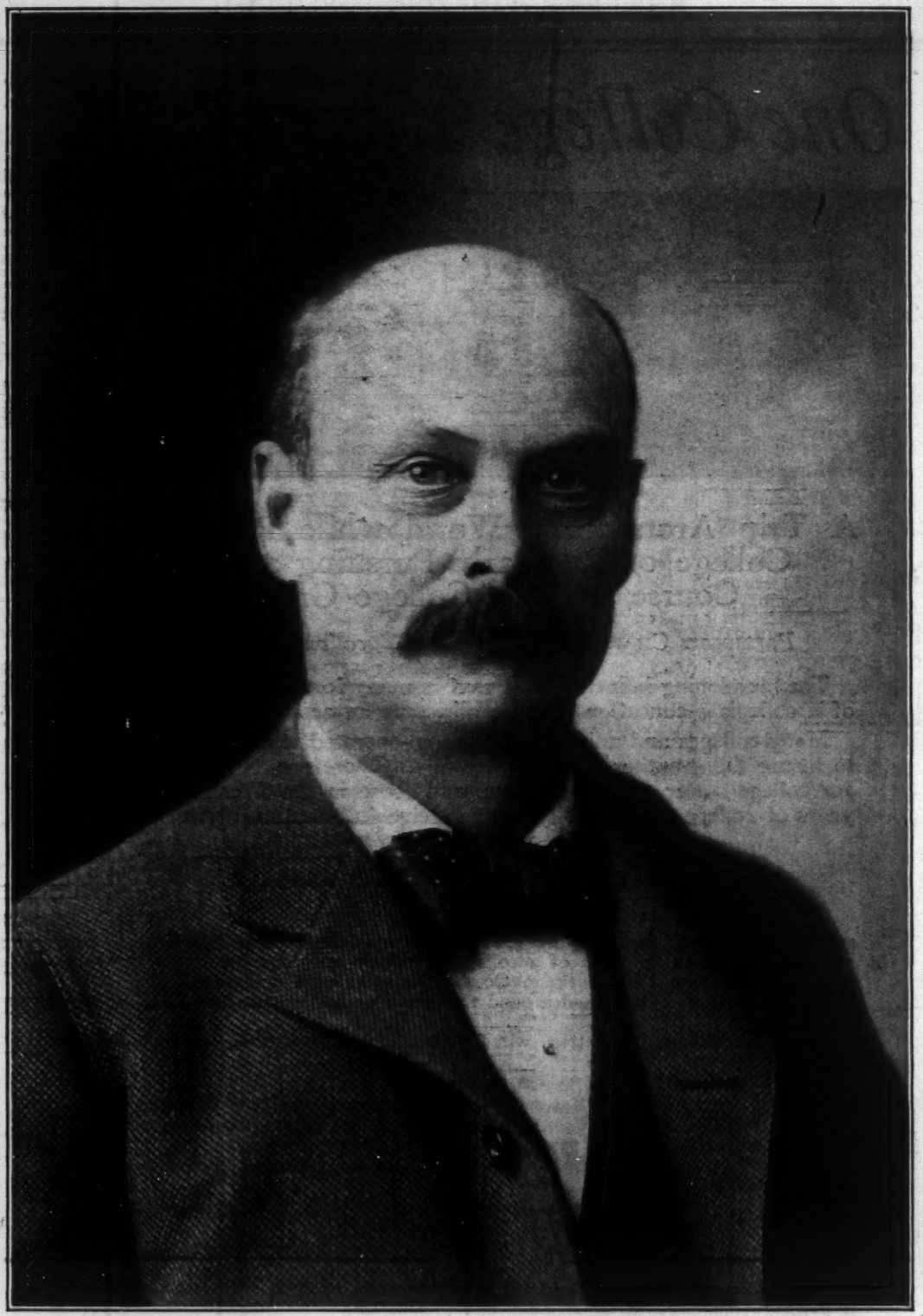
The rate of $2,200 includes all expenses on board and on shore for the entire school year of eight months.

The return trip to New York will be made in May, 1926.

Prompt application is necessary. For bulletin and full information, address

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, INC.

11 Broadway, New York City



Judge Gary, from a photograph taken in Chicago at the time that he abandoned the law for steel.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series, VOL. I, No. 3 | JULY, 1925 *Founded 1893* | Whole Number 373

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

Judge Gary's Entrance Into Steel

By IDA M. TARBELL

To understand the *Story of Steel* which is an essential chapter of the greater story of civilization, one must meet Judge Elbert Gary, executive head of the United States Steel Corporation. His boyhood and early career, discussed by Miss Tarbell in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for May and June, is particularly interesting because it is typical of American life and American success.

Judge Gary's ancestors were pioneers; pioneers upon this continent when they came to New England from Hertfordshire in 1638, then pioneers in the new settlement at Pomfret, Connecticut. Two hundred years later, the Gary men were moved by the same instinct when Judge Gary's father settled in DuPage County, Illinois.

The father, Erastus Gary, reached Fort Dearborn, now Chicago, in 1831. He refused to invest his $1,000 capital in land that is now the central part of the city, because it was "swampy and unfit for cultivation." He had come from Connecticut, "the land of steady habits," and was primarily interested in building a home. Speculation in land or in any commodity did not appeal to him.

Upon a reputation for honorable, fair dealing, the young settler made a name for himself in the community. He married Susan Abiah Vallette, a school-teacher, the daughter of a neighbor.

In a log cabin near Warrenville, Elbert Gary was born.

In 1849, when he was only two and one-half years old, the uses of iron began to enter his consciousness; his father moved the family to Wheaton, where the first Illinois railroad had claimed a right of way through the elder Gary's farm. It was with an almost proprietary interest that the child saw that funny locomotive puff and grumble past the house and disappear into a cut made in "his father's hill."

However the youngster was not permitted to idle away his time, dreaming of things made of iron and watching the infrequent trains. He was sent to the district school, made to consider the household "chores" as his personal responsibility, and, in short, lived the happy, healthy, busy life of a farm boy.

He was a student in the Illinois Institute when the Civil War broke out and, like any normal boy of 14, was crazy to enlist. Again and again recruiting officers rejected him, because of his youth. Then, in 1864, he succeeded in running away with a regiment, only to be discharged two months later.

Next, he was invited to enter a law office, as a student clerk. There he read Blackstone and laid the foundation for the consummate legal knowledge which was to be his in later years. His formal education was concluded with a short course in the Union College of Law, now a part of Northwestern University.

The Chicago fire destroyed the firm with which Gary had been associated and, before the ashes were cold, he had determined to hang out his own shingle. He was more than successful. He appeared in the Cook County courts as the almost "unbeatable lawyer" of the circuit.

Even in those early years his thoroughness, which was to reach its greatest development when he came to make a corporation of corporations and gather the whole steel and allied industries into a single office, was a part of his daily practice.

"In one case, a man claimed large damages for permanent injury to his arms from the blow of a lever on what he claimed was a defective machine. Gary visited the factory, and after making sure that the machine was in the same condition as at the time of the injury, he set it in motion. . . . First he let the lever strike a piece of timber loosely held; then let it strike bits of scantling, rigidly placed. Finally, he let his own arm take the blow. Since he was not hurt, he concluded there must have been fraud involved."

His reputation for fairness to his clients, for shrewdness and for honesty won him honors usually reserved for older men.

"By 1892, Judge Gary had been in general practice for twenty years. . . . His position was secure. He became interested in STEEL. . . . "

From Nova Scotia came this comment upon the *Life of Judge Gary:*

"Elbert Gary is the greatest industrial figure of the century, a great man to whom his country owes much. The United States Steel Corporation while under his control and leadership has proved to be the greatest stabilizing influence in the business of the United States. His judgment of men and affairs, and the needs of the country's commerce, as well as the requirements of what justice to labor as partners in industry demands, has won the respect and confidence of the country and of the government. And as to the number of his friends, no man knows them for they are not confined to the citizens of the United States, Canada or the American Continent."

In this narrative, Miss Tarbell has begun the story of the manner in which Judge Gary endeavored to satisfy a hostile public opinion. She will show how he attempted to work with, instead of working against the government; how he fought unfair competition and profiting through advance information.

She has traced the development of his moral code, during his years of training in the courts. There he saw that the only method to secure stability was through the practice of frankness and fair dealing. The manner in which his personal code of ethics has been adopted by business in general is the most significant business development of the past quarter century.—*Editor's Note.*

Chapter IV

Gary Goes Into Iron and Steel

A FIRST undertaking in an Illinois settlement of the 30's and 40's as early as the first general store, was a blacksmith shop. Here were made shoes for horses, simple and rough iron work for wagons and plows, and frequently the tongs, pokers and andirons for the household as well. It was with difficulty that these blacksmith shops and the foundries which soon sprang up beside them kept pace with the demands of the Western settlers.

These settlers were progressive buyers. That is, they were open to new tools, asking nothing better than to spend money for that which enabled them to do their work more quickly. It was this attitude of mind that, in 1847, brought Cyrus McCormick from Virginia where he had developed his reaper and where the Virginian wheat farmers had proved too conservative to give him the market he sought. It was different in the West. There the farmers bought his machines faster than he could ship them, and he saw that the natural thing was for him to go to the center of this great trade.

It was so with other things. One of the earliest recollections of young Elbert Gary, whose story we are following, was of lightning rods. In his home town of Wheaton there were two factories making them. Then there were plows, the merits of which he saw tested again and again in the exciting contests at the fall fairs which were one of the great events of his boyhood. A show place in Naperville, the county seat seven miles from his home, was a steel plow factory that by the time he was ten years old was boasting in its advertising literature that it had "never been beaten at any state or county fair." As a matter of fact it was one of the oldest plow factories in

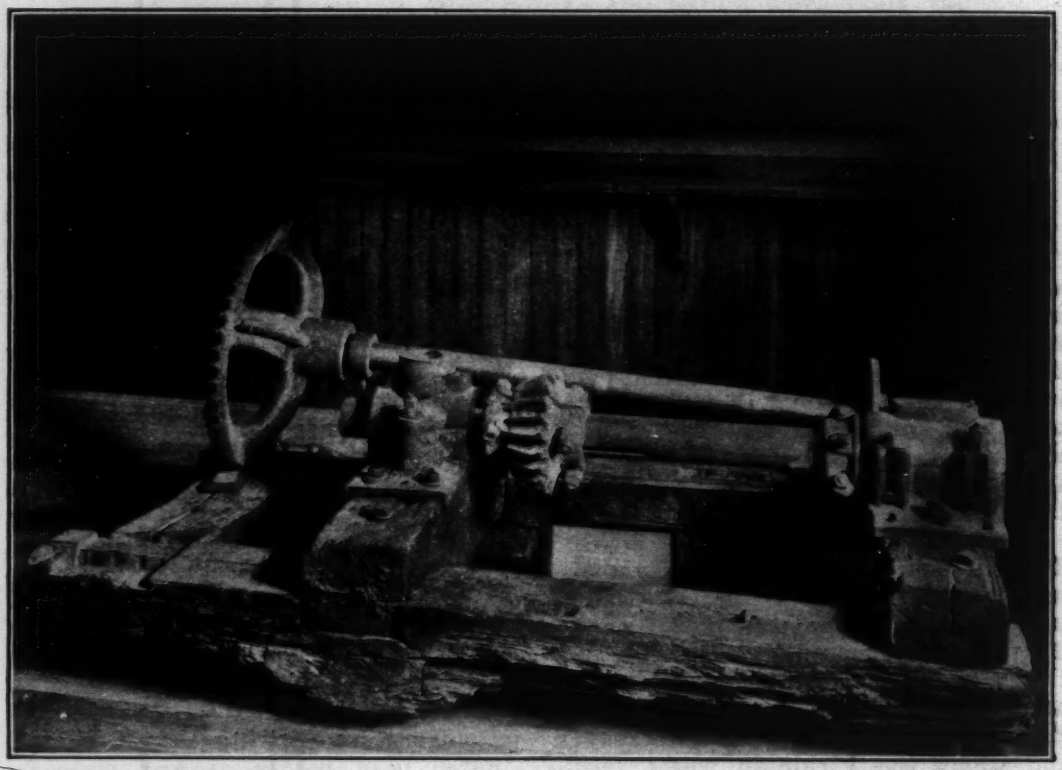
the West, if not the oldest. It made the enormous number of fifteen plows a day, at an average price of fifteen dollars each!

While energetic and resourceful farmers like Erastus Gary were taking advantage of all sorts of new inventions, they were frequently forecasting, by their ingenious devices, inventions which were to be of incalculable importance in future agricultural and industrial developments. There was the important matter of fencing the prairies. Rails and board fences were not satisfactory, wind and fire sweeping them down regularly. Another of Judge Gary's earliest recollections is of his father enclosing their Wheaton fields first with rails and afterwards in wire fencing; and a little later, when he was about twelve years old, of being set with his brother Noah at making roughly finished barbs and staples for the wires.

Erastus Gary's device was simple enough. He drilled a hole in an old anvil and, cutting strips of wire diagonally with a cold chisel, directed the boys to stick one end in the hole and with a hammer bend the strip. This was then fitted around the fence wire with a pair of pincers—the result was a partly successful barbed wire fence.

But Erastus Gary was not the only Illinois farmer whose wits and fingers were busy on the problem of protective fencing. Thirty or forty miles away in the town of DeKalb, lived one Joseph Glidden, who, with the help of his wife, had made something so practical that he had it patented. This was in 1873, a few years after Erastus Gary and his boys had begun to enclose their fields in their home-made product.

Glidden bought his wire from a local hardware dealer, one I. L. Ellwood. Ellwood proposed that they set up a factory. They were soon turning out such quantities of fencing that the manufacturers from whom they bought their wire, the foremost and oldest in the country, Washburn & Moen of Worchester, Massachusetts, became curious and sent a man to investigate. As soon as he put his eyes on the Glidden and Ellwood barbed wire, he saw that here was a product with a future. The up-



A portion of a wire drawing frame installed in Ichabod Washburn's Grove Street factory, Worcester, Mass., about 1845. *It was used until* 1910.

Double-Strand Barbed Wire Fencing
First piece ever made with intention of holding the barbs in place by twisting two strands together. Made in 1874 by Joseph F. Glidden at the old Glidden homestead, De Kalb, Illinois. Twisted on the small crank of a grindstone which Mrs. Glidden turned for the purpose. The wire tightened on the crank and could be removed only by cutting with a cold-chisel. The specimen shows where it was cut away from the crank.

Loaned by the Industrial Museum, American Steel and Wire Company.

shot was that he bought out Glidden, and arranged with Ellwood to manufacture at Worcester, Ellwood taking the Western market and he the Eastern and Southern.

But trouble awaited them. One of Glidden's neighbors, a carpenter, a German by the name of Jacob Haish, had also experimented with barbed wire and, only a little later than Glidden, had secured a patent, and in the second story of his carpenter shop had begun to manufacture. The Washburns had always been aggressive defenders of their patents, and they immediately began circularizing the trade with a threat to sue any dealer who bought a barbed wire which did not bear their license tag. Jacob Haish was not one to be easily frightened, and he followed up the Washburn threat with an elaborate, illustrated circular, declaring that his fence wire was "sold on its merits and not through the influence of threatened lawsuits." It was the beginning of a war which was to prove long and cruel.

But it was not only disputes over patents that worried Ellwood and Washburn. They were pestered with pirates of particular audacity and ingenuity, men who, seeing the fortunes that lay in barbed wire and emboldened by the disputes over the patents, set up factories of their own. One of the very earliest and altogether the ablest of these poachers was a young man of twenty-three or four by the name of John W. Gates.

Ellwood had employed Gates as a salesman, and he had proved himself a genius at the business. He had a natural passion for selling things—anything—accompanied by equal energy and audacity. Recognizing that Texas was a fertile field for barbed wire, if the ranchmen and cowboys could be persuaded that it would be effective in fencing in their wild horses and cattle, he dropped into the state and, when the merit of his "line" was questioned, built a barbed wire corral and sent invitations far and wide that the wildest animals be brought in to test the new invention. It was a wonderful exhibition that followed. I have heard it declared that no rodeo ever equalled it. The ranchmen were convinced, and Gates was loaded with orders.

As the story goes Gates felt that this was too much business to pass on, so, going to St. Louis, he persuaded a couple of gentlemen who had capital to go quietly into the manufacture of barbed wire. Before Ellwood knew it,

and indeed while he was telegraphing over the country for his lost salesman, the Gates plant began operations.

An injunction was served on him in Missouri, but he and his partners picked up their machinery and slipped across the Mississippi River into Southern Illinois, and went on turning out the pirated product. Every move that Ellwood made Gates checkmated, until finally, in despair, his pursuer concluded that it was better to license than to fight him. And thus it was that about 1885 John W. Gates became a legitimate wire manufacturer. But he was not satisfied with his St. Louis plant, and rapidly secured an interest in four others—three of them in Pennsylvania, and one in the West.

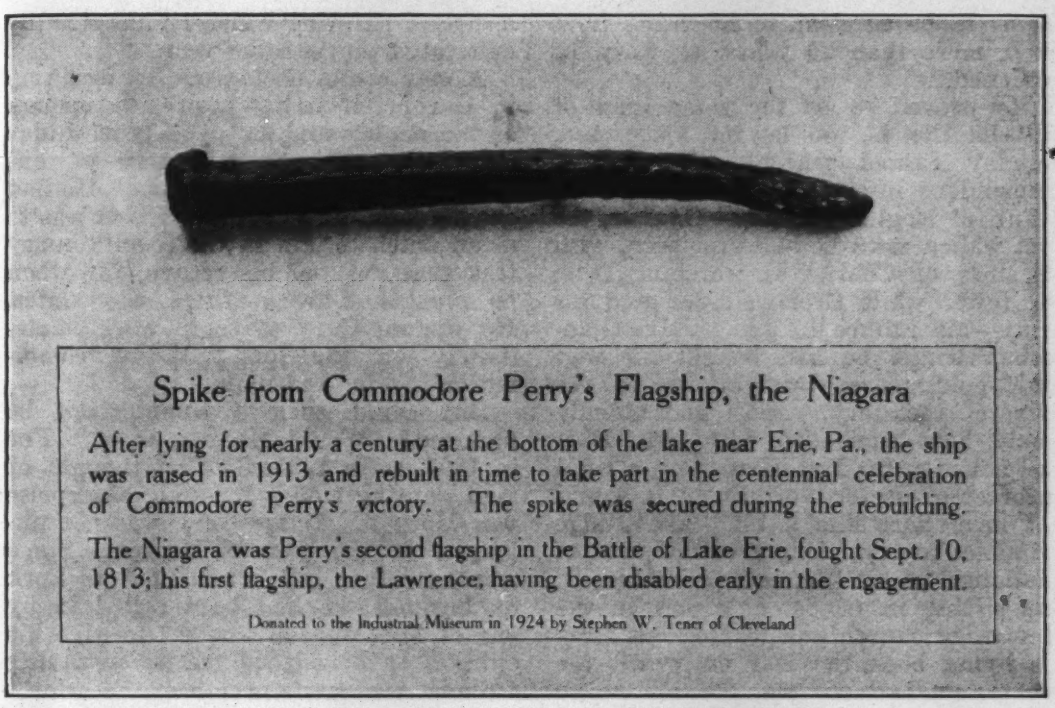
Now, these scattered concerns had to live under more or less cruel trade conditions. Pirates sprang up who scoffed at patents as Gates had done. The price of the rods from which the wire was drawn fluctuated extravagantly. The railroad frequently favored their competitors who, in spite of trade agreements on prices, freely undercut when they thought it to their advantage. John W. Gates was well fitted by temperament and experience to hold his own under such conditions, but he realized that survival in barbed wire was only to the strong, and he began talking to his partners in the five scattered factories about combining. By 1892 he was ready for the amalgamation. A lawyer was needed, and Gates went at once to Judge Gary who at the time, because of the extent of his practice, had refused to take a third term on the bench.

Gates went to Gary not only because he had always known him—he was born only twenty miles from Wheaton—but because of a profound confidence in the man's legal ability and fairness. It was a confidence born of experience, for Gary had been the opposing lawyer in a case against Gates and had been successful—a fact that had so won his respect that he afterwards consulted the Judge in legal difficulties. Besides, by this time Gary had become not only a successful practitioner, he was widely known as thoroughly versed in corporate law. As a matter of fact he was often employed by several railroad companies, as well as by a number of industrial organizations, and soon became the regular counsel for some of them.

It was a simple matter to put together the five concerns as an Illinois corporation. It was done in exactly the same way, Judge Gary tells me, in which six years later he was to frame the Federal Steel Corporation. That is, the owners of the plants, having agreed on the amount of stock to be issued—$4,000,000—settled by negotiation what each should have and exchanged their old shares for the new. The complete block of stock in the concern, which they called the Consolidated Steel & Wire Company, was held by the owners of the old concerns.

The framing of this first important combine caused great uneasiness in the country's wide-flung wire circles where Gates was liked by some and suspected by others The Illinois public questioned it — it was another Trust. The new combination arrived at an unhappy moment, too. The panic of 1893 was close on its heels. There were threats of reduced tariffs from the new Democratic administration. There were serious labor troubles. Men like Gates and certain of his associates in the combination found business depression hard on their nerves. The new board was more or less discordant, and its counsel, Judge Gary, soon found peace-making one of his duties. They appreciated it, frank men that they were. They began to discover, too, that he gave them something more than counsel on legal matters, that he gave them sound business advice, and it was advice which resulted from reflection on the actual condition of business, the details of which, they discovered, he knew in many cases as well as, or better than, they themselves did. It was not long before he was invited to the Board of Directors and began to buy stock; for, from the first, Gary had believed that the Consolidated was an entirely sound business proposition; that is, that it was worth the $4,000,000 at which it was capitalized, or more.

John W. Gates now had a strong enough wire and nail unit to enable him to compete with the best of those in the business, but he was not satisfied. As he traveled back and forth from East



Spike from Commodore Perry's Flagship, the Niagara

After lying for nearly a century at the bottom of the lake near Erie, Pa., the ship was raised in 1913 and rebuilt in time to take part in the centennial celebration of Commodore Perry's victory. The spike was secured during the rebuilding.

The Niagara was Perry's second flagship in the Battle of Lake Erie, fought Sept. 10, 1813; his first flagship, the Lawrence, having been disabled early in the engagement.

Donated to the Industrial Museum in 1924 by Stephen W. Tener of Cleveland

to West and dropped in to rival plants to talk over matters with the owners, he frequently broached the subject of a larger combination; and when he came back he discussed the matter with Gary who was himself gradually coming to the conclusion not only that there would be economies and better service in such an undertaking, but that it was possibly the only means by which the manufacturers could be brought to observe their own marketing arrangements. The pools which they were constantly attempting almost invariably ended in bitter rows and accusations born of their suspicion of one another. The suspicion was generally well placed. One of the frankest of the group of wire manufacturers of that period, John Stevenson of the New Castle Wire Works, said once, in testifying as to the difficulties in trade that they had at that time, "Every man's hand was against his neighbor; we were all Ishmaelites, every one of us." And he went on to tell of a meeting of manufacturers in which a price of $1.50 had been fixed for nails in the keg, and one of the leaders in the group, hurrying out to the telegraph office, entered an order for 10,000 kegs at $1.40! By accident this message fell into Mr. Stevenson's hands at the telegraph office just after the meeting had adjourned for lunch, and he had the pleasure of laying it before his colleagues when they reconvened. It was that kind of thing, so Mr. Stevenson claimed, that caused 80% of the mortality in the wire and nail business, and not consolidation, as was publicly charged.

One of the chief things that the best men in the business at this time felt the need of was protection from one another.

It was not until late in the summer of 1897 that matters came to a focus. Gary had been in Europe—his first trip. Indeed, the first long vacation he had ever taken. He had kept himself fit as few men do through many years of continuous hard work by his joyous and temperate social life and by his unbroken interest in outdoor pursuits—horseback riding, fishing trips, and every now and then a few days' hunting in Iowa and Minnesota. But early in this year, an Eastern lawyer who had been associated with him in a case in Chicago had, as the Judge says, talked him into the notion of going abroad. And that notion once in his mind, nothing could change him.

With Mrs. Gary and one of his daughters, he had started in June for a three months' trip, every detail of which

seems to be as clear in his mind now, after more than 25 years, as when he returned.

He proved to be the same kind of traveler that he was lawyer, sportsman, Sunday School teacher. He had a tremendous interest in everything—the beautiful English country—Chester, the first walled town he had ever seen, with its story of Charles II watching from the tower while Cromwell defeated his army—his failure to get to Mr. Gladstone, though he had bought his way with gold pieces straight up to the private secretary, and undoubtedly would have succeeded with him, if it had not been for Mrs. Gladstone, a rigid enforcer of doctor's orders. "It would not have hurt him a bit," the Judge grumbles to-day. The greatest piece of vandalism of his life, as he considers it, was sitting in Gladstone's pew in the Hawarden church and tearing out from his hymn book the leaf on which the great man had written, "Shall we go out before the last hymn?"

He recalls still the solemnity of London, if you first see it, as he did, about twelve o'clock on a Saturday night! In spite of guides and counselors, he knew what he wanted to see in the great city. First, Bunyan's grave, then Charles Wesley's church and grave, then Dicken's "Old Curiosity Shop"—memories of things that had impressed him in his youth. Later the British Museum, the courts, the National Gallery, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Bank of England, Oxford, Cambridge, etc., etc.

He was as tireless in his sight-seeing as in the law. He loved "watching the folks" and would rise every morning at five o'clock to visit the markets and see the people going to work. At night, after a hard day in churches and galleries, he was out to watch the night life of the towns and cities. But the real excitement of his journey was his pilgrimage in search of the twelve greatest pictures of the world. Mrs. Gary knew what they were, and he wanted to see them, every one of them; and they did it, from "Mona Lisa" and the "Immaculate Conception" in Paris, through Italy, Austria and Germany, to the "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp. It was his first experience with great pictures and aroused in him a love of painting which he has steadily cultivated through the years.

A man comes back from his first trip to Europe, if it has been put through as thoroughly and as joyously as Judge Gary put through this trip of his, heartened, enlarged, refreshed. He had got his hand on something which was to mean much to him in the revolutionary task that awaited his return, for when he reached Chicago there was Gates. He wanted Gary to begin work immediately on the long-talked-of combination in wire and nails.

But could such a combination be financed? Would Morgan assist? For in 1897, as in 1925, the first thought of men wanting money for a big enterprise was Morgan. Judge Gary was not unknown to the famous banker. Some months before this, when in New York on business, he had been called in by one of Mr. Morgan's cousel to give his opinion on a railroad matter involving Illinois law and practice. "I don't think you can do that legally, Mr. Morgan," Judge Gary had said when the case had been stated.

"Well," said Mr. Morgan—and his "well" was always a challenging, often a terrifying expletive—"I don't know as I want a lawyer to tell me what I cannot do. I hire him to tell me how to do what I want to do."

"Tell me your purpose," the Judge replied, "and I will see what can be done."

Mr. Morgan, who always knew exactly what he was after, though he sometimes found difficulty in telling others, explained his purpose.

"There is a legal way to reach that result," Judge Gary said, and he explained what it was. The banker was immensely pleased. It undoubtedly made an impression on him which he never forgot, for he was a man of remarkable memory, particularly in matters which concerned men.

But it was not before Mr. Morgan, it was before the first ranking partner in the concern, Mr. Charles H. Coster, that Gates and Gary laid their plan for a steel and wire combination. They found him hospitable, and finally Mr. Morgan agreed that, if the wire manufacturers could be brought together, he would back a consolidation, to be known as the American Steel and Wire Com-

VICTORIOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!
HAISH'S
IMPROVED "S" BARB
STEEL FENCE WIRE.
Enameled and Galvanized. Sold on its Merits, and not through the influence of threatened Lawsuits.
Haish's Patents
Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad.
Haish's Valid Claims.
FOR SALE HERE.
L. JACKMAN. Agt. GENOA.

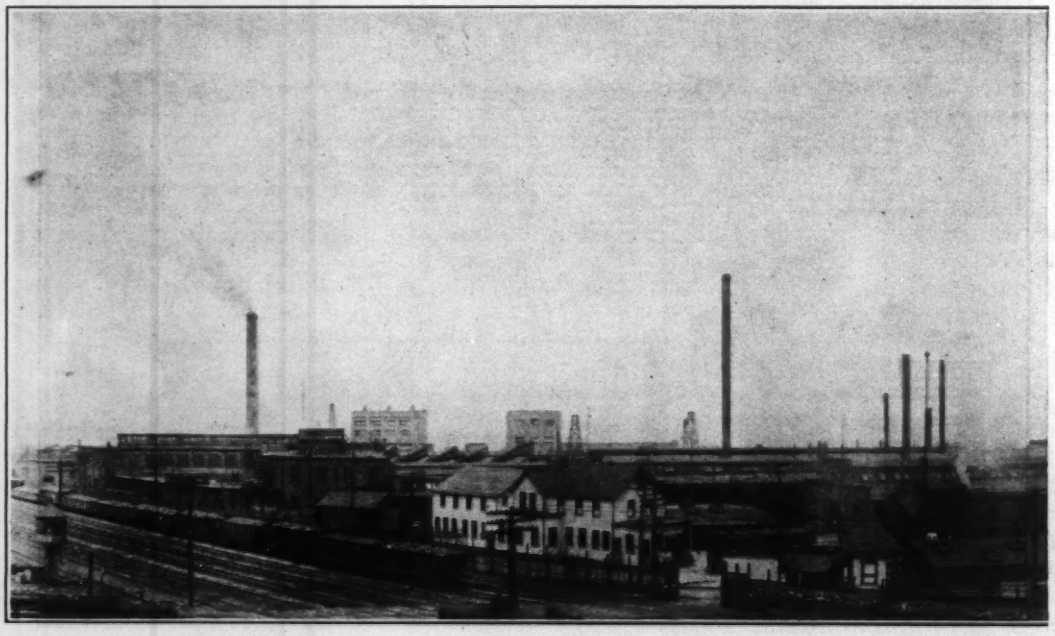
A broadside used in the war of the early manufacturers of barbed wire.

pany, its capital to be $80,000,000—one-half preferred and one-half common. A syndicate of $20,000,000 was to be floated, though Mr. Morgan told Judge Gary, when this was first under discussion, that such a flotation would cause a panic in Wall Street! $15,000,000 of the common stock was to be divided between the promoters of the undertaking, these promoters being Gates, Gary, and six other gentlemen who had presented themselves at the Waldorf-Astoria at the beginning of the negotiations and had shown that they, too, had been considering a wire combine. They made so good a showing that Gates finally consented to join forces with them, the understanding being that the $15,000,000 in common stock was to be divided fifty-fifty between the two factions.

Now began weeks of the hardest and closest kind of work for Judge Gary, for it was to him that the bargaining largely fell. As group after group of wire manufacturers was rounded up he went over with them the reports of the expert accountants and engineers that had been examining their plants, in order to reach a fair basis on which an exchange of stock could be made. There were few of these manufacturers who did not believe—honestly enough for the most part—that their plants were worth more than the expert appraisals, and it was a part of Judge Gary's business to convince these doubters. He did it with remarkable success, and gradually the men with whom he was dealing, both manufacturers and financiers, began to see that here was a man not only of an amazing capacity for work, but of an amazing patience in negotiotions. In speaking in a former article of Gary as a young lawyer, I quoted the remark of one of his DeKalb County observers, that, while the lawyers of the defense spent their evenings playing poker, Gary worked over the testimony. That was what happened now. John W. Gates was not the only poker player among the wire makers. As a rule they went out from their meetings to their games. The Judge, it was noted, stayed by his figures.

Another thing developed that made an impression. He had a passion for square dealing. You had to show him that the thing you were trying to put over was fair before you could get his approval. It was not too much to say that, every day that these wire negotiations went on, the respect for Judge Gary's ability and fairness increased.

The general public paid little attention to what was on foot at the headquarters of Gates and Gary at the



Waukegan works of the American Steel and Wire Company.

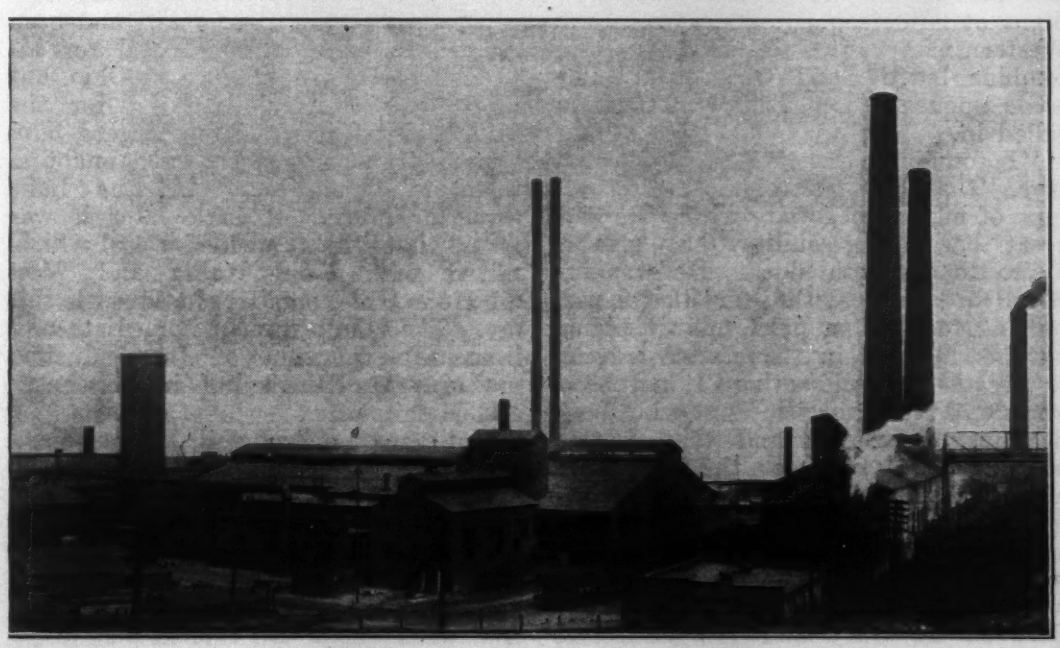
Waldorf-Astoria, but the iron and steel trade watched the negotiations with anxiety and doubt. Even the leader of the trade journals, *The Iron Age,* seems to have had little precise information of what was being done, though it knew the general purport of these gatherings of wire and steel interests. "The undertaking is by far the greatest and most far reaching recorded, in the history of the iron trade," said this journal in November. "Its ramifications extend far beyond the wire trade people. . . . As a buyer of steel, such an enormous aggregation of mills and works would have an over-shadowing influence. If the negotiations now in progress, with what is pronounced to be fair propect of success, should end in consolidation, then the whole iron trade of the country would have to face greatly changed conditions."

By the first of February, 1898, this "fair prospect of success" of which *The Iron Age* spoke seemed to have become a sure thing, and then suddenly, on the morning of the 15th, came news that staggered the country—the "Maine" had been blown up in the harbor of Havana.

The negotiators at the Waldorf shook their heads. What did it mean to them? The tense days that followed made their anxiety greater. By the end of ten days the wise Mr. Morgan had concluded that this was no time to launch a new venture in Wall Street, and so in a note sent to the gathered wire men he told them that he did not feel justified in going further at that time.

Judge Gary caught at the straw. Possibly the matter could be suspended for a few months and, after the trouble was over, taken up again; but the negotiators were done with it for the time—"tired" of it, they said. If Mr. Morgan would not go ahead, they would not. When John W. Gates came out from the meeting he said to the interested parties, anxiously waiting at the door, "The jig's up. There nothing to do but go home."

It was the next day, as several of the Western contingent were traveling toward Chicago, that Ellwood of the DeKalb plant, who was keen for the combination, said to Judge Gary, "Why should not the Consolidated take in my plant?" The head of the Salem, Ohio, wire manufacturers was there. "I would like to put mine in," he said. Gates was consulted. By the time the group reached Chicago, they had practically agreed to attempt to unite the Western manufacturers on the same basis that had been worked out for the national consolidation. The undertak-



This plant is located at Waukegan, Illinois

ing was turned over to Gary for consummation and in less than four weeks from the time he had left the disappointing final meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria he had the new company incorporated—The American Wire & Steel Company of Illinois, it was called. It was a $24,000,000 concern—$12,000,000 of which was in preferred stock and $12,000,000 in common. It could not be said to be an over-capitalized company for, according to *The Iron Age*, the combined plants had earned on an average, in each of the three preceding years, $1,666,000.

Judge Gary came out of these long negotiations without a cent of the profit he had expected. His reward in the first combine was to have been in stock; in the smaller one which was then launched, it was honorary; he was made general counsel and director. But what he had lost in money he had more than doubled in reputation—reputation of the solidest kind among men difficult to convince. He was a patient, intelligent bargainer, they told one another and still rarer, he was "fair," fair on principle.

Mr. E. J. Buffington, the present president of the Illinois Steel Company, tells a story which illustrates what was happening in many quarters of the trade at the moment. Mr. Buffington was part owner and the director of a plant at Anderson, Indiana, which the Western men wanted to include in their combine but he and Gates could not settle upon a price. Finally Gary was called in.

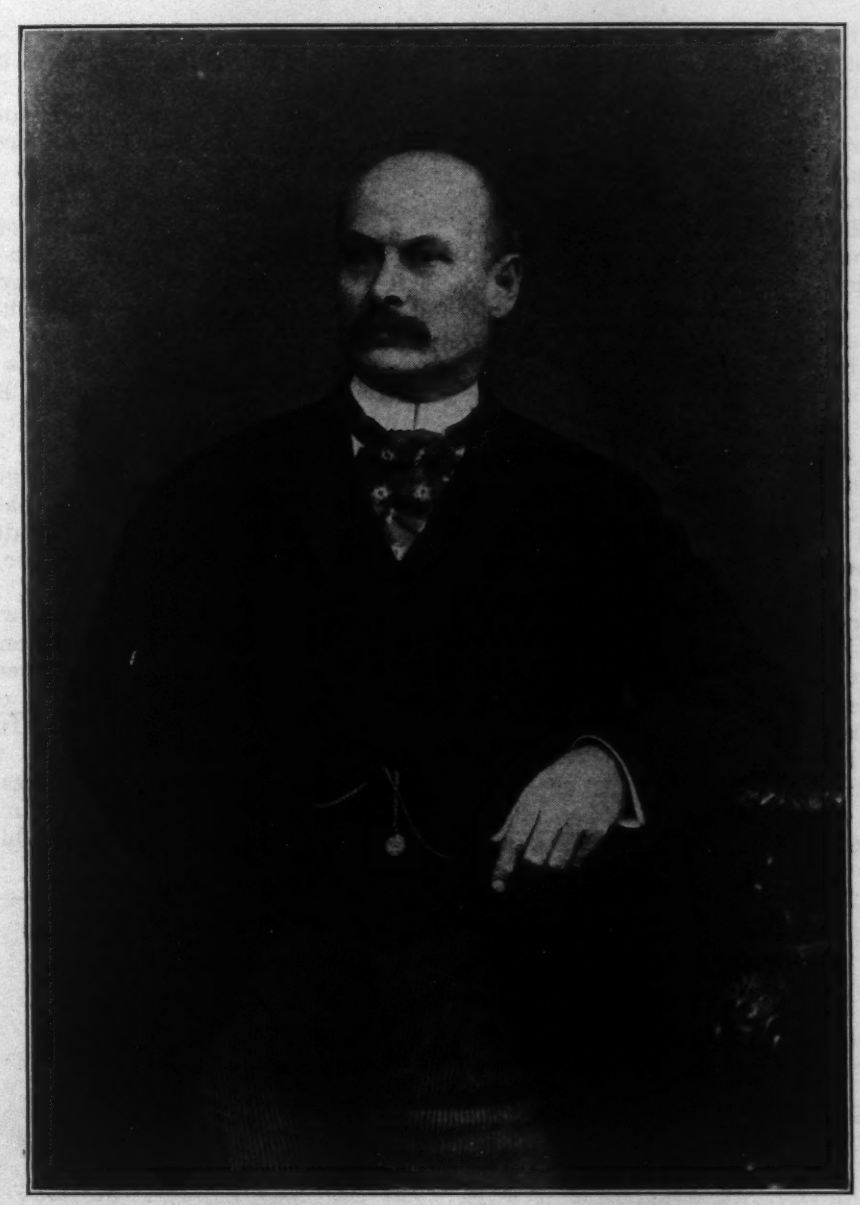
"I found at once," Mr. Buffington says, "that I had an entirely different type of man to negotiate with. He had great bargaining ability, but also a desire to see both sides. He was inclined to believe at the start that I was putting too high a price on my plant, but his fairness in the matter led me to greater frankness than I had been accustomed to exercise in my business dealings. I soon found that I was putting all my cards on the table with him. I had engaged a lawyer to protect me in the negotiations, but after I had been over the matter thoroughly with Gary he agreed with me that it would be a wise move for him to go. Between us, Gary and I worked out terms of a settlement which both believed to be right. It was the beginning of my faith in the justice of this man." It was simply the passing on into business circles of a saying which persists to-day, and which had long been current in the legal circles of Chicago—"Gary is fair."

The American Steel & Wire Company of Illinois had hardly been organized before Judge Gary was unexpectedly launched into a new steel undertaking, one more basic and formidable than wire and nails. The new call came logically enough. Among his clients in Chicago for three or four years now had been the biggest steel concern of the West, the Illinois Steel Company. Its origin is worth considering, since it was to be the nucleus of what has become the greatest business in the world.

The Illinois Steel Company was rooted, like barbed wire, in the imperative demands of the new-born Illinois. With the first start of the railroad westward from Chicago, past Erastus Gary's Wheaton farm in 1847, there had come a call for rails, which, as the roads multiplied, the eastern manufacturers had found it difficult to satisfy. It was this demand that, in 1857, led one Captain Eber B. Ward of Michigan to put up a rolling mill in Chicago. It had a capacity of one hundred rails a day, and the demand grew so rapidly that seven years later he doubled it.

Now, up to this time Ward had been obliged to bring ore and coal for his plant from Pennsylvania and Ohio, but in 1864 a tremendous thing for the Middle West iron manufacturers happened—transportation opened enabling them to bring ore from the Lake Superior mines. A little later it was found that Illinois yielded a coal which, mixed with Pennsylvania and West Virginia coals, could be used with this ore. The result was an immediate and immense expansion of the industry, not only in Illinois but in Wisconsin and Michigan.

But it was not iron rails alone. Ward had seen the meaning of the Bessemer process and was the first man in the United States to undertake to apply it commercially. It was early in 1864 that he set up a converter in Detroit, Michigan, and here made steel ingots which a few weeks later he turned into steel rails at his Chicago rolling mill—the



Judge Gary at the time he became president of the Federal Steel Company.

first steel rails to be made in the United States.

It was not many months before far-seeing men in the iron business realized that steel rails were bound to replace what they had been making for the railroads. Then began, all over the country, the movement to convert existing iron mills into Bessemer plants. It was expensive business. Few of the manufacturers could get the money it required. Captain Ward's Chicago rolling mill was one that could command capital, and it accordingly began to gather in its less fortunate competitors in the Middle West; by 1889 it was able to capitalize itself for $50,000,000 and to call itself by a new name, the Illinois Steel Company. By this time there was only one city in the United States making more iron and steel than Chicago, and that city was Pittsburgh.

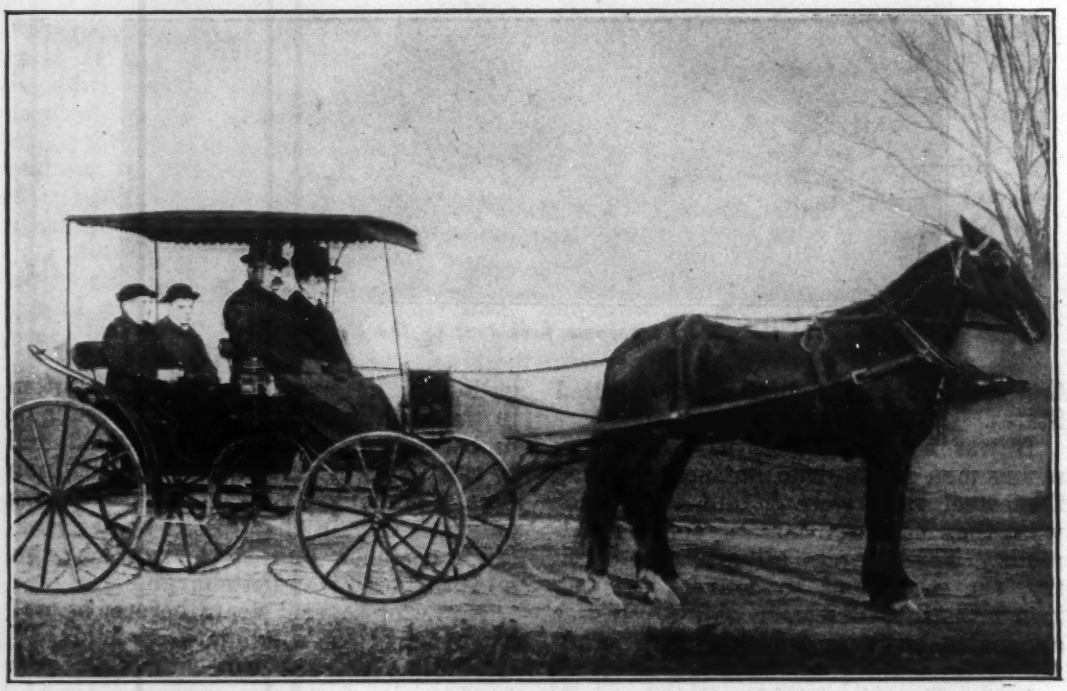
Now, for several years before, as well as after, this combination, John W. Gates had bought iron and steel rods for his wire from this concern. He had earned the reputation with them of always getting the best of the bargain. I

have heard old timers say that the Illinois Steel Company finally felt that it was safer to have him in the concern than out, and early in the 90's made him a director and, in 1894, president. At that moment the company was having a hard time. Its last dividend had been paid in 1892. In 1893, the panic year, it had suffered—indeed there had been serious talk of putting it in the hands of a receiver. Everybody knew its plight, because it was one of the few concerns in the country which published annually a partial report of its year's dealings.

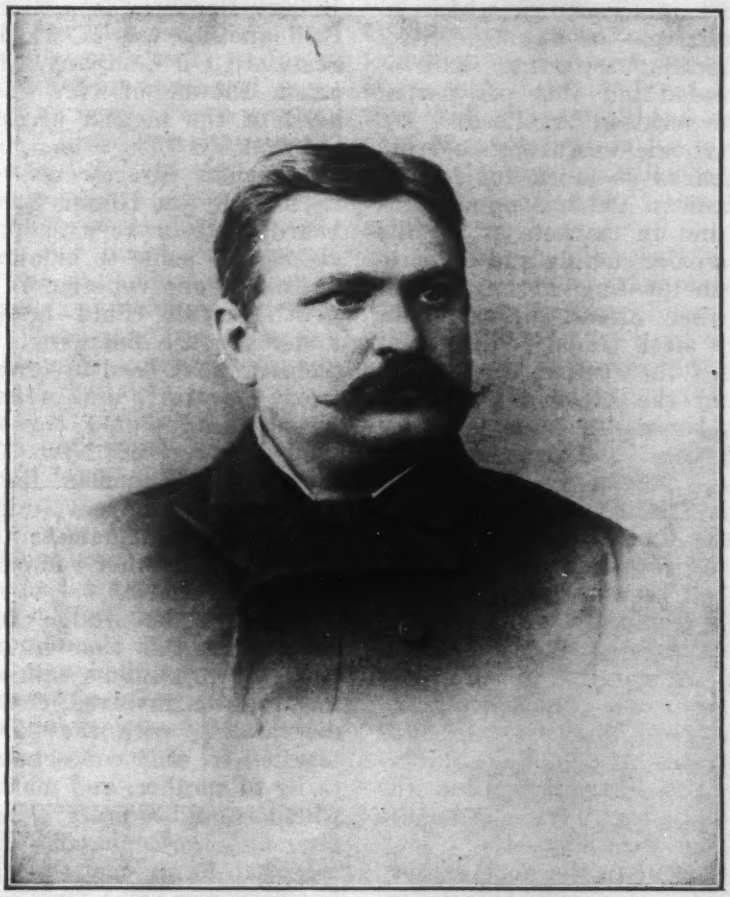
In the difficulties of the company it was to be expected that sooner or later Gary would be called in for consultation, and when this had happened his advice was such that he thoroughly impressed the board of directors — and they were men worth impressing — Marshall Field and H H. Porter of Chicago, Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, A. J. Forbes Leith of London and New York (afterward Lord Leith of Fyfe) — all men who had responded to the call for money and still more money, to meet the necessity of making steel instead of iron rails. At the suggestion of H. H. Porter, Gary was made General Counsel. It was the beginning of a close association with the directing board. Indeed it soon came about that they would refuse to hold a meeting if Gary were not present!

This was the Judge's relation to the Illinois Steel Company when, soon after he had finished the organization of the American Steel & Wire Company of Illinois of which we have been talking, he received a letter from Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, asking his opinion as to the purchase of the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern railroad, running from Chicago to the company's Joliet works.

Now by this time, 1898, Judge Gary had come to the conclusion that what the Illinois Steel Company needed was not more railroads but more ore lands, better manufacturing facilities. These acquisitions would bring about what he called "a rounded proposition," by which he meant a self-contained business owning its raw materials, controlling its transportation, with furnaces and mills to make finished as well as semi-finished products, at prices which for one thing would put it in better shape to meet the formidable and



Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gates, soon after he became interested in the wire industry. The boys on the rear seat are Charlie Gates, as he became known in Wall Street, and George C. Scott who afterwards became John W. Gates' confidential secretary.



John W. Gates in 1885, about the time he became a manufacturer of barbed wire.

threatening competition of the greatest iron master in the country, Andrew Carnegie.

Mr. Carnegie's first entrance into the iron and steel world was in 1864—the year that Captain Ward made the first steel rails in the United States. But it was with iron that Carnegie began. It took him eleven years to grasp the commercial possibilities of steel. Then (1875) so goes the story, he saw a Bessemer converter in blast and hastened forth to organize the company which built the Edgar Thompson Steel Works at Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Carnegie had the incredible good fortune to secure, as manager of this plant, Captain Billy Jones whose success in doubling, redoubling and doubling again the output of steel amazed the steel manufacturers of the world and founded the Carnegie fortune.

After that, things went fast with Andrew Carnegie. One after another he bought in plants, built in the Pittsburgh district to compete with his monopoly in steel rails—Homestead and Duquesne. He bought and leased ore lands in the Lake Superior region, built and bought railroads, and, in 1889, took Henry Frick into partnership, tying up with his enterprise the greatest coke-producing region in the country.

Carnegie wanted to control each essential factor in his producing problem, and by the time the Illinois Steel Company was organized in 1889 he had practically achieved his ambition. A few years later he was able to consolidate in one huge concern the various

iron and steel undertakings which he had been fostering—the Carnegie Steel Company, superfluous partners and associations weeded out—his pet notion of a "close corporation" realized.

Andrew Carnegie was always a cruel competitor, feared as much for his ingenious devices in getting advantages on railways and in markets as for his conscienceless price-cutting and his irresponsibility in pooling arrangements, which were then almost universal in the iron and steel trade. "Artificial arrangements," he called the pools, "strengthening the other fellow," he once told his board, "as much as they strengthened you." This was "bad business."

The Illinois Steel Company had suffered from the Carnegie rivalry. The bigger the two grew, the more severe the competition had been. Judge Gary, as counsel of the company, believed that the concern's future depended first and chiefly upon its control of abundant supplies of iron ore which could be transported as cheaply as Carnegie was transporting from his vast Lake Superior ore interests. At that time the Illinois Company was buying from the Minnesota Iron Company—the second largest development in the northern ore country. Instead of simply buying another railroad, why not buy the Minnesota Iron Company, a coke supply, plants to round out their proposition and make themselves impregnable; and, this done, go systematically after foreign trade, establishing depots in various European countries. This was something that no American iron and steel maker had as yet accomplished satisfactorily, but which Judge Gary's recent European experience had convinced him to be practical. It was with this suggestion that he answered Mr. Thayer's letter asking his judgment as to the wisdom of buying the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern. Mr. Thayer's reply was a request that he come at once to New York to a meeting of the Board.

But would the Minnesota Iron Company sell? And could they finance any such combination as this would mean? The advantage of interlocking directorates came to the front at once. One of the directors of the Minnesota Iron Company, H. H. Porter, was a director of the Illinois Steel Company. Another, Robert Bacon, was a Morgan partner. Still another was H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company. Another, Governor Flower of New York, was the head of the biggest brokerage firm in the country. These men, with others on the various directorates, were brought together by the Illinois Steel Company's board, and in very short order a decision was made to amalgamate the interests in one concern, if Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan could be persuaded to undertake the financing. Mr. Morgan seems to have been favorable to the idea from the start, and a committee was promptly appointed, consisting of Governor Flower of New York, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, Robert Bacon of the Morgan firm and Judge Gary, with full power to amalgamate the companies and purchase other companies if it was deemed advisable.

And so the Judge found himself again—and this time in mid-summer—with the prodigious task of appraising the interests involved, coming to an understanding with the parties most interested in each concern, adjusting one thing to another, and making a showing which would justify Mr. Morgan in financing the amalgamation. It is not too much to say that the work, legal and business, was done almost, if not quite, by Gary, for Senator Spooner was on a vacation, and Governor Flower turned up only once. Bacon was too busy at the Morgan Bank to take much part. For three months the man put in the closest kind of work, and out of it came a concern which it was decided to call the Federal Steel Company, into which went the plants that have been mentioned, as well as some others of lesser importance.

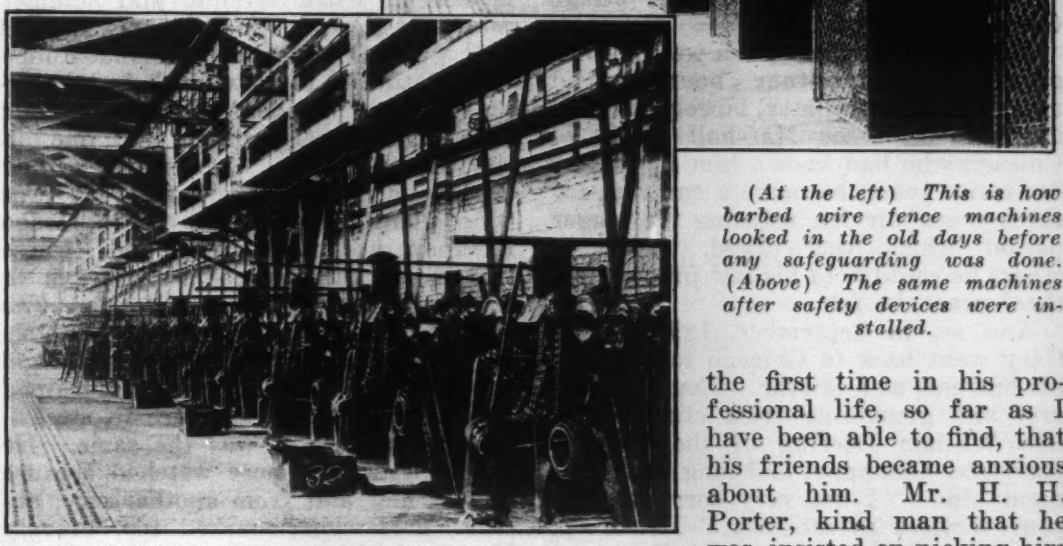
The new company was capitalized at $200,000,000, about one-half of which was issued in preferred and common stock. The book value of the companies that had been combined was about $56,000,000, but this was much below their actual value—$31,000,000 below, it was finally decided, an amount which Judge Gary contended at the time was too low.

The experience of the next few months proved him right, for in October of 1899, when questioned by a Congressional Industrial Commission, he was able to tell them of how enormously the various properties of the Federal

had increased over their book values in twelve months. For instance, there were 1132 acres of Collensville coal, put down in the book at $500 an acre, and now selling for $1000 an acre. There was an iron mine in the Illinois Steel Company that had cost about $75,000 for which the concern had just been offered $600,000 in cash. There were 850 acres of land within the city limits of Chicago that had cost but a nominal sum and whose value now ran into the hundreds if thousands. There was one mine in the Minnesota Iron Company which had been put down on the books as containing about 25,000,000 tons of ore and which now showed at least 75,000,000 tons of ore in sight. And these were only a few of a number of similar enormous increases in the value of the property that the Federal had combined.

The new concern had to have more money to perfect its plan, for in the combination there was only about $10,000,000 in liquid assets. It required several interviews with Mr. Morgan to convince him that this was necessary. Why had they not the money, was his pertinent question. Finally, after much argument, he consented to raise $14,000,000 new capital. There was much curiosity at the time as to how much J. P. Morgan & Co. had received for their services. The question was asked in 1899 by the examiners of the Industrial Commission. "About $200,000," Judge Gary told them, and out of this sum they had to pay all the expenses, including a corporation fee to the State of New York of some $40,000—"comparatively a small sum," the Judge commented.

By September the work of organizing the Federal Steel Company had been completed, after three months of as hard toil as Judge Gary, hard worker as he always was, had ever put in. It was the first time in his professional life, so far as I have been able to find, that his friends became anxious about him. Mr. H. H. Porter, kind man that he was, insisted on picking him up and taking him away from the desk for a rest from the work over which he hung night and day, trying to bring order out of the complicated problems that had been put up to him.



(At the left) This is how barbed wire fence machines looked in the old days before any safeguarding was done. (Above) The same machines after safety devices were installed.

But the last thing was done and Judge Gary was preparing to go back to Chicago when he was asked to come to Mr. Morgan's office. Several men in-

terested in the new organization were present. J. Pierpont Morgan was not a man to beat about the bush, and without preliminaries he said:

"Judge Gary, you have put this thing together in very good shape. We are all very well pleased. Now you must be president."

It was the first intimation that the Judge had had that such a thing was in the minds of his clients. He told Mr. Morgan he could not think of it.

"Why not?" the great banker boomed.

"Why, Mr. Morgan," Gary replied, "I have a law practice paying $75,000 a year and I cannot leave it."

"We'll take care of that," insisted Mr. Morgan. "We must make it worth your while."

"But I must think it over."

"No," insisted the great banker, "we want to know right now."

"But who are the directors to be?"

"You can select the directors, name the executive committee, select your officers and fix your salary," Morgan replied.

"Quite characteristic of him," Judge Gary will tell you.

Judge Gary begged for a week. They gave him twenty-four hours. And twenty-four hours later, largely through the persuasion of Marshall Field of Chicago who had known him intimately for many years, he made a contract for three years' service, refusing the longer period which was urged. Through others he could hold his law practice for three years, he felt.

And so, in September, 1898, Judge Gary went back to Chicago to close up his business as a lawyer. There was regret and grumbling from clients who, like William Deering of the Deering Harvester Company, had long depended upon him. "I am very sorry to lose your services as attorney," Mr. Deering wrote Judge Gary. "I believe you have had the major part of our common law business from the time you first opened an office. I wish to express to you the sense of obligation and satisfaction with which I review our long connection."

If leaving his law practice was a hard wrench, leaving his home in Wheaton was still harder. The town with its activities was dear to him. There would be no more church suppers or Sunday School picnics. There would be no more fishing and hunting excursions. There would be times when he would regret it. One of his former hunting mates tells of finding him on one of his visits to Wheaton, years after the change was made, with his old hunting coat, game bag and gun on his knee. "I will never use them again," he said sadly.

But he kept a connection, an early dream! In his boyhood, an aunt who lived in Haverstraw, New York, had been an occasional visitor to the family, and she told the children wonderful things of the beauty of the Hudson river. Her nephew Elbert decided that, when he grew up, he was going to have a home on this wonderful river. Since he now must leave Wheaton he would have that home. He had "Gray Gables," Samuel Tilden's country home, in mind; and, as he also wanted a town house, he considered the Tilden house on Grammercy Park. His sophisticated associates and other friends were quick to dispel that dream. The people of the world into which he had come had town houses on Fifth Avenue and summer estates at Newport and on Long Island!

It was in October of 1898 that Judge Gary returned to New York to take up his duties as president of what was then the biggest steel concern, but one, in the United States. Over night he had become a public character. It was "President Gary" that the Chicago newspapers interviewed and whose movements they immediately began to follow by long telegraph stories. *The Iron Age* carried a biographical sketch, the appraisement of various legal fellows and more or less restrained editorials on the new figure in steel.

In New York it was the same. He was a figure the more watched because he was new and from another city, another profession; marked too, because Morgan had chosen him and had put him at the head of the most impressive directorate that had ever been formed in an iron and steel venture—a directorate including some of the best known and ablest business men in the United States: Marshall Field, D. O. Mills, H. H. Porter, Robert Bacon, Nathaniel Thayer, H. H. Rogers, Governor Flower. One name that might naturally be looked for on this board, that of the

president of the Illinois Steel Company, John W. Gates, was missing. H. H. Porter had refused to go into any consolidation in which Gates had an official position, and Mr. Morgan bluntly announced that he would not approve of him in the directorate, because he did not think property was safe in his hands. But, if they thought they were eliminating John W. Gates from the steel business, they were wrong. They were to hear from him again and again. Mr. Morgan, in fact, was to pay dearly more than once for his refusal to deal with this frank and daring plunger.

Had Morgan made a mistake in putting a lawyer at the head of a combination which the whole industry regarded with more or less alarm because of its size, its compactness, and its avowed purpose of developing the foreign field? There were many who thought so. "What did a lawyer know about business?" business men asked. "What could Chicago teach New York?" New York lawyers asked.

When Judge Gary put Wheaton and Chicago behind him he was doing what his father had done at twenty-eight; his great-great-great-great-grandfather at thirty-six; he was pioneering, taking on a new and uncertain adventure, for there was a possibility of failure, as well as success, in the field he was entering. The possibility was the greater because in this new field a code of ethics was in force which violated in many particulars the code which he had been taught in his youth, and which the experiences of life as a lawyer had convinced him to be the only sound and practical one in human affairs, whatever their nature. The real question at stake in 1898, when Elbert Gary left Chicago and the law for New York and Steel, was what was to become of his code.

In the August issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE Miss Tarbell will tell how and why J. Pierrepont Morgan, after two years' experience with the Federal Steel Company, bought out Andrew Carnegie and set Judge Gary to organizing a billion dollar corporation—the U. S. Steel Corporation.

A CRADLE SONG

From the Mountainy Singer

Sleep, white love, sleep,
A cedarn cradle holds thee,
And twilight, like a silver-woven cover-
lid,
Enfolds thee.
Moon and star keep charmed watch
Upon thy lying;
Water plovers through the dusk
Are tremulously crying.
Sleep, white love mine,
Till day doth shine.

Sleep, white love, sleep,
The holy mothers, Anne and Mary,
Sit high in heaven, dreaming
On the seven ends of Eire.
Brigid sits beside them,
Spinning lamb-white wool on whorls,
Singing fragrant songs of love
To little naked boys and girls.
Sleep, white love mine,
Till day doth shine.

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS IN 1925

By ELMER T. PETERSON

KANSAS has had prohibition about forty-five years. If any state is dry, Kansas ought to be—that is the process of ratiocination. And if Kansas is wet—why of course federal prohibition is a total loss.

"Tell you what I can do." That is the way the Kansas man who thinks prohibition is a failure always starts out. You may know it by heart. But for fear you may not have heard it, here is the whole formula:

"Tell you what I can do. I can light in Topeka or Wichita or Hutchinson or Salina or any town you want to name, and in five minutes I'll buy a bottle of white mule. Sure—right over the counter. Don't have to sneak down a back alley nor nothin'. They're selling it wide open. And, any party you go to, there's plenty of booze. Go to any country club in the state and you'll see men and women drinking. You'll see young fellows carrying hip-flasks. This prohibition is a farce, I tell you."

Such a speech is bound to draw great applause from those who would like to see the Eighteenth Amendment canceled. And what are the facts?

Is Kansas wetter than it was fifteen years ago or twenty years? Is it easier to get liquor than ever?

Inasmuch as the experience of Kansas in enforcing prohibition is likely to be duplicated by the nation at large, and inasmuch as the prohibition question is interesting to a vast number of people, the progress of comparative dryness in Kansas is worth examining.

Of course it would be unreasonable to expect any one to gather statistics on the amount of liquor consumed in Kansas under prohibition. A clandestine traffic is not a field for the statistician.

But those who expect unsupported assertion to carry conviction have overlooked one little bet. They have forgotten the inexorable law of supply and demand, which operates somewhat like this:

Big wheat crop, low price. Small wheat crop, high price. Stripped of minor and immaterial superfluities, this law is as fixed as those of the Medes and Persians. Even bootleggers obey it.

If there were plenty of liquor easily available, the price would be low.

Here are the latest quotations in Kansas, gleaned from the records of the police courts and those who fraternize with the booze-vending brotherhood:

	Saloon days 20 years ago. Quart	Present price. Quart
White mule	Unsalable	$16.00
Corn whisky, bottled in barn	10 to 50¢	5.00
Rye whisky, similarly bottled	50¢	5.00
Grape wine, home-made	Given away	3.00
Port wine	25¢	No Quo.
Rhenish wine	$1.25	No Quo.
Bourbon whisky	$1.25	No Quo.
Bourbon whisky, "real stuff, imported," fancy label, burnt sugar color, imitation taste		$15.00
Scotch whisky	$1.25	No Quo.
Scotch whisky, "real stuff, imported"		$18.00
Mexican and Canadian importations, doubtful		15.00
Radiator fluid, electric processed		2.00
Synthetic gin, with alcohol and glycerine		8.00
Wood alcohol, straight		1.00
Canned heat, strained from solid		2.00
Perfume, hair tonic, varnish, alcoholic patent medicines, subject to commercial market, minimum		1.00

White mule is pure grain alcohol diluted with water. In the old days nobody cared to bother with it. Now it is sought by those with an insatiable thirst. Corn whisky had much the same status, as one could get trade-marked whisky for a low price. Occasionally some moonshine corn whisky from South Carolina would come into Kansas to sell at 50 cents a quart. "Bottled in barn" is the present-day substitute for the old familiar "bottled in bond." The indicated environments of the distiller are literally true. Filth is immaterial. Various kinds of good wine could be bought then. Now no wine can be secured at all except home-made varieties. The same apparently is true of Bourbon and Scotch, although liquors

purporting to be of such varieties are on the market at a high price, as indicated above.

Twenty years ago the problem of importing from Mexico or Canada was, of course, not even considered. Now the scarcity of liquor is so great that airplanes occasionally bring it across the border.

Radiator fluid is denatured alcohol in various forms. By an electric process enough of the poison is removed to make it potable. At least that is the theory, and the product sells for two dollars a quart; the original price, undiluted, being about a dollar a gallon.

Canned heat is a solid, greasy substance containing alcohol, used by tourists for cooking. By straining this rather common article of commerce through a cloth, the alcohol is separated from the solid, and is drunk by the most violent addicts, sometimes with disastrous results.

Synthetic gin is made by mixing grain alcohol at from one to two dollars a quart with glycerine at $1.50 a quart, and a compound called "gin mixture" which gives the characteristic taste. The "gin mixture" is hard to get because it is under the eye of those who are curious about such affairs. The synthetic gin is not manufactured in commercial quantities, but it is simply "scarce," hence its high price when ready for consumption.

White mule, corn whisky, Canadian and Mexican whiskies, radiator fluid, wood alcohol, canned heat and similar "bottled lightning" were not quoted as beverages until 1917, being considered too dangerous or remote to experiment with.

As late as 1917 any Kansas man could read advertisements offering shipments of pure rye whisky for as low as 80 cents a quart, or "four full quarts for $3.20," and he could import as much as he craved by express or freight without serious danger, because of a defect in the prohibitory law permitting possession. This state of affairs continued until the enactment of the "Bone Dry Law," in 1917, when importation became practically impossible, and possession was made an offense.

Until 1917 it was possible to secure almost unlimited quantities of beer at usual commercial prices. The demand was satisfied, hence the price was not appreciably above that of the wet states adjacent.

Anybody, therefore, who says that it is just as easy to get booze in Kansas now as it was ten years ago is simply talking the cuckoo language. The rougher the path of the bootlegger, the higher the price of his commodity. The bootlegger who has to take a lot of stiff chances is bound to raise his price. The high price is prima facie evidence and exact proof of scarcity.

Of course the same thing goes for the rest of the country. If there were plenty of liquor there would be competition among dealers and price-cutting. It takes a lot of money to operate rum-running boats and launches. The operators take a long chance. Somewhat different from the time one could get a drink of guaranteed stuff by walking a few steps and entering a saloon!

And what does the hootch-hound get when he buys the stuff in Kansas?

He is at the mercy of the poisoned and adulterated slop, for it is the old story of *caveat emptor* with a vengeance! The buyer has to do all the bewaring after the sale is made, because he dare not "squeal" on the seller. The law will not protect him against adulterated liquor. Possession is an offense just as sale is. The vendor of poison booze, therefore, goes about his diabolical business complacently, as far as the welfare of the consumer is concerned. No guarantee and no goods returned—that is the motto of the present-day blind tiger.

In Kansas there was an increased wave of drinking in some quarters after the enactment of the Volstead Law. In some cases men and women who never drank before made home-brew or carried flasks of moonshine. But this was a passing phenomenon. It did not represent any fundamental application of the law. It did not mean that the total amount of liquor consumed was greater than in the pre-Volstead days.

It meant simply this: Newspapers, motion pictures, vaudeville sketches and other means of propaganda carried a furious wave of prohibition jokes when the nation went officially dry. A few Kansans who had never thought of liquor except as a disreputable thing

fell in line with the general theme and thought it was a smart thing to poke fun at prohibition and perchance take a sly drink out of a hip-flask.

A flashy wave in the "smart Aleck" sets has deceived some observers and leads them into the curious and obvious error of supposing that the total consumption of liquor is greater than ever before.

The important thing is this: the supply of liquor in Kansas is potentially unlimited, but actually small. Kansas is a great corn state, and could produce a super-abundance of intoxicating liquor made of cereals or fruits of various kinds, if it were not for the fact that the officers of the law have clamped down the lid on those who yearn for alcoholic content, and the further and more important fact that the great majority of the people have been educated away from the taste for intoxicants.

With its great open spaces—to borrow from the fiction department—and its consequent opportunities for hiding stills, Kansas might become a hotbed of illicit liquor manufacture, but it isn't. See quotations for reminder.

The evolution of the enforcement of the prohibitory law is a matter that is plain to former Governor Henry J. Allen, who applies the Kansas fight as a parallel to the struggle now going on in a nation-wide form. He, perhaps, has as comprehensive a picture of the ins and outs of prohibition as any American citizen. He was asked the question, "Is prohibition a failure?" after the shocking disclosures of official corruption at Weehawken, New Jersey, and elsewhere on the liquor frontiers.

"Bless your heart, no!" was the instant response. "This great ado about the enforcement of the liquor laws is one of the signs that presage the clamping down of the lid. Nothing that has taken place recently, as far as I have noticed, is as bad as things that happened in Kansas twenty years after the passage of the state prohibitory law. It's great news. It shows the American conscience is being stirred up!"

He then told the story of the fight in Kansas.

Henry J. Allen has seen prohibition from every conceivable angle. He was in politics in the old days when campaign booze was a common commodity. He ran a country daily at Ottawa, on the trunk line of the contraband dealers from Kansas City to "dry" Kansas. He moved to Wichita in 1907 and found one hundred open saloons running in open defiance of state law, more than twenty-five years after that law was passed. He bought the Wichita *Beacon* and made it a crusader against the illicit saloon, putting up such an effective fight that they were driven out and the town went dry. During the World War he went to Europe for the Red Cross and Y M C A, and obtained the European point of view. He came home late in 1918 to find the country talking about the Eighteenth Amendment. Going to Europe and the Near East in 1923, he obtained another perspective out of the liberal but changing Old World. As he is a great traveler, who has made visits to Canada, Cuba, and other localities that figure in the contraband rum traffic, he can not be accused of a restricted outlook. His close associations in New York and other eastern cities have made him tolerably familiar with the metropolitan opinion. Nobody who knows this fighting ex-governor who blazed a new trail by his establishment of a state industrial court can believe that he is bound down by outgrown tradition.

"Prohibition is a long battle," he said, in recalling the old days with an air of pleasurable reminiscence. "We had a beautiful fight in Kansas—especially in Wichita. It was worth going miles to see. Enforcing the prohibitory law is a matter of stirring up the public conscience. It is a matter of education. It takes time for the idea to sink in. The fight in the nation to-day is just like it was in Kansas twenty years ago, except that it is on a larger scale. But it will end the same way, for human nature and the force of public opinion work out the same everywhere in the country.

"When I came to Wichita and looked around, I saw at least one hundred saloons going wide open. One man had twenty-four of his own. The *Beacon* started a campaign to try to drive them out. They were hurting the town in every way. They were corrupting both business and government.

"Some of the best people in town

came and told me with shrugs and smiles that it couldn't be done. 'Your ideas may be all right in the country and in the small towns,' they said, 'but Wichita is different. Wichita is a big town, and it has to follow big town ideas. And besides you're hurting business. Why, if you keep this up, grass will be growing in the middle of the main business streets inside of five years.'

"One of the men who remonstrated with me mildly was a former governor. He was a close friend of mine, and was superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Methodist Church.

"'Henry,' he said to me, 'I admire your nerve, but it's been tried before, and it has failed. You are butting your head against a stone wall. This is Wichita.'

"This fine noble man—one of the best friends I ever had—was a strict prohibitionist himself, but he had come to the conclusion that the law couldn't be enforced.

"Other citizens came to see me. Some of them were good advertisers, who honestly thought my fight was going to hurt their business. Some of them were pillars of the church. But they said, 'Look here, young man, do you want to ruin our business? If you do, we'll have to withdraw our patronage.' I said, 'Well, that's too bad, but before you leave forever I'd like to have your names for a story I'm going to write.' I reached for a pencil and pad, and this put a different light on it. They decided to let me go on insisting upon law enforcement.

"And then there was the other kind—those who were profiting by the breaking of the law.

"The magnate—the owner of the twenty-four saloons—came to see me himself. At first he talked in sorrow rather than anger. He pointed out that he was a substantial business man with a large capital investment, employing a large number of men. 'I was in favor of your coming here,' he said. 'I thought it would be a good thing to put new life into the *Beacon*. . . . But I never thought you'd do anything like this,' he added sadly.

"I reminded him that he was breaking the law, and he seemed quite indignant at the idea. After a while he raised his voice. He got up and stamped around. He blustered at me and I blustered at him. He finally walked out, vowing all kinds of strange vows.

"It was a great old fight. Finally John Graham was elected mayor on a dry platform. In spite of the predictions of a lot of good people who thought it was impossible, Graham won by a majority of 2,500 votes. From then on there has never been any question that the sentiment of Wichita stands back of prohibition.

"Instead of stimulating the growth of hay on Main Street, the dry regime gave the community new life. Ten and eleven-story office buildings were built, for the first time in the history of the town, and in spite of the wagging of the heads of the skeptics they were filled with tenants. The population jumped ahead faster than ever. Wichita is now twice as large and prosperous as it was in the palmy days of open saloons.

"What would some of the old-timers of the wet regime say now if they could see the banks of Wichita with their fifty million dollar deposits?"

And then the fighting editor and former governor applied recent events as a comparison with those of the wet days in Kansas.

"It is a matter of stirring the conscience of the people. Why, even the family of the saloon magnate developed a conscience on the subject of liquor-selling.

"After the closing of the saloons, while there was still some surreptitious booze selling from joints, there would be occasional stories in the *Beacon* about the seizure of paraphernalia.

"One day a son of the magnate came in to see me. It was a striking parallel with the old man's visit.

"'See here,' said the young man. 'Don't you know that our family has gone out of the liquor business? We sold all our stuff. Why do you still refer to wagons and bar fixtures as though they were ours? We are respectable, and don't like to have our name connected with the business. We want the public to know that we are clear out of it!'

"It seems to me that this is a pretty strong piece of evidence as showing the development of a civic conscience which

is at the bottom of all law enforcement. The same process is taking place in the nation.

"When we began our fight in Wichita, policemen were bought and sold. One chief of police himself was caught taking a bribe. Another was arrested on the charge of selling captured liquor. There was rottenness and corruption all about. The recent disclosures have nothing on Kansas. And yet Kansas had been under a supposed prohibition regime for more than twenty years! It seems to me that the public conscience is getting action more quickly now than it did in Kansas in those days.

"The very fact that the metropolitan newspapers are devoting a lot of space to the rum scandals shows that they are actually concerned over them. If they were taking them as a matter of course, as they did in Kansas for many years, there would be occasion for alarm. It takes publicity and a jarring of public conscience to bring about the enforcement of a law like prohibition, which affects personal and more or less private habits.

"At first people begin to talk about the infringement on their personal liberties. Then they let up on this, when they see how corrupt the booze traffic can be when it gets into official channels. They begin to see liquor as a corrupt force.

"After a while the decreased use of liquor will emphasize the economic benefits of prohibition, which, after all, is a problem even more economic than ethical."

There was a flare of liquor violation in 1920, after the Volstead Law began to be one of the main topics of conversation. It seemed more flagrant than the situation just prior to 1917 when the Bone Dry Law was enacted. But when the flare dies down, as it certainly will, Kansas will be dryer than ever before. It will be dryer than it was in 1917 and 1918 and 1919, in the opinion of men like Governor Allen, William Allen White, Victor Murdock, and others who recently signed a manifesto expressing such a view.

In order to understand the steady progress of prohibition in Kansas, and perhaps obtain an idea of the parallel that may be shown in federal prohibition, four stages should be considered.

The first stage was that following the enactment of the prohibitory law in 1880. The law was enforced indifferently, by fits and starts, depending upon the inclination of the governing powers of the state and municipalities.

This period was characterized a large part of the time by open saloons in many of the towns, principally the larger ones. Some of the towns had tight closure.

Judge W. E. Hutchinson of Garden City, who was on the district bench for many years during the early days of prohibition in Kansas, tells a vivid story of the difficulties that surrounded the enforcement of the law. These were far more imposing than in most of the other states under the Volstead Act.

"I remember that I held court in Liberal, in southwestern Kansas, one day in the early period," Judge Hutchinson told the writer. "A man named Codding came out from Topeka and said he was going to clean up the town. I told him he would have a hard time, but that I would do all I could to cooperate in enforcement. He had a clear case against a saloon-keeper. There was no doubt whatever as to the sale of liquor. He had plenty of witnesses who went on the stand and testified that they had bought liquor in the saloon.

"All at once, in the middle of the trial, he asked me to declare a recess. He was much disturbed. He said he had seen the star witness go out and take a drink with one of the jurors in the saloon of the defendant. I told him that a conviction was out of the question, but he went on with the case. I instructed the jury to find the defendant guilty on all counts, according to the clear evidence. But the jury came back in two minutes with a verdict of 'not guilty.'

"That was one of the chief obstacles in those days. You couldn't get a jury that would follow the law. They didn't believe in it.

"Now it is entirely different. No judge has any trouble in obtaining a jury that will act according to the findings of fact and law. The sentiment has changed. I think the same thing will happen all over the country, particularly if the states enact laws

with teeth in them to back up the Volstead Act.

"When I was judge I used to get lists of federal licensees, and after the enactment of one of our strengthening laws, I could take these names and go to the owners of buildings occupied by the licensees and tell those owners that if they permitted liquor to be sold there they would be held responsible. This put a stop to much of the liquor selling. The law providing for the confiscation of automobiles carrying liquor also helped wonderfully. The threat of loss of property put the fear into the violators."

There are thousands of young men of thirty in Kansas who never saw a saloon. The presence of this generation has had a tremendous teaching force. It has given a definite direction to the idealism of the state.

In 1900 Carrie Nation staged a sensational crusade by smashing saloon mirrors, fixtures and bottles in Wichita, the place where there was the greatest degree of violation. This served a certain purpose of dramatizing the shame of lax enforcement. Although her crusade was productive of no immediate action, it set people to thinking. She was the John Brown of the prohibition movement in Kansas, achieving no result of consequence in her own way, but stimulating others to think and to dare. This was the end of the first stage.

Saloons were running openly and notoriously in Wichita until 1907, when the crusade took place which was mentioned above. The whole state was then dry as far as saloons were concerned. This was the end of the second stage.

Following this period of awakening conscience, the moral leaders of the state took an uncompromising stand against liquor, both for sale and use. Liquor could be shipped in without any serious trouble, and those who cared to sneak around the alleys and corners and get drinks could do so. But every vestige of respectability was removed. The trade of bootlegger became a disreputable one. The man who "shipped in" was looked upon as a sly lawbreaker. It got so that a candidate for office would as soon think of announcing himself as being in favor of arson as a regular vocation as of advocating the repeal of the prohibitory law.

The end of the third stage came in 1917, with the enactment of the Bone Dry Law, which prohibited shipments and possession of liquor. This was the most effective stroke of all. Kansas became very dry. The only liquor that could be secured was a little sprinkle of home-brew or white mule and what could be brought in from Kansas City or other wet towns in suit cases.

When the Volstead Law was enacted, the third stage ended and the fourth stage began. The state and local officers began to place too much dependence upon federal enforcement. They passed the buck to Uncle Sam. Business of shrugging of shoulders.

The Volstead regime was accompanied by a brief wave of the "smart Aleck" symptoms, featured by the hitherto disreputable hip-flasks and home brew episodes. Before this regime the pocket flask was regarded with horror by all respectable people, as being a hopelessly low-brow manifestation. It has had some popularity of a forced artificial nature.

This brings Kansas up to the present. Already there is a dying down of the sporadic hootch vogue, and if signs of previous years do not fail, the dryness approximating 1917, 1918, and 1919 will soon be restored. The state, county and city officials are getting back their sense of responsibility. The pre-war stocks are exhausted. Drinkers are going blind from consuming wood alcohol. Others are becoming incapacitated for life. The joke is wearing off. It is impossible to be assured of getting the "real stuff," even by going to the coast for foreign importations, for it is known now that the importers are using adulterants and poison hootch just as American bootleggers do, for the substitutes are cheaper and there is no recourse for the buyer of the cheap poison.

But the most eloquent evidence of all is the price. Nobody can argue that booze is plentiful when the quotations are $15 to $18 a quart for an article that may have been manufactured in a near-by barn, colored with burnt sugar, given a peculiar taste by chemical means, and adorned with a label manufactured in New York by a man who knows the names of all the principal distillers in London and Paris.

The snow was very white under the street lights, and on its banked solidness a man lay sprawled.

TRANSPLANTED

By GERTRUDE LINNELL

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

WAYLAND LIPSCOMB turned up the collar of his new warm overcoat, and shivered. The temperature of South Carolina had not prepared him for a New York winter. A great pity for the poor of the North came over him. He had never thought of it before, but he had never felt such cold before, either. At home, in Denby, poverty was a matter of a corn pone diet and long hours of desultory work. There was seldom a case of actual starvation, and ennui was a pleasant thing under tall whispering pines. He sighed for their soft music. A barren country, but full of charm; breeding rugged, long-legged people, who knew kindness and brotherly interest. Every one you met on the road greeted you in a comradely way. Sometimes the interest became a thing of hatreds, sometimes of fierce loyalties, but it was always interest, whereas this New York—a great, cold city, with no music in the trees, and no one caring enough for any one else to bother even with hatreds.

Yet here he had decided to stay. He had a good job, with what seemed a fabulous salary, though it did not seem to go very far, and he was expected to work as he had not dreamed it was possible to work. No one did, at home.

And late hours! It was three o'clock, he was very sleepy, and they had only just stopped that absurd bridge game. He decided that he did not care for bridge. Cold game, no conversation, too many post mortem discussions of how a hand might have been played. Too much to drink. He knew how to drink, but these New York men seemed not to. And such poor stuff. Not even so good as white mule. He was glad to note that he was perfectly sober. It had got him a little in the stuffy room, blue with smoke. The other men had played, and played, and never seemed to get sleepy, yet they had to get up as early in the morning as he did. He sighed; funny life. But probably he would get used to it in time, and if not, he still had most of the purchase price of his old home intact. He felt of the comforting bulk of the roll of bills in his trousers pocket. He could go back when he liked, and buy himself a new home, or a little business, and all would be the same again; lazy, pleasant, full of a sense of intimacy.

The snow was very white under the street lights, and on its banked solidness a man lay sprawled. Wayland leaned over him; drunk. He would freeze to death in this temperature. He was breathing heavily. At home Wayland would have taken the man to his house, if he had known him, and he probably would, but he reflected on the general coldness of New York, and decided that the right way in the North would be to find a policeman, and let him find the man's home. The street was deserted. He walked to the corner, and peered down. A large figure was beating his arms repeatedly in an effort to keep warm, a block away. Wayland walked to him.

"Constable," he began. At the word the officer turned an irate eye on him, Wayland realized that he had made a mistake, but not knowing how to rectify it, he went on, "Theah's a drunken man lyin' in the snow aroun' the cohnah. Thought I'd better tell you, so you could find his home foh him."

"Where was you afther comin' from, me young hearty, I'd like to be knowin'? It's no constable Oi am, and if you want to be spendin' your off toime appearin' against a bunch av dhrunks in court, you can be doin' it. A foine chanst ye'll have of foindin' his home, so ye will, but ye're at liberty to try for as long as ye plase. I've not sane him, and I don't intend to. It's long enough hours out in the cold Oi'm havin' widout huntin' up trouble for meself wid a lot of fools that knows better than to git themsilves drunk, annyway. Get along wid ye, now, and find me a nice warm job next time."

Wayland went slowly back. He found it in his heart to feel sorry for the constable. It was cold to be walking up and down a night like this, and probably he did have too much to do without having to go into court the next day. Still, something would have to be done. The North might leave men to freeze to death in the snow, but the South couldn't. He reached the inert form again. A man disappeared around the corner ahead of him. Wayland looked down, and swore in self-condemnation. While he had been looking for a policeman, some miscreant had stolen the poor man's overcoat! Wayland sighed, as he bent over him. A wicked, wicked city! He would not leave him alone again. Poor man!

A new figure came toward them, and stopped, staring down at the drunken man. "Friend of yours?" asked the stranger.

"No," said Wayland, "but I feel responsible foh him, now. He'll freeze to death, out heah, and while I went to look foh a policeman foh him, some robbeh came and stole his ovehcoat. Ah wondeh if you would be kind enough to help me look through his pockets, and see ef we could fin' his address?"

The stranger gave Wayland an appraising glance. "Sure," he said enthusiastically, "just goin' to suggest it, myself."

Together they rolled the prostrate figure over, and one took the left side, the other took the right. Wayland brought to light a large roll of bills, held tight and fat by an elastic band. He reflected that the roll was almost as large as the one he carried, himself.

"That's good," he said. "If we cain't find his address, we can put him in a hotel, I reckon."

"Here's a telephone number," said the stranger, and held it up to the distant street light. "Lenox, 2882. Why don't you run down to that drug store

and call it? May be his. I'll watch him till you come back."

"Suah," Wayland obligingly agreed, glad of the chance to get indoors a few minutes out of the biting cold. "Dirty trick, takin' his ovehcoat. Wouldn't even a drunken niggah do that in mah home, a night like this, but I reckon this New Yohk's altogether different from Ca'lina."

"It's gettin' late," reminded the stranger.

"Oh, yes, Ah keep fohgettin' that the mos' impohtant thing up North heah is a few minutes. Down home that's all we're rich in—minutes." He laughed, and started down the street. "Real good o' you to mahnd him while I'm gone. I'll be's quick's I can."

The drug store was a block and a half away. He ran to keep warm. The number was a long time answering; finally a young girl's voice came to him, sleepily, "What is it?"

"It's a man, ma'am," began Wayland.

"I can tell that without being told," the voice cut in, crossly, "what do you want?"

"Yes, ma'am. I donno as I should tell you about it, bein' a lady, but he's drunk——"

"Who's drunk?"

"This man, ma'am. I'm teilin' you. Some misable thief has stole his ovahcoat, and theah's a big roll o' bills in his pocket, and the only address he's got on him is this telephone numbah. I'm sorry to botheh you, but would you like me to bring him around in a taxicab, so you could see does he b'long to you-all?"

"Oh, dear, a big roll of bills?" The voice grew more interested. "It might be father. He had a whole lot of money when he went out this evening. He *never* gets drunk, but I suppose you can't be sure with the stuff they're selling now. You hear such awful tales. Yes, please, will you? You have the address? Twenty-two East Seventy-third? It's awfully good of you. You'll hurry, won't you, because I'm terribly worried? I'll get dressed right away. Thank you so much. Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"Wayland Lipscomb, ma'am. I'm f'm Denby, South Ca'lina, and I'm wohkin' foh the McKinley Expoht Company. Now, don't you worry, ma'am. I'll be around to yoh place jus' as quick as I can get a taxicab, and bring him."

As he left the booth, and came out again into the cold, a taxi rolled by. He yelled wildly into the still air. The car stopped, a half block away, and came slowly back to him. Wayland got in, and was grateful for its warmth. The night seemed to have a thousand icy needles that drove cruelly through his heavy clothes.

They stopped at the corner where the unconscious one was lying. He was still in the snow, but the stranger was gone. Wayland, with a sudden fear, felt in the pocket where the man's money had been. It was equally gone. He cursed himself for a fool. Up and down the street he looked. Not a soul in sight. He reflected it must be four o'clock, at least; time to get home, and put in a little sleep before he had to start for the office. The driver got out, stiffly, and helped lift the dead weight into the car. Wayland climbed in after him, and edged himself into a corner. The patient snored on, peacefully.

The number the girl had given him proved to belong to large white-fronted house with glass and iron-work doors. Wayland felt a little embarrassed at ringing the bell, but he did so. The taxi man again helped him to lift the still-unconscious man. He paid him, and decided that a dollar tip would not be too much. Two dollars, altogether. He took the money from the few bills he kept, for safety, away from his big roll. Not safe to show much money in New York. He prided himself on knowing that, and reflected that it never cost anything, back in Denby, to help out a fellow-creature in misfortune. Anybody'd tote him around just for kindness.

The door opened almost immediately, and an extremely pretty girl appeared. Nice that she should happen to be pretty. The two men carried their burden in and deposited him on a red-cushioned marble bench. The shaded light fell full on his face, and on a silk shirt striped broadly in bright pink. The taxi man slid out again, silently.

Slowly the girl shook her head. "I don't know him," she said, after a long look. "Absolutely never saw him

before, but I suppose, since he had this number, he must be a friend of my father's or brother's though I must say he doesn't look it. He can't very well stay here now, can he? And what are we going to do with him?"

"Why don' you call yoah brother down and see if he knows him?" suggested Wayland, solemnly.

"Because he's out of town. Won't be back till next week."

"An' yoah father hasn't come in yet, either?"

"No."

"An' yo' ah all alone in this big house, ma'am?"

"The servants——"

"Pahdon me, but is that considered safe?"

"Oh, quite. Only in about an hour, myself, when you phoned."

"What you think we'd betteh do? Shall ah take the gentleman to a hotel? We-all cain't stay heah, of couhse. Youah fatheh'd shoot me if he was to come home now."

"Oh, nonsense, of course he wouldn't. I'll call one of the servants, and let *him* take him to a hotel. No reason why you should take any more throuble. Awfully unusually decent of you to do this much, and I suppose he's really our charge, since he had our phone number." She walked to a bell, and pushed it sharply half a dozen times. "There," she said, "I hope some one heard that. It's hard as the dickens to wake them at this time of the night."

Wayland was seized with sudden pangs of doubt. "I guess ah better wait for them to come down, outside in the vestibule. Don't seem right for me stayin' here; you don't know me, nor who I am. He—" he pointed to the inert creature on the bench, "he won't know till noon, prob'ly. You ah puffeckly safe with him."

The girl laughed, and eyed the young man with new interest. The chivalry that would stand in a cold vestibule while a servant dressed himself, to protect her from possible fear, was new to her.

"You stay right here," she said, "I'm not at all afraid of you, if that's what you mean. You don't happen to have a cigaret about you, do you? That idiot won't get downstairs for several minutes, I suppose."

Wayland found a pack of cigarets, cheap Virginia ones, on which he had been brought up.

The girl shook her head. "Sorry," she said. "A bit strong for me, that brand. If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll trot upstairs and find some others."

"Certainly, ma'am. I'm right sorry I haven't any others, mahself."

The girl laughed. "Be right down," she said, and disappeared up the iron-railed stairs at the back of the room. Wayland reflected that there was a right smart lot of iron and stone used in the room, just like a garden, down home.

A key turned silently in the lock. Wayland heard nothing until the outer door had opened and closed again, then he turned, and looked into the face of a very large man in evening dress, who seemed somewhat surprised. He eyed him, Wayland thought, disparagingly.

Then he spoke. "Good evening," he said. "May I ask—er—just what you——"

Another door opened beside Wayland, an elevator door, and a man in a bath robe stepped out, a large man, with a haughty, though sleepy, stare. The two men exchanged glances. Wayland began to feel very uncomfortable. He wondered where the young lady had gone, and whether she would return soon.

"Well, you see, sir," he began, lamely, "I foun' this—er—gentleman lyin' in the snow, and since it was such a col' night, I thought I'd better call a policeman, but the constable, he wouldn't have anything to do with him, it being such a col' night. He didn't want to botheh himself, an' when I got back to him, his ovehcoat had been stolen by some blackguard. Then I felt real responsible foh him, and when a fine lookin' young man come down the street, we thought we better try to fin' his address. We foun' a big roll o' bills, and this telephone numbeh, so I wen' down to the drug stoah, to phone up heah. A young lady answered, and she was afraid it might be her father——"

"She told a perfect stranger, over the telephone, that some old drunk lying in the street might be me? How did you get in here?"

"She let me in, sir."

"Then where is she now?"

"If you don' min', sir, she's gone upstairs again to fin' some cigarets."

"What the blue—I——"

"Begging your pardon, sir," the bathrobed servant broke in, "a couple of seconds before I come downstairs, sir, the bell rang very insistent, so I took the liberty of coming down without stopping to dress, sir."

"Call the police, Jergens," the big man said, quickly, with his eyes glued hard on Wayland's, "I'll take care of this fellow."

"Why, sir," Wayland began, "I don't——"

The butler had disappeared. The man in front of him registered disapproval in every glance.

"You can tell all that to the police sergeant. Now you keep quiet. I've heard enough from you, you dastardly house-breaker."

The man on the bench stirred uneasily, groaning drunkenly, and sat up. "Beashly col'," he growled, "beashly col'." He felt uncertainly about his person, "Where's m' overcoat—overcoat gone. Double-done, tha's what I am, double-done." Stumbling hands found his trouser pocket. Where should have been a roll of bills, there was only flatness. "Money gone, too. Double-done, tha's what I am, double-done." He sighed, dismally, rolled off the bench, and went to sleep again on the floor.

The big man stared, still more accusingly, at Wayland. His attitude said, without need for words, "I don't understand what it's all about, but it's quite obvious there's something tremendously wrong, and I'll see that it goes no further."

The servant returned, and took his stand behind Wayland. He nodded to his employer significantly. Wayland did not need to see the nod, he understood that the police were on their way to get him. The future began to look very black. Even if he managed to explain successfully to the police, he could not hope to get to the office that morning, and since he had had his job only five days, they would be sure to believe the worst, and he'd be fired. He was afraid to speak again, for fear the man before him was toting a gun. Carolinian guns had a bad habit of acting thoughtlessly at times. Wayland kept silent.

The minutes wore on, while the eyes of the bathrobed servant made his spine tingle. Horrible to be stared at from behind.

A loud clang sounded in the street; the servant left his post, at last, and opened the door. Four bluecoats entered, very businesslike. At a motion from the master of the house two of them seized Wayland, while the other two stood up the snoring man on the floor. At that moment the girl reappeared on the iron-railed stairs.

"Why, dad," she cried, "what is all this?"

"I don't know," the large man answered, "I'd be very grateful if you could explain it. This man started to tell me a wild tale that was promising to take all the rest of the night to finish, so I thought the quickest way to clear the place out and get to bed was to let him tell it to the sergeant at the police station. If you know anything about him——Who is he?"

"His name is—Lightson—"

"Lipscomb, ma'am."

"—or something, and he befriended this poor man, and brought him here, in a taxi—to see if we knew him——"

"It's a new wan on me," began chief bluecoat, "but it sounds a good wan, annyway; he'd a got away wid it, if ye hadn't got home when ye did."

"But you can't arrest him," the girl went on, "he hasn't done a thing, except——"

Her father snorted. "Except—gained entrance to a private house at four A. M. by imposing on an unprotected girl," he said. "The wonder is that he didn't knock you on the head, while he rifled the place at his leisure. Probably would if I hadn't spoiled his chance by coming in a moment too soon. Gone upstairs for cigarets, indeed! You're not fit to be out of the nursery, Genevieve. As for a telephone number, he found it in the book. That other one's probably not drunk. He'd come to life quick enough, if you gave him a good kick."

The largest policeman obliged with the kick. It worked like magic. The man's head jerked up, and the bluecoats laughed.

"The other bird's a new wan on me," admitted their leader, "but this wan's known from San Francisco to Palm

Beach. Jim Saunders is his name. Used to be a dip—pickpocket—before he got hittin' the bottle too hard to keep it up."

Wayland stared, then felt suddenly for the roll of bills that represented his worldly wealth, realized by the sale of his home. His trouser pocket was as flat as his charge's. He uttered a shout.

"You low, drunken, black niggah!" he cried. "While I was tryin' to keep you-all from freezin' to death, you was pickin' mah pocket, was you? These yere northerners are too much foh me. I'm goin' back home, where they's a few white folks. That was mah money that other feller stole fum you."

Jim Saunders laughed, shakily. Though he was awake, he was not sober. "Well, you ol' buttinski, you! Whatjexpec', anyhow, carryin' a wad like that aroun' wid you? Squirrel-food, 'swat y'are, squirrel-food."

"How did you have this phone number?"

"Never did."

"Looka here—" Wayland's face was purple, "Don' you-all try no monkey tricks aroun' me. I'm f'm the South, and we work quick down there. Answer real spry, or ah'll fix you, good. Why you have this phone numbeh on you? Huh?"

"Callin' a pal in the house," answered the largest blue-coat, patronizingly, and suddenly disappeared, with amazing speed for his size, up the iron-railed stairs. He dodged the girl by a quarter of an inch. The sound of a scuffle came down from the hall above, and a second later he reappeared, pushing before him a slight, but still struggling, form.

"Here's the other wan," he proclaimed, proudly, giving his new captive an extra shove.

The girl uttered a little squeal, "It's the new footman I engaged all by my-

"What you think we'd better do?" he asked. "We-all cain't stay heah, of couhse,"

self," she said, "you must have made a mistake——"

"Saw him lookin' through the iron railin'—" insisted the policeman.

Wayland's shout drowned them both out. "That's the stranger I lef' to min' the drunken one," he cried. "He's got mah money." The officer plunged a hand at random into the nearest pocket, and brought to light a thick roll of bills, held together by an elastic band. After turning it over, and admiring its size and weight, he put it into his own pocket.

"Ye'll have to be tellin' it to the sergeant," he announced, "an' provin' yer ownership. It's Exhibit A, so it is, an' Oi'll kape it fer ye, for a while. It'll be safe enough for its right owner, though who he'll turn out to be, I wouldn't be darin' to guess, meself. This is the slickest job, and the funniest, I've ever seen." He shook the slumping, half-sobered figure of the drunken man. "Why didn't ye be goin' wit' yer friend when he copped the dough, eh?"

"Cause I wanted to sleep, tha's all. Ain't you never been sleepy? I'm not drunk, but I was sleepy. I couldn't bear to get up. Oney woke up long enough to get it, and then I snoozed again. This bird, he double-done me, when he copped that money, tha's what he did. Keepin' it fer himself, he was. I'll fix him fer it, too, I will, I don' care. We had it doped out to run this house to-night. Was goin' a meet 'n tha' corner, up there. He's late, so I took a coupla drinks, keep warm. 'S all. Stuff 's doped. Somethin', anyway. Next I knows, a guy is stoopin' over me, and out falls a big wad o' bills. Never been so sleepy couldn't know the feel o' them. Right into me mit. Jus' luck. Stuffs 'em into me pocket when he ain't lookin'. Then along comes me pardner, lookin' fer me, and he cops the roll off me. Tha's how it was. I ain't but half awake, so he thinks I donno it. He's wrong—too sleepy to do anything, tha's all. Then this guy comes back again, and sticks me into a taxi. Gives this number. I don' care much, but I thinks it may turn out, so I keeps me trap shut. Sure enough, in we gets, right inside the house I'm headin' fer. This bloke come home too soon, tha's all the trouble. I'd ha' made a big haul, and that gink's to blame fer me not doin' it. If I'm goin' up the river, so is he, you bet yer."

"I congratulate you, sir." The master of the house became suddenly friendly with Wayland. "You have had a very narrow escape from rather serious consequences of your—if you will pardon me—Quixotic actions. It's really best to let sleeping dogs—and drunks—lie. In New York, at least. By a miracle you have saved us from a burglary, and we owe you a very deep vote of thanks."

"Six o'clock," said the girl, suddenly. "Jergens, can you rout some one out to make us a bit of coffee? We can't sleep after all this excitement. You'll stay, Mr. Gentleman from Carolina, of course. We can say 'thank you' so much more in the Southern manner, if you will accept our hospitality."

"Yes," the big voice of her father boomed out, "of course he will. In business, I suppose? Have to get down to the office, myself, at nine o'clock. Come upstairs and get yourself a cold shower and a shave. By that time they'll have some breakfast ready."

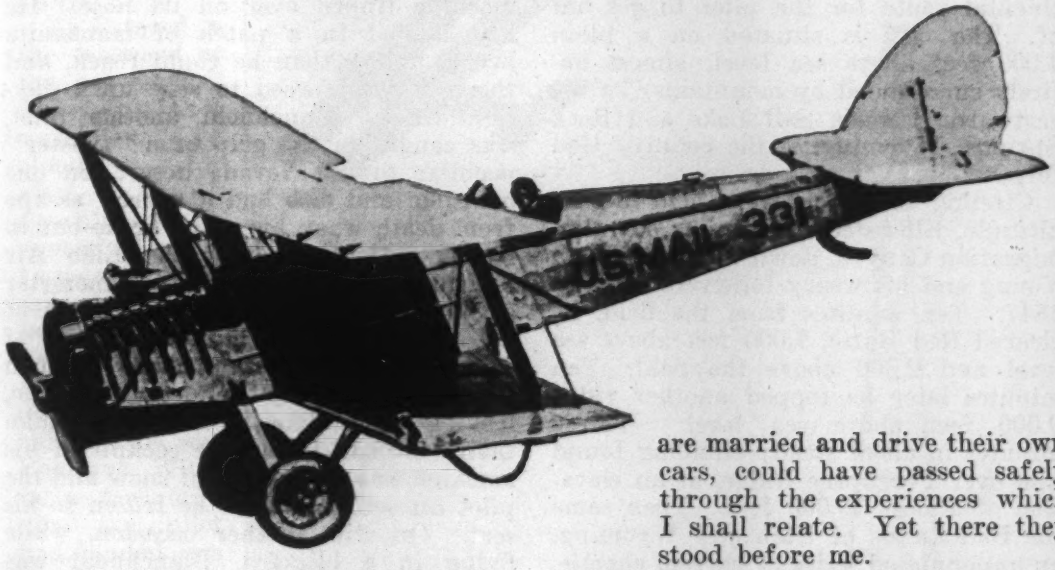
Wayland turned, to see the girl smiling at him. "Learned your first lesson about New York?" she asked, "Not to trust strangers?"

"Only not to trust some strangers," Wayland answered, with a deep bow. "May I point out that you ah trustin' a stranger, yoh ownself, ma'm—foh a New Yorker, that seems to be mighty rash."

The girl laughed. "Oh, we're not New Yorkers," she cried. "There aren't very many, you know, the poor dears. We're from Texas!"

TALES OF THE AIR MAIL PILOTS

By BURT M. MCCONNELL



NOWHERE else in the world has such a determined and successful effort been made to carry the mails by airplane as in the United States. Not since the Armistice have aviators in any part of the globe experienced such thrilling and terrifying adventures as Uncle Sam's aerial postmen.

Two years ago I flew as a passenger from New York to Chicago, over the Alleghanies, with "Slim" Lewis and Wesley Smith, two of the Air Mail's best pilots, at the controls. But nothing happened, except that, after some eight hours of rather monotonous flying, we arrived at Chicago after dark, could not locate the Air Mail flying field, and were compelled to land on the prairie west of the city. This was nothing more than an incident; only the pilot who flies day after day, week after week, in all sorts of weather, is fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to experience real adventures.

A few weeks ago I journeyed over the entire Air Mail route, from New York to San Francisco. I traveled by train this time, and stopped at every flying field of consequence in search of stories of adventure. And I marveled that these quiet, smooth-faced, unassuming, well-dressed young men, most of whom are married and drive their own cars, could have passed safely through the experiences which I shall relate. Yet there they stood before me.

In order to understand how these mishaps came about, it is necessary to familiarize oneself with the duties of the pilots and the purpose of the Air Mail Service. Every day, whatever the weather, two sturdy airplanes, loaded with mail, climb into the air above their respective flying fields near New York and San Francisco, and start across the continent. At the next landing field—there are thirteen of them between the two oceans—pilots and machines are changed, just as the crew and locomotive of the Limited are changed at each division point.

When night comes, these pilots pick up their beacons as sailors do, for no longer do lighthouses belong only on capes and reefs. They are strung along the plains from Cleveland to Cheyenne, making a Great White Way a thousand miles from the sea.

Along this route—the longest regularly operated airway in the world—I traveled until I reached Salt Lake City. There, while in the act of signing the hotel register, I heard a familiar sound—the drone of a Liberty motor. Directly over the center of the city appeared a De Haviland plane, speeding eastward at the rate of two miles a minute, or twice as fast as our fastest passenger trains.

"That's Ellis, on his way to Rock Springs," my host volunteered.

Salt Lake City is probably the most difficult spot along the entire transcontinental route for the pilot to get out of. The city is situated on a plain 4,200 feet above sea level, almost entirely surrounded by mountains. To the eastward, between Salt Lake and Rock Springs, Wyoming, is the country God forgot.

Circling above the flying field to gain altitude, Ellis steered a course over Immigration Canyon, down which Brigham Young and his weary followers came in 1847. Ten minutes from the field, he cleared Red Butte, 7,000 feet above sea level and 2,800 above the field. Ten minutes later he topped another ridge 9,000 feet above sea level. Thirty minutes in all of steady climbing found him over Porcupine Ridge, at an elevation of almost 10,000 feet. Then came the Bad Lands of Utah and Wyoming, an unpopulated series of barren, chaotic, and inhospital ridges. Forced landings in the Bad Lands have been responsible for so many near-tragedies that an emergency kit—rifle, snowshoes, food, cooking apparatus, and tools — now forms a part of each pilot's equipment.

That part of the transcontinental Air Mail route lying between Cheyenne and the California-Nevada line has had more than its share of mishaps and adventures. It was between Cheyenne and Rock Springs that Pilot Boonstra swooped down to a boulder-strewn spot one morning to pick up Chandler, whose machine had been put out of business by a broken connecting-rod. It was near the top of White Mountain, twelve miles from the Rock Springs Air Mail field, that Pilot Ellis and his sturdy plane were hurled by a "down-draft" into the steep, snow-covered side, like an arrow shot into a tree. Between Salt Lake City and Rock Springs have occurred half a dozen "forced landings" which came near resulting in disasters. It was in the Sierra Nevada Mountains that Pilot Huking, flying in a thick fog, crashed into the top of a tree and fell with his machine a hundred feet to the ground. Huking spent the next ten days in bed, but at the end of that time was back on the job.

It was near the California-Nevada line, sixty miles from the nearest town, that Pilot Vance was forced down by a blizzard at nightfall, and unceremoniously dumped out on his head when his machine tipped over on its nose. He had landed in a patch of manzanita brush, higher than he could reach, and there he was forced to stay until daylight came. Blanchfield, another pilot, was caught in the grip of a "twister" peculiar to the Nevada desert, on one occasion, and also had a narrow escape from death when his plane broke out in flames as he landed at the Elko Air Mail field. Once, with the thermometer at 60° below zero, he made a flight of 235 miles through blinding sheets of snow to deliver the mail. When Blanchfield finally landed at Reno, looking more like a huge snow-man than a human being, the cockpit of his machine was almost full of snow and the pilot himself seemed to be frozen to his seat. On still another occasion, while flying in a blizzard, Blanchfield was forced to land on the snow-covered desert. After a five-hour search, the pilot came upon the shack of a wrinkled old Indian, who shoved a rifle in this "sky-devil's" face and refused point-blank to help him crank the motor of his machine.

In the Utah-Wyoming Bad Lands, between Salt Lake City and Rock Springs, occurred the forced landing of Pilot Bishop, which would have terminated fatally had it not been for the exceptional bravery and good flying judgment of Ellis. It was in this section of the country that Boonstra fell into the deadly tail-spin while three and a half miles in the air, and came hurtling to earth. It isn't often that an aviator goes into a tail-spin and lives to tell the tale. Yet I found that Boonstra was not only alive, but was stationed at Rock Springs. To Rock Springs, therefore, I hastened for my first tale of adventure.

The wireless equipment at the flying field sputtered as our flivver drew up to the shack.

"What's up?" I inquired innocently.

"There's been a big explosion in the coal mine at Kemmerer, eighty miles from here," replied the Field Manager. "It's up to me to find a ship and a pilot. They call on us for everything and we help when we can. They want

us to send a doctor and a gas expert by airplane right away."

As I stared to the eastward at the "saddle," silhouetted against the cloudless blue sky, a black speck, which seemed at a distance of ten miles no larger than a dragonfly, sailed serenely above the depression in the ridge. This was Boonstra. Within a few minutes the pilot had landed in a cloud of dust and taxied his machine up to the hanger where we were duly introduced.

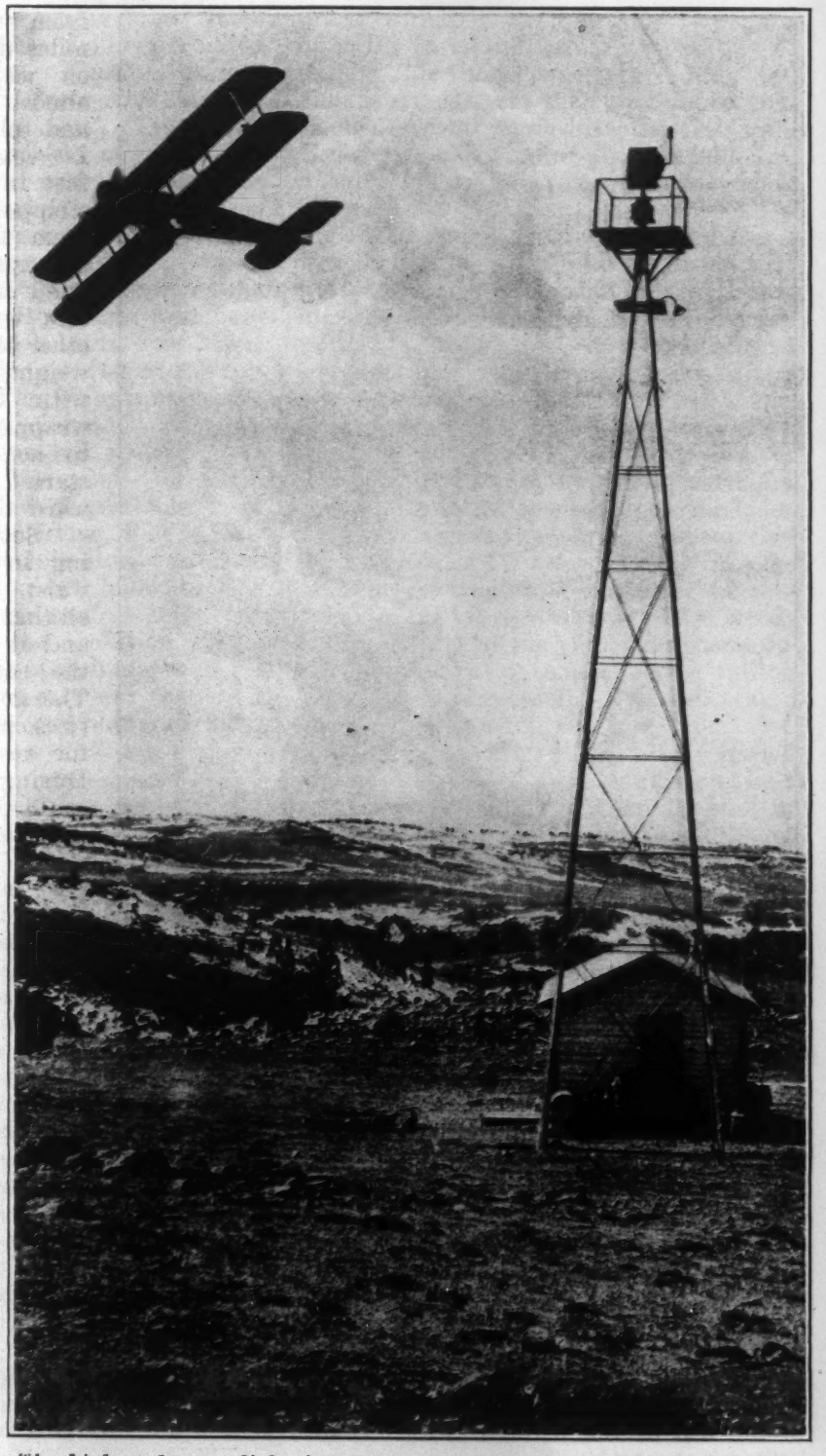
"Boonstra," I began, "I understand that you've had more than your share of close shaves?"

"Well," he replied, hesitatingly, "Maybe I have. But those things are all in the day's work."

"You don't have a forced landing in the Rocky Mountains or a tail-spin from 18,000 feet every day, do you?"

"No-o."

"I wish you'd tell me about the difficulties under which the mail is carried, in winter and summer. You see, the American people have no way of knowing just what you pilots are up against. The weather, for instance."



The highest beacon light in the world guides air mail pilots as they fly at night across Sherman Hill in the Rockies.

Pilot Lester F. Bishop

"Well, it does get pretty bad. Take the day that came near being my last on earth. I left Salt Lake for this field at 7.30 in the morning. A full-sized blizzard was blowing, and the thermometer was below zero. I was flying low under the clouds, clearing mountain peaks by about two hundred feet, when I came to Porcupine Ridge. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, the machine settled. I guess I must have run into one of those winds that flow down the side of a mountain like a waterfall. Anyway, before I could attempt a right or left turn, or even throttle the motor, the machine dropped to a sloping ridge, the landing gear collapsed, and the wrecked craft slid on its fuselage almost to the top of the boulder-strewn ridge before it came to a stop.

"Here I was, thirty-five miles north of Salt Lake and eighty miles to the eastward. I was twelve miles from a telephone, and thirty miles from a railroad. The only house I had ever seen from the air was six miles distant. The ridge on which I stood was almost 10,000 feet high and almost inaccessible. I couldn't see fifty feet in that storm, so I stripped the compass from the wreck. With my traveling bag in one hand and a pair of trousers wrapped about the other to help support my weight on the snow, and with bits of clothing wrapped about my feet to act as snowshoes, I started on my journey toward civilization.

"Soon I was floundering in snow up to my waist. I stumbled along all that day, all that night, and at daybreak came to the edge of the woods. The going was slow and tiresome. Frequent stops for rest were necessary. During these times I could feel my feet getting numb. But I carried a map of the country in my head, and knew there was a barn about three miles ahead. I struggled toward it all that day, while the blizzard raged and blotted out everything at times. By noon I was progressing at a snail's pace; my leg muscles almost refused to function. About three o'clock I came close enough to the barn to see that there was no house, but it was clear now, and I could see one about three-quarters of a mile farther on. During all this time I was very weak, for I had eaten nothing in almost thirty-six hours.

"At dusk I came to the house, and they took me in, rubbed my frost-bitten feet with snow, and filled me with warm food and hot coffee. After struggling through snowdrifts for thirty-six hours without food or drink, you can imagine that I was pretty tired. I was. I hit that bed so hard that I slept almost twenty hours. I didn't wake up until far into the next afternoon.

"The report from Rock Springs that I was missing pretty well disrupted the Air Mail Service for the next two days;

for sixteen planes from the Rock Springs and Salt Lake fields suspended flying to look for me. Finally, my machine was located from the air by Bishop, of Salt Lake City. There was no telephone at the ranch; no way whatever of advising the searchers that I was safe. But, at the end of my nap, I was able to get on a horse and ride with my Good Samaritan ten miles to the nearest telephone. At that place some rescue parties, equipped with horses and bobsleds, met us and took us to Salt Lake, where we arrived the evening of the following Tuesday. The plane was recovered about ten days later."

"What about your tail spin?"

"That," replied the pilot, "is something that I don't care to remember. It isn't very often, you know, that a man who goes into a tail spin lives to tell of the experience. I don't know to this day what caused me to fall into that spin, unless it was the condition of the weather and the loss of flying speed.

"The facts of the case are these: I ran into a blizzard one January day. The wind was dead against me, and I soon found that I couldn't buck it, even though my ship would make two miles a minute. I tried it for half an hour, and made a little progress, but snow was falling so heavily that I could scarcely see a hundred yards ahead. I flew and flew and flew, trying to get around the storm, but it was impossible without going too far off the route. Then I tried to climb over it, and got to 18,000 feet, or about three and one-half miles, which is the "ceiling" or limit of a De Haviland.

"By this time I was rather dizzy and exhausted. It was then that I lost consciousness and went into the tail spin. Recovering, at a point about a mile and a half above the ground, I managed to "come out of it," as they say, by bringing the machine to an even keel. But I was feeling so wobbly by this time that the plane almost immediately fell into another spin. I have no recollection whatever of what I did; probably I worked the controls instinctively. There was no banking indicator on my plane, so it was almost impossible, with snow swirling all around and my view of everything shut out by the blizzard, for me to tell when I was flying on the level. As I say, my memory is hazy about that second spin; all I know is that in some miraculous fashion I came out of it—only to fall into another! My hands and feet worked the controls automatically, I guess, as I swirled like a falling leaf toward the earth. The fall was a dizzy one, I can tell you.

Pilot Robert H. Ellis.

"By good luck, rather than because of any effort of mine, I came out of my third tail spin. I can't recall going into the fourth — and last — spin, but I dimly remember bringing the ship to a flat spiral about a hundred feet from the ground. Then I struck a tree, and the machine went crashing to the ground. I was unconscious for five hours, but was warmly dressed, so that freezing was not added to my list of injuries. These, in fact, were slight; merely a

Ninety-six inspections, before each flight!

few cuts and bruises. If I hadn't carried snow-shoes in the cockpit, however, I probably would have perished, then and there. We all carry snowshoes, emergency rations, and a rifle, now. And our machines are equipped with banking indicators to show when they are on an even keel."

At Reno, my next stop on the transcontinental Air Mail route, I learned of the untimely end, only a few weeks before, of Pilot Blanchfield. For ten years he had been a flier, first with the Royal Flying Corps during the war. Then he came to the United States, applied for citizenship, and entered the Air Mail Service. In those ten years he had flown approximately 300,000 miles, or more than twelve times around the earth.

In flying over the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, between Reno and Elko, Nevada, Blanchfield found the atmosphere in the neighborhood of the "hump" far more violent and dangerous than the disturbance in the air caused by anti-aircraft shells during the war. Besides experiencing several hazardous journeys under these conditions, during his comparatively brief career with the Air Mail, this pilot, on one occasion, was caught by a "twister" or tornado such as they have in Nebraska. But it was during an almost unheard of succession of gales, blizzards, and cold weather in November, 1922, that Blanchfield experienced what was perhaps his most exciting adventure.

The thermometer was 60° below at Elko one day when he persuaded the field manager to permit him to carry the mail to Reno, 235 miles away. Blinding sheets of snow, carried on the wings of an eighty-mile gale, were driven against the hangar as Blanchfield gave the signal for his machine to be wheeled out into the open. Steering directly into the howling wind and snow, the pilot was completely hidden from view within half a minute. The shrieking winds soon drowned the steady roar of his motor.

It is the custom, west of Cheyenne, for every railroad telegraph operator to report to the nearest Air Mail field the passage overhead of an airplane. Half an hour went by, yet no report came to either the Reno or Elko field. An hour passed, and still no tidings came. Mean-

while the storm had increased in intensity. A foot of snow had fallen.

At the end of two hours an alarm was sent along every telegraph wire within fifty miles of the transcontinental route. When three hours had passed without a report of Blanchfield's whereabouts, and three feet of snow covered the landscape, it was generally believed that he had been forced down by the hurricane somewhere on the Great Salt Desert.

Finally, when the pilot was more than an hour overdue at the Reno field, the anxious little group in the hangar there heard the faint purr of a Liberty engine. Rushing to the hundred-foot door, they opened it in the face of the raging blizzard. The blinding snow shut out the view of everything more than fifty yards away, but they were positive they heard the steady, low drone of a motor. Then it ceased, and the watchers were about to turn back into the warm hangar when straight toward them, out of the furious storm, a plane came plunging through the drifts. Eagerly grasping the wings, they helped to steer it through the doorway.

Once safely inside, with the door closed behind them, they looked toward the cockpit, expecting to see Blanchfield's grinning countenance. What they saw, however, was a huge snowman. The pilot himself could not be seen for the snow that covered him and almost filled the cockpit. He seemed frozen in his seat, with one hand clutching the control stick, and his frosted feet resting upon the steering gear. For more than three and a half hours this fearless pilot, sitting in this cramped position, with a violent storm swirling about him, had battled for his life. For the greater part of the 235 miles the ship had been almost beyond his control. The cold was the worst he had ever experienced. At times his powerful De Haviland had been unable to advance a single foot. His attempts to maneuver the plane out of the storm area were unavailing; the blizzard, it seemed, covered the entire State of Nevada. Certainly this was one of Blanchfield's very narrowest escapes from death.

On another occasion, while en route from Elko to Reno, he ran into another eighty-mile-an-hour gale. As usual, a snowstorm was in progress. Unable to see more than fifty yards in any direction, the pilot might fly into the shoulder of a mountain or be swept by a "down draft" into a rocky canyon. For all he knew, he might be twenty miles off his course. To stay longer in the air was to court disaster. With commendable wisdom, therefore, Blanchfield flew at an altitude of a hundred feet until he came to a comparatively level spot covered with sage-brush. There, in the argot of the Air Mail Service, he "sat down."

Trudging through the snow, now two feet deep, in ever widening circles, Blanchfield, after five hours of walking, finally stumbled upon a little shack built in the side of a hill. At his knock the door opened a trifle, and the black, beady eyes of a patriarchal old Indian met his. But at the sight of this grotesque, snow-covered figure, with its goggles and helmet, the wrinkled old redskin slammed the door. He had never before seen a pilot in flying accouterment, and he was taking no chances. With the fury of the gale almost drowning out his voice, Blanchfield tried for half an hour to persuade the wily old Indian to open the door.

Firmly grasping his rifle, the aborigine eventually unlocked the door, and stepped backward before the pilot's advance, meanwhile motioning him with the barrel toward a primitive fireplace. Divesting himself of his entire flying outfit, Blanchfield stood before the Indian, an ordinary white man such as he had seen in the hills, and not some sort of devil. But the pilot's command of the Indian and sign languages was inadequate, and the Indian was hard to convince. Didn't this wizened old redskin see these "sky-devils" flying over the desert almost every day? Their throbbing motors must be filled with "bad medicine," for they flew through the air faster than the birds. No; he would stand there with his rifle until this stranger from another world warmed and fed himself, then he would send him forth. Fortunately for the pilot, an old prospector who knew the Indian happened along at this juncture, and explained the situation in pidgin English.

Blanchfield now visualized the two of them helping him "turn over" his ten-foot propeller, ordinarily a task for three men. The storm had abated

somewhat, and the three set forth, Blanchfield explaining his predicament as they went along. But when the Indian came within a hundred yards of the stranded ship, he stopped, and would go no farther. Nor would the grizzled prospector. "Sky devil no good," was all the old redskin would say. So it fell to Blanchfield's lot to turn over the propeller himself. Plowing through the snow, now almost two feet deep, with his heavy balloon-tired wheels, the pilot finally succeeded in urging his "bus" into the air, and arrived at the Reno field late that afternoon.

In May, 1922, Pilot Huking left San Francisco for Reno one day with the usual cargo of mail. A battle with the elements began almost as soon as the wheels of his machine left the ground, but this time it was not snow. It was fog, thick enough to tie up harbor shipping. When his ship, after a gallant climb of several thousand feet, finally poked her nose above the clouds, Huking was lost. But he started in the general direction of Reno, guided only by his compass. When more than three miles in the air, the mist began to thicken. To add to his discomfort, this soon turned to rain. Still he drove onward toward the "hump," looking meanwhile for an opening. He dared not fly lower, for at any moment the sharp pinnacle of a mountain might rear itself abruptly into the clouds, too late for him to turn either to the right or left.

Huking was in a quandary. He felt certain that he was somewhere in the vicinity of the Reno field. But a dive through the blanket of dark clouds that lay over the mountains, in the hope of finding clear weather at a lower level, probably would result in death. There he was, lost in the darkness, miles above the earth, with only a dense mist on every side. After flying about in circles for more than an hour, looking in vain for an opening, the engine began to sputter and finally stopped completely. Huking instinctively turned his ship's nose downward, and glided through the dense clouds at an angle so flat that it barely maintained the momentum of the airplane. After what seemed hours, the pilot found, upon emerging from the mist, that the ground was only three hundred feet below. To his consternation, however, it was covered with trees, some of which were more than one hundred feet high!

Almost before he was aware of what was happening, one of the wings of the machine came in contact with a tree-top and was snapped off. Slewed around by the impact and without this supporting wing, the plane dived downward and crashed through the limbs of the surrounding trees, breaking into a thousand pieces.

From a point half a mile away, the noise of the falling plane was plainly heard by some wood cutters. Hurrying through the fog and mist, they found Huking, covered with blood, walking about the wreck.

"I couldn't keep her up with only one wing," he was repeating.

As they drew near, the pilot, who had had a very narrow escape from death, suddenly collapsed. They carried his unconscious form to the nearest doctor —three miles away—and Huking spent the next ten days in bed. But at the end of that time he was back on the job, carrying the mail between Reno and San Francisco, across the "hump" and the "hell hole" or Verdi, Nevada, which has been the scene of more than half a dozen near tragedies.

To return to Pilot Vance, who in December, 1923, was caught in a snowstorm between Reno and San Francisco: The flakes, large and fluffy like the breast feathers of a Canada goose, floated lazily to earth, entirely cutting off his view of the country below. Flying by compass and resorting to the tactics taught him by experience, Vance endeavored to climb above the storm. At 13,000 feet—two and a half miles—the tempest still was raging. Snow was falling thicker than ever. Vance realized that it would be pitch dark before he could reach Reno. With the chances ten to one that he would become lost in the snowstorm, and realizing that his gasoline supply was running low, Vance decided to come down.

Gliding earthward at a sharp angle until he was within a few hundred feet of the ground, the pilot discovered that he was in the vicinity of the Last Chance mine. Picking out as a landing place what he thought was a patch of low brush, the pilot steered his ship in that direction. As he flew low over this

Pilot Claire K. Vance.

area, Vance congratulated himself on having such a level spot on which to land.

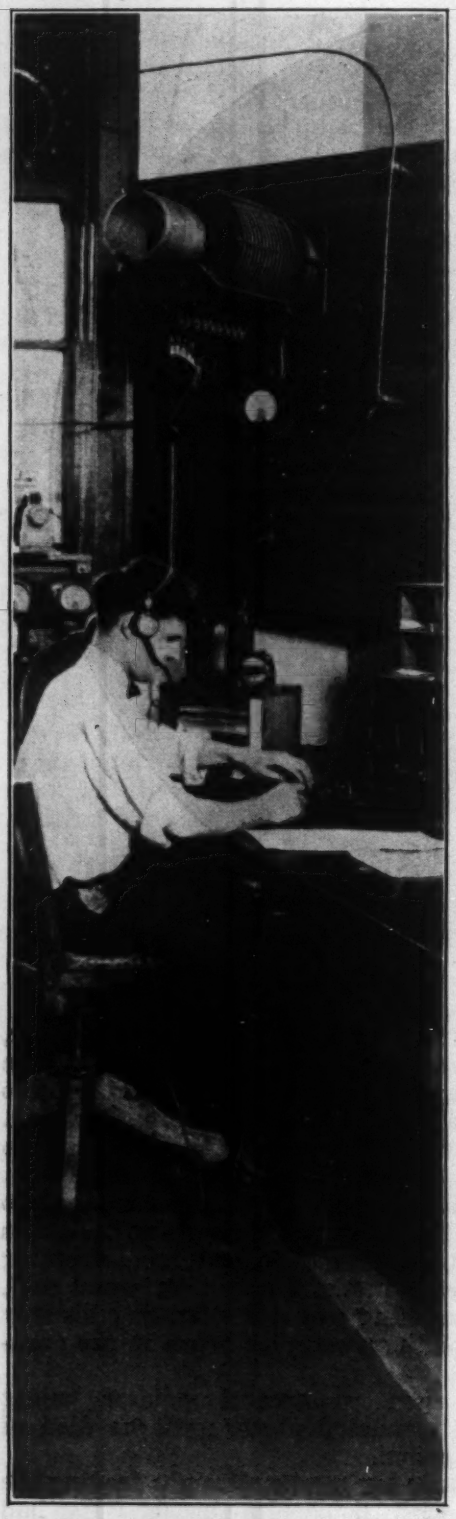
Skimming along the tops of the brush at sixty miles an hour, the ordinary landing speed of a De Haviland, Vance's wheels finally touched the tips of the brush, cutting down the momentum of the big machine. Then, as Vance settled lower and lower, the plane was tripped like a roped steer. Brought up short in this way, the ship, with the heavy engine in the forward part of the fuselage, now turned on its back, and unceremoniously dumped Vance out on his head.

The pilot, entirely unhurt, found that he had landed in a big patch of manzanita brush, six feet high and heavy in proportion. Here he was, almost sixty miles from the nearest town —and the nights are cold along the Nevada-California line.

After learning that his landing gear, upper wings, and propeller had been damaged and that he could not hope to cut a path to freedom in the darkness, Vance decided to build a fire and camp near the machine. When he finally got the fire started, the pilot had only two matches left. This one fact indicates the close escape he had from freezing to death in the blizzard, or worst still, of becoming lost while fighting his way out of the manzanita brush in the darkness.

A less resourceful aviator might have wandered about until he died of exhaustion.

Vance lay awake all night feeding the fire with manzanita brush. He had landed about half a mile from the edge of the brush nearest the mine, instead of in the center of the patch. With the first ray of dawn Vance struck off to-



There are five radio systems to keep track of the air mail pilots as they wing swiftly from one edge of the United States to the other

ward the nearest edge of the brush, and within an hour had covered the half mile that separated him from freedom. At the mine, the surprised superintendent loaned him two mules, one to ride and the other to carry the 350 pounds of mail. One of the miners volunteered to ride out with him to bring back the mules. It was eighteen miles from the Last Chance mine to Michigan Bluff. This was covered on mule-back. There Vance caught a stage to Colfax, California—forty miles—where he put his mail aboard the eastbound Limited.

Returning from San Francisco, I stopped at Salt Lake, where Ellis and Bishop were stationed. Theirs is a story stranger than fiction, and it exemplifies the best traditions of the Air Mail Service.

Late in October, 1923, Bishop, one of the oldest pilots, in point of service, was caught in a blizzard forty-five miles south of Rock Springs, Wyoming, and forced down twenty-five miles from the nearest point of civilization and communication. The sky above the Sierra Nevada Mountains was thick and overcast, with the wind blowing at forty miles an hour. The thermometer registered 18°. Snow of the dry and powdery sort was falling heavily. Bishop could see less than a hundred yards, and could make no headway whatever against this typical Utah blizzard.

Concluding that it would be best to land on the route between Rock Springs and Salt Lake City, with which he was familiar, rather than to try to find his way through the storm, Bishop finally "sat down" on a comparatively smooth and—at that time—bare plateau, known as Bridger's Bench. He landed without ancient, and for approximately an hour kept his motor turning over slowly, in the hope that the storm would subside. By that time at least a foot of snow had fallen. Realizing that he must get out of his predicament immediately, if he expected to get out at all, Bishop began charging backward and forward with his powerful machine, in an attempt to clear a runway with the "backwash" from the propeller. For an hour he sent his plane at full speed over the top of the plateau, backward and forward for two hundred yards at a time, in an effort to clear a path ten feet wide. But each time he had finished digging a runway long enough, and turned around, the snow had drifted in, and the process had to be repeated all over again.

At the end of two hours snow covered the plateau to a depth of two feet. It now be-

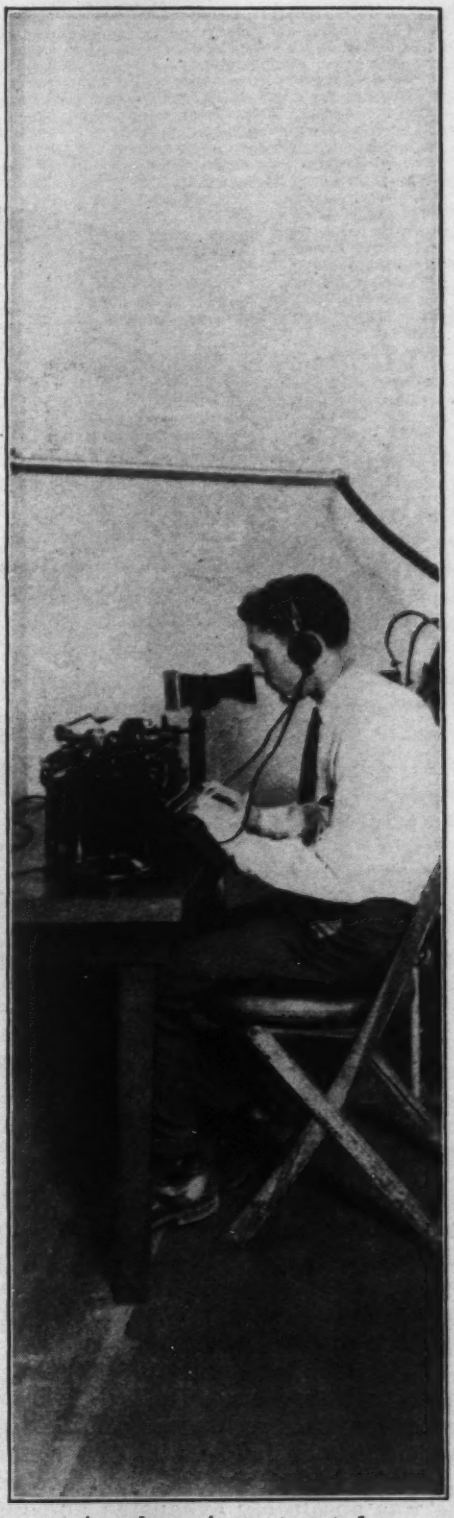
came more and more difficult to charge with his machine up and down the runway; but Bishop carried on. Perhaps the wind would cease, so that he could shovel a runway two hundred yards long and ten feet wide. Finally, however, after he had tried unsuccessfully for three hours to extricate his machine from the drifts; when snow had fallen to a depth of three feet and the powerful Liberty motor could not force the plane through the snow, Bishop climbed stiffly out of the cockpit, shook himself free of snow, drained off the water from the radiator, covered up the mail in the cockpit, and started walking in the general direction of the nearest settlement—Lyman, Wyoming.

Bishop was familiar with the country, having flown over it dozens of times, yet, being a careful and methodical pilot, he took the compass from the machine. He had no emergency rations. He had neither snowshoes nor rifle. He saw no game. There was no shelter within twenty miles that he knew of. If worst came to worst, however, he could still return to his machine and start a fire with his batteries and some gasoline.

The pilot was strongly tempted to lay aside his heavy fur-lined flying suit, but, as it seemed likely that he might have to use it for a blanket that night, he threw the legs of the suit over his shoulders, strapped them there in order to walk more freely, and floundered forth into the snow, now three feet deep.

Soon Bishop was wallowing in drifts higher than his waist. For hours he continued on, overheated by his exertions, and rapidly growing weaker with each stride. There was nothing from which to make snowshoes for his feet, even if he had had the tools and the time before darkness fell. The storm still howled about his ears and shut off the view ahead. But with his compass he kept a course toward a farmhouse which he knew nestled at the foot of a mountain some twenty miles to the westward.

For more than six hours Bishop, who was born on an Iowa farm and is sturdily built, staggered wearily along through the snowdrifts, traveling in that time about ten miles. At this critical juncture, half way between the ship, where he could at least have built a fire, and the farmhouse where he was sure to find warmth, food, and shelter, Bishop realized that his fast waning strength was not equal to the task of reaching the one or retreating to the other. He was becoming drowsy by this time, but he struggled onward, still carrying his heavy flying suit, for



An alarm is sent out by telegraph and radio whenever a plane is missing. Often a man's life has been saved by this information.

The field flood-light—a powerful searchlight—makes the landing field lighter than at noontime.

it seemed certain that he would be compelled to spend the night in the open. No one could possibly have seen him land, and certainly he, a mere speck against the spotless white, could not be discerned from the farmhouse, even with the aid of glasses. Besides, no one would expect even an Air Mail pilot to venture out in such a blizzard.

By resting at frequent intervals, this husky Iowan accomplished two more miles in as many hours. But now, after an eight-hour battle with the elements, the pilot had arrived at the stage where he was absolutely exhausted and almost in despair. How simple a solution of the problem, he thought, merely to lie down and go to sleep. Just then, however, he heard above the whistling of the wind the familiar drone of a Liberty motor. Glancing up, and almost unwilling to believe his eyes, the weary flier saw a plane directly above him. A miracle had happened. One of the boys, Bishop concluded, had learned by wireless that he was missing, and was now in search of him. The "shipwrecked" pilot frantically waved his heavy flying suit, but, despite his efforts, the plane passed a thousand feet above him, flying eastward, without even a signal. Within a few minutes it was out of sight.

Bishop now gave up hope. Was he to die almost within sight of a haven? By this time it had stopped snowing, but a moderate gale still howled out of the southwest. Bishop sat down to rest and think things over. He was now on a "hogback," perfectly level and almost

free of snow. As he sat there, another miracle happened; a miracle to stir one's blood. It was this: Bob Ellis, Bishop's companion, flying from Salt Lake City to Rock Springs, had seen his machine on the ground, but had noticed that the engine was running. Ellis, anxious to keep to the schedule, and believing Bishop was not in difficulty, continued on. But soon after his arrival at Rock Springs, Salt Lake reported by wireless that Bishop was missing. Ellis thereupon asked permission of the Division Superintendent to retrace his flight to the spot where he had seen Bishop's plane on the ground. This was a splendid thing for Ellis to do. He was weary from his four-hour flight. The wind was still blowing at forty miles an hour. Nevertheless, this fearless pilot waited only long enough for a ship to be fueled.

Taking along a mechanic in case of accident to his own motor, and food and coffee for Bishop, Ellis set out in the face of the gale to find among a thousand hills a stalled machine and its helpless pilot.

When I remarked to Ellis, a few weeks ago, in a conversation at Salt Lake City, that this was a "mighty fine thing" for him to do, he replied: "Oh, that's nothing; Bishop or any other pilot would do the same thing for me. We realize that any one of us may get into a jam at any time. And then it's up to his fellow pilots to get him out of it." This is the code of those who go down to the sea in ships.

After a flight of less than an hour, Ellis and his mechanic sighted Bishop's machine, half buried in the snow; a dead thing. There was no sign of Bishop. Moreover, his trail had been blotted out by the drifting snow. Ellis, flying low and in wide circles about the stalled machine, asked himself what he would do in similar circumstances. Immediately he concluded that he would make for the farmhouse, twenty miles away. With an Air Mail pilot, to decide is to act, and within fifteen minutes, Ellis, flying a hundred feet above the snow, had "picked up" a floundering figure half way between the stalled machine and the farmhouse. Settling gradually, in order not to break the undercarriage of his plane and thus leave all three at the mercy of the blizzard, Ellis and his mechanic landed near their exhausted comrade.

After a meal and some hot coffee, Bishop was able to "sit in" at a council of war. Ellis's machine, they agreed, could carry the three of them, provided it could get into the air. But ground conditions were so unfavorable—the drifts were so deep—that this seemed impossible. It was then agreed that they would "taxi" the machine to a clear spot six miles to the westward, from which to take off.

For four miles, with each mile rapidly eating up their fuel supply, they churned their way through the powdery drifts, with Bishop huddled in the cockpit and the mechanic, comparatively fresh and warmly clothed, clinging to a precarious position on one of the wings. Finally, Ellis, realizing that his gasoline supply was becoming dangerously reduced, suggested that Bishop, with the aid of the mechanic, try to reach the farmhouse, now some four miles distant, while he flew back to Rock Springs to report Bishop's safety—and get more gasoline. This they attempted, but Ellis, watching Bishop's faltering footsteps from the air, realized that his exhausted comrade would be unable to accomplish the four miles. Swooping downward, Ellis again landed near the struggling pair, helped them to climb aboard, and swore that he would get the ship off the ground with the three of them on board, or "bust her up."

Finding a ridge comparatively free from snow, Ellis, with his motor racing at full speed, and his plane reeling drunkenly amid the entangling sage brush and snowdrifts, succeeded, after swaying and dipping for two hundred yards, in getting into the air. Little by little, an inch at a time, then a foot, with his propeller racing faster than it had ever gone before, Ellis finally climbed twenty-five feet into the air. By facing directly into the wind, the pilot utilized its velocity to attain an altitude of a thousand feet. Then he turned, and with the wind at his back, he flew with his passengers to Rock Springs—and safety—in half an hour.

Within a week Bishop's machine had been recovered entirely whole, flown back to the field, and the pilot himself had recuperated. But he freely admitted to me in Salt Lake recently that

if Ellis had not shown exceptional courage and excellent flying judgment, he, Bishop, would have perished almost within sight of aid.

These are tales of Bishop, Ellis, Blanchfield, Boonstra, Huking, and Vance.

Meager reports of other experiences are filed away, usually on single sheets of paper, in the office of the Superintendent of the Air Mail Service. For, with an Air Mail pilot, modesty amounts to an obsession. Those with whom I am acquainted would be the first to deny that flying is a dangerous game. Haven't they been flying "crates" and "coffins" for ten years? Nevertheless, every day these pilots take grave risks, and in time of storm they undergo hazards comparable only to those which aviators at the front underwent during the war. For the pilot, once in the air, has nothing between the earth and himself but his Liberty motor.

What sort of men are these sky-riders? They are a quiet, modest, efficient, hardy, interpid, expert, and likeable group of young men. Many of them are in the Army Air Service Reserve. Most of them received their training before or during the war. They fly every day in the year, in darkness and fog, through snow, hail, "twisters," lightning, sleet, and rain. The dangers of flying they accept as a matter of course. Even forced landings such as I have described, in a rocky and uninhabited country, are smilingly accepted as part of the day's work. They fly at great altitudes, barely skimming the backbone of the continent. On every side they see only dense forests, turbulent streams, jagged peaks, and precipitous canyon walls. Yet they continue on, day after day, year after year.

These pathfinders of the West have reduced the United States, in terms of transportation, to one-fourth its size. One can appreciate the value of the service they render only if he realizes that the prosperity of the United States depends mainly on doing business with ourselves on a bigger scale, and that business is carried on chiefly by correspondence. And no branch of the Post Office Department takes greater pride than the Air Mail Service in the motto from Herodotus that is carved above the portal of the New York Post Office:

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.

It is over this sort of country—wooded and treacherous—that the Air Mail pilots fly.

THE COMEDY COMET

By GEORGE S. BROOKS

A RAW March wind sent flurries of snow and scraps of paper racing through the alley past the stage entrance of the Star Theater and the white enamel front of the Owl Restaurant. Sleepy taxi drivers, driven to shelter in the eating house, consumed gallons of coffee and dropped cigarette butts on the tile floor. Sam Nathaniel Harper, chocolate-colored restaurant porter, leaned on his broom and addressed the Owl patrons.

"If I done a careful job of sweepin'," Sam observed, "I knows some white folks who'd borrow free heat an' light in some other place."

The chauffeurs regarded him with amused tolerance. The nightly battle of words began.

"If you swept clean and mopped once in a while," Shorty retorted, "somebody besides bums would eat here."

"That's the very first time I knowed that you knowed what you is." Sam split his face with a grin. "The way you eats coffee and sinkers puts me in mind of a Plymouth Rock rooster I seen at the poultry show. He was eatin' that patent chick food 'Lay or Bust' and I feared to watch what was goin' t' happen to him. 'Cause that rooster couldn't lay nothing; not even down. You got the advantage of him there. You can lay down and go t' sleep when you is standin' up."

"Why did you go to the poultry show? Think you could lift a Sunday dinner?" asked another chauffeur.

"Yes. Sam can mesmerize a chicken so it won't cluck when he boosts it off the roost."

"You heard wrong," Sam announced. "But I can fricassee one so it would make your mouth water to smell it, which is the closest you could get. 'Cause I'm particular who eats after my cookin'."

Otto, the night chef, waddled out of the restaurant kitchen and called Sam. "Run upstairs and bring me two market baskets," he ordered. "Line 'em with clean wrapping paper. They want two hundred and fifty sandwiches sent over to the theater."

Sam's eyes blinked. "Is you gone crazy too, listenin' to these taxi-fellers talk, same as I has?" he demanded. "Send two hundred and fifty sandwiches to the theater on a Sunday night! Next thing we know you'll mail some of them paper marks to Germany."

Otto snorted in disgust. "Do vat I tell you; but do it quicker than usual."

Sam untied his apron strings. "There won't be no need for paddin' in your cell," he called to the fat cook. "You carries the upholstery on your own ribs."

While Sam prepared the baskets, the taxi drivers subjected him to a cross fire of derision.

"You'll get your eye knocked out when you see the company that's rehearsing at the theater," Shorty assured him. "A little yaller gal went in there. She's pretty as a picture."

"What'd you mean, yaller gal? Is this here a colored troup?"

"Sure. Sparks and Brown's Dixie Entertainers. They're having a dress rehearsal of their new show, called Mississippi Town. They play here for a week before they go to Chicago. If you could read you'd have seen it on the bill boards."

"If I knew enough to read I'd get so disgusted with the customers in this cheap place that I'd quit my job," Sam returned with dignity. "That must be the same colored company that done played for a year on Broadway in New York City."

Shorty nodded. "You'll see part of their rehearsal when you go in with the sandwiches."

Sam wrapped a clean apron about his slim legs and tucked a long razor and a pair of "educated" dice in his hip pocket. "You never can tell when some

out-of-town coon's going t' get upity with you," he explained. He watched the chef fill the baskets. The rush order for sandwiches had taxed the resources of the little restaurant. Every scrap of sandwich material had been used.

"These are paid for. As soon as you deliver them run down to the Palace Lunch and see if you can borrow some brick cheese, bread, and hamburger to last us until morning," Otto ordered. "And hurry back."

Sam grunted assent.

"Don't no coffee go with these eats?" he remarked, as he started for the door.

"They sent out for beer," Shorty replied.

"Then they done ordered it off from a taxi man, 'cause those drivers is the cheapest bootleggers in town."

Sam shuffled down the alley and pushed open the theater door. He was not prepared for the vision that met his eyes. Two live race horses were gnawing at the brick wall where they had been hitched. And on the stage, facing the footlights and the brilliant glow of the floods, was the chorus bowing and kicking toward the black cavern of the orchestra seats. Sam paid scant attention to the wrecked scenery which was strewn about and which ordinarily would have filled him with curious wonder and awe.

But his eye, roving about the unaccustomed surroundings, discovered darkies everywhere; handsome darkies, in the most gorgeous costumes he had ever seen. The girls were mulattoes, languorous and beautiful. Here and there was a white stage hand, who was working on the drops or on the multitudinous lights. But down in the orchestra pit a coal-black conductor raved at his equally black musicians, while they took the chorus through a song number.

Sam was dignified; a sure sign he was impressed.

He dodged around the front of a Colonial mansion which stood in sections at the left of the stage and stumbled into a group of dusky beauties, clad in brilliant bathing suits.

"Here's Santa Claus with our supper," chuckled one.

Sam turned and glanced at her shapely bare legs.

"If I is Santa Claus," retorted the porter, "you is plumb out of luck, 'cause you ain't got no stockin' t' hang up."

His sally was rewarded by melodious giggles. He became the center of attention.

"What kind of sandwiches is those?" asked another.

Sam rolled his eyes in her direction. "Th' kind you'd like t' eat if you and you' gentleman friend had the price to buy 'em."

"Didn't Mister Robinson pay for them?" asked the girl anxiously.

"If I had my money d'you 'spose I'd be hangin' 'round here, lettin' my restaurant business run out the front door?" For six reasons—there were six girls—Sam decided to transfer title of the Owl Restaurant to himself.

"It must be a great restaurant if you-all ain't got no help."

"Yaas. I got help. But they's poor trash, an' when I ain't there the only key on the cash register they can fin' is the 'no sale' key." Sam spoke with the air of an overworked financier.

A little girl with dangerous black eyes looked up into Sam's face. He expanded his chest and gripped the handles of his baskets.

"Quit lookin' at me that-a-way, woman," he warned her. "I knows you'se goin' t' ask me to give you somethin' you-all can't have."

Before she could reply a rough voice boomed from the orchestra pit.

"Ready there," it said in a tone of command. "One-two-one-two-one-vamp—together——"

The girls faced toward the stage. Before Sam comprehended the reason for their movement, the syncopated beat of the drum quickened and many voices picked up the words:

"Piccaninny playin'
On th' ol' banjo.
Everybody happy in th' full moon.
Cat fish jumpin'
In the big bayou,
White folks sailin' on th' lagoon.
Corn-pone bakin'
On th' fire-place fire
Eat it with molasses prett' soon.
Yaller gals a-walkin'
Up the levee road——"

A long line of fascinating beauties now faced Sam and beckoned to him from the center of the stage. His feet were moving in time with the music.

The black-eyed charmer nodded to him . . . . and winked.

Before Sam realized it, he was clogging and following the chorus girls across the stage. His gaze was riveted upon the curly-bobbed head of a bathing suit vampire.

"Yaller gals a-walkin'
Up the levee road—
Whistle up a lovin' littl' tune."

The girl's kicked at Sam's head. He ducked, involuntarily and kicked back, scattering a dozen sandwiches from his right hand basket, which he had forgotten to discard.

Out of the orchestra came a discordant bray as the music was abruptly cut off. The director, his curly mustache bristling with indignation and his baton held like a dagger, vaulted over the footlights. The girls scattered, terrified by the execution they were about to witness.

"Nigger," shouted the musician. "What are you doin' here?"

Sam placed his baskets on the floor and reached for the razor in his hip pocket.

"I'm mindin' my business. What is you doin'?"

"Who let him in?" continued the frantic director, looking about for a husky stage hand to help him evict the interloper.

"The same man who's goin' t' put you out," replied Sam. "I means me, myself, in person."

A titter swept over the company. From the gloom that shrouded the orchestra seats climbed a white man, who spoke quietly and with authority. He might have been sixty years old. He appeared disconsolate, as if he had always arrived too late to witness the interesting things in life.

"Mister Brown," the white man addressed the orchestra leader. "How can they proceed with this number while you're on the stage?"

"Mister Robinson," returned Brown, shouting in the white man's ear and pointing at Sam who stood poised, ready to open his razor. "Mister Robinson, that nigger don't belong here on the stage."

Robinson looked at Sam reflectively. "I appreciate that his singing must be awful," he admitted to Brown. "I'm thankful that I'm unable to hear it. But you must go back to the orchestra and allow us to continue. We've been rehearsing for three hours and we're not yet through the first act."

"The old deaf fool," commented Brown to no one in particular.

"Cut that out," came the commanding voice of another white man from the gloom. "Don't you know he can read lips?"

"I see what he means," Robinson explained to Sam. "He's afraid you'll drop those sandwiches where the chorus will have to walk when they come back for their encore. Be careful to take them up-stage where the carpenter can sweep them off, when they strike the set."

Sam nodded in bewilderment.

Robinson looked at Brown and the chorus. "Now that's straightened out. Go back to the entrance of the bathing girls and start again."

Brown almost threw away his baton in despair.

The girls fluttered to the left wing entrance. Sam deliberately retrieved his scattered sandwiches and carried his baskets back to the place from which he had made his unexpected and dramatic appearance.

"Who's that little black man what gets so upity?" Sam demanded. "I mean him who beats time for the fiddles."

"Dan Brown. He composed the music score for the show," one of the girls whispered.

"He's aimin' to take after Mr. Balfe an' write his las' song," Sam boasted. "That white gentleman who's so hard of hearin'?"

"William H. Robinson, the director in chief," they all answered. "He's the greatest director in New York."

"He staged the Midnight Frolic."

"And Moontime."

"They give him a thousand dollars a week."

"He's a devil, too, when he's mad."

"He must be a devil if he gets a thousand dollars every Monday," Sam admitted.

The orchestra repeated the introduction to the number Sam had interrupted. It was called *On the Lagoon* and considered one of the hits of the piece. The dark-eyed girl who had so

captivated the porter appealed to him.

"Suppose you go sit in the box," she suggested. "You can watch the show and as soon as I'm through with this number, I'll come and talk to you."

Sam agreed. He gathered up his baskets and pushed through the crowd of supers, past the electricians who stood by the control board, and stumbled into the dark recess of the stage box. He reached there in time to see the girls enter.

"Look at them fly-aways," mumbled Sam. "They's makin' eyes at some feller off the stage, just the same as they done to me."

"Piccaninny playin'
On th' ol' banjo.
Everybody happy in th' full-moon."

"Stop it. Stop it. Stop it!" shouted Robinson, clapping his hands. The girls, standing on one leg, gazed apprehensively in his direction. "Where's the comedian with the baskets?" The deaf director again appeared on the stage, glowering at everybody. "All I ask you people is to stand by for your cues," he groaned. "And you won't even do that. Don't you realize this awful exhibition must raise the curtain to-morrow night at 8:15." He checked himself and looked at his watch. "It's now after midnight. At 8:15 to-night."

From the shadows of the auditorium came a voice. Sam's eyes were now accustomed to the gloom and he discerned the speaker, obviously a Hebrew, chewing a cigar as he figited in an orchestra seat.

"Tell him the man with the baskets is not in the cast. He was an accident."

"Who's an accident?" returned Sam, belligerently.

Brown shot up from the orchestra pit like a jack-in-the-box and yelled into Robinson's best ear, "That man with the baskets is not in the show."

"Why not? He's a comedian. Hire him." Robinson stamped his foot.

"He's no actor. He's a waiter from the restaurant." Brown explained patiently.

"Then fire your troup and hire waiters and we'll put on this show."

Sam quivered with delight. He moved close to the front of the box.

"He has no experience," Brown continued in Robinson's ear.

"Neither has any one else connected with this horrible production."

"Tell him yes and go on with your number," ordered the Jew.

Following these instructions, Brown assented to Robinson's statement and gently pushed the director from the footlights. Again he played the introduction.

"Nobody lonesome
On th' levee road,
Whistle up a lovin' little tune."

The dark-eyed girl began a toe dance.

"Hit her with that amber spot light," Robinson bawled to the electricians in the gallery.

This was more than Sam could endure. He made a flying leap and, razor in hand, landed on the stage.

"Hit that gal and I'll crown you." He menaced Robinson with the weapon.

Robinson raced to him and patted Sam on the back. The porter was too astonished to resist.

"A better entrance than your other," the director assured him. "Hit this man with the white spot, when he leaves the box."

Sam was almost drowned in the flood of illumination turned on him by an unseen hand. He felt horribly self-conscious and had an uneasy suspicion he was about to be arrested. He was not certain of his crime, but the deaf director talked in the same concise tones a parole agent had used to a police magistrate when Sam was arraigned on a charge of vagrancy.

"Go back to your entrance," Robinson ordered Sam.

The orchestra leader gave the cue. Sam hesitated.

"Jump!" Robinson commanded. A despotic authority was in his tone.

Sam obeyed. As before, he stepped into a brilliant pool of light. The orchestra played the irresistible syncopation of the song and Sam's feet and shoulders twitched in response.

"Dance, you blockhead," shouted Robinson. With a longing glance toward an exit, Sam resigned himself to his fate and clogged.

"Sing," commanded the director.

Sam attempted to catch the words.

"Yaller gals a-walkin'
On th' levee road
Whistle up a lovin' littl' tune."

He missed the words but caught the rhythm. "Sing!" Robinson repeated the command.

"Hard luck is doggin'
Restaurant Sam
They'll all be pickin' on him soon,"

he sang in a baritone voice which fairly shook the drops and border lights. The orchestra caught the words, hesitated, and gave way to uproarious laughter which the conductor led. Sam, sensing the changed attitude towards himself and realizing that he had made a hit, shaded his eyes so that he could glare down at the musicians.

"Lead out you' music," he commanded. "Now you got some one can sing it for you."

With a naive bow, which expressed his contempt for leader and musicians alike, Sam finished his number. He accomplished a handspring to mark his exit.

"Where's your encore?" Brown demanded.

"You mean you wants me to go out there again to that same ol' music?" Sam glared down at him.

"Of course."

"I don't reckon on no encores until I hears them." Sam spoke with dignity. "First catch you' rarebit fo' you washes a dish to cook it in. That's my motto."

Brown borrowed a pencil from the first violinist and wrote the speech on the margin of the music score. "I can use that line," he remarked.

The girl with the wicked eyes, who had first captivated the waiter, drew him into the box, while two male characters held a discussion of horse racing on the stage. Sam realized that the action of the play centered on a horse race and that these colored gentry who were betting goats and sheep on their favorites were the comedians.

"They ain't so good," Sam remarked, jerking his head toward the actors. "What's you' name?"

"Clementina Roberts."

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Miss. Does I look like a fool?"

"You looks so good that I bets you-all had a tough fight to avoid the altar."

"I thanks you. What's you' name?"

"Sam Nathaniel Harper."

"Is you goin' t' travel with this show?"

He cocked his head on one side. He appreciated how complete a success his initial appearance had been, by the serious tone in which she asked the question.

"That depends on how they pay," he returned with the gesture of a motion picture star, refusing a contract. "I can't afford t' leave my restaurant unless they makes it worth my while."

"I reckon Mistah Robinson aims to make you a star in this show. Ef he does, they wouldn't pay you-all less'n a hundred bucks a week."

Sam almost fell from his chair. "Hundred plunks a week. Good night star. You'se a full moon now!"

Clementina drew away, slightly. "That's not much for a musical comedy star," she observed.

"Jest what I means. I couldn't afford t' leave my business for no chicken feed. I 'sposed they-all paid real money in this show."

Clementina relaxed.

"Who's that second-hand-store man down there in the seat? I mean him who talks so loud and bossy like."

Clementina was mystified. "Secon'-hand-store man?"

"Yaas. That Jew who done talk so loud in Mister Robinson's ear?"

At that moment an explosion broke out.

"He's Abraham Isaacson. He owns this show. He done spent forty-five thousand dollars on it now, for scenery and costumes," Clementina explained. "Hush. Let's hear what they're sayin'."

"You can't hear it," Isaacson shouted in Robinson's ear. "But them horses is kickin' so that I can't hear the dialogue."

"They're used in the next scene," replied the director.

"I know it," Isaacson raved. "But they must keep quiet."

"Go back and explain it to the horses," Robinson countered and turned his back on the other.

"So Mister Isaacson spent forty-five thousand on this here show," Sam told Clementina. "It's no wonder that he's got to hire him a good first-class-A-number-one comedian like me and get his money back. If I put that much money into a restaurant, I'd have t' hire the best cook in the world."

Clementina was properly impressed.

Suddenly she clutched Sam's arm. "Hurry," she commanded. "They flashes those horses for a two-minute scene and then they're ready for the finale."

"That's right," Sam cooed, as he followed her to the wings. "They can't pull off no finales without us. Not if Mister Robinson knows it."

The horses were "flashed" to the audience in a two-minute paddock scene and, as the silk curtains came together, the animals were led away while carpenters and stage hands pieced together a colonial mansion at the rear of the stage, and set luxurious magnolias in place.

The orchestra went crazy. The curtains parted. The company gathered, singers grouped in the rear, and the twelve "dancing fools" in jockeys' suits pounded out syncopated steps close to the footlights.

Clementina whirled on the stage, weaving her slim, lithe body in and out around the male dancers and interrupting her triumphal progress by kicks at the boxes.

"You'll miss the gals from Mississippi,
There you find 'em slim an' pretty.
Them's the gals that's got the jaunty air,
Them's the gals that's got the curly hair.
They don't need to tantalize—
Their lovin' is a big surprise———"

There was a flourish from the brasses and a long roll on the trap drum. Sam, appreciating the psychological effect of a dramatic entrance, darted behind the rear drop, and, just as the violins picked up the melody, stepped out from the doorway of the stage mansion. He pranced to the footlights and took the delectable Clementina in his arms.

"Stranger, don't you miss a miss
Who is big enough to kiss,
When you go travelin' 'round
On that enchanted ground
In Mississippi Town."

"Perfect," shouted Robinson "Pull those curtains."

The curtains drew together, pausing for a moment to give a picture of Clementina and Sam framed in the spot light. On the wings, the principals cursed and fumed. The director had cut off the number, before they had had an opportunity to appear. Headed by Sparks, who had written book and lyrics, they dashed around for an agonized protest to Robinson.

"We are supposed to come in for this curtain," Sparks explained, shouting in the director's ear.

"Is that so? When did I tell you?"

"I wrote it in the book."

Robinson waived his hand impatiently. "There's no need for me here, if the action is all in the book——"

Isaacson jumped from his seat. He shook his fist at Sparks. "He's directing this show. That's what he's paid for."

The director, unruffled, clapped his hands for attention. "Bring those sandwiches," he ordered. "Don't you bother," he told Sam, who had attempted to pass them around to members of the cast. "You're the new man, Mister—Mister——"

"Harper" said Sam, supplying his name with dignity.

"Yes. Mister Harper. Change your costume for the second act."

"I got no costume."

"Go to the wardrobe mistress. She'll fix you up." He clapped his hands again. "Everybody wash your hands before you touch your second act costumes."

Sam's chest expanded like a pouter pigeon's. Stalking about the stage, which was piled high with scenery and properties, he chanced upon two elderly women, almost buried beneath piles of white chiffon skirts and gorgeous silk scarfs.

"Is you the wardrobe mistress?"

"What does we look like? Sign painters?"

"Mister Robinson told me to get two costumes. He said I was to under-dress for the finale."

"We can give you the clothes, but we ain't goin' to dress you."

Sam's dignity was outraged. "Produce them clothes. I'm able for to dress my own self."

"Is you a singer or a dancer?"

"Both," Sam admitted, modestly.

"Is you to have singer's costume or dancer's costume?"

"I'm no chorus man. I'm one of the principals."

"Is that so? What does you do?"

"Jest before the curtain goes down, I'm supposed to cake-walk out and put my arm aroun' Miss Clementina. I

mean her that does the toe dance. Then they hits us with the amber spot and the x-ray lights and we bows to the people."

The women were properly impressed. From their trunks they took a uniform, such as might be worn by a hotel doorman or a commander-in-chief of a South American army.

"What size shoes does you wear?"

"My dogs barks for eleven-and-a-half, double D."

After a long search, the women found high boots of those generous proportions.

"Hurry up an' try on them clothes. If they don' fit, bring 'em back and we'll fix 'em."

With a feeling of perfect bliss, Sam admired the splendor of the costumes.

"Thanks lady," he managed to stammer. "I'm going into these togs like a cork screw into a bottle of booze. You don' need to change nothin'. If they's tight, I'll shrink until I fits them."

The first and largest dressing room had a card on the door which said "Mr. Brown." It was intended for the composer-musical director. Sam paused before it. He took a pencil stub from his pocket and scratched out the name. Below he wrote "Mr. Harper."

"This is the upity orchestra man's room," Sam mused, as he opened the door. "Mister Robinson and that second-hand store man done showed him where he fits."

On the shelf, Sam found a dress suit, a dozen freshly laundered shirts, a new overcoat, a hat and rubbers. Sam threw these on the floor and, removing his restaurant clothing, arrayed himself in the splendor of his uniform. It fitted perfectly.

"Couldn't be nicer if it was painted on me," Sam told himself as he admired his image in the mirror. He transferred his watch, his dollar-thirty-seven cents and his trusty razor to the pockets of his uniform. He had more confidence in the razor than in the tin saber which rattled against his leg.

To his delight, Shorty, the taxi driver, was standing by the fire escape door. Sam strutted over in his direction.

"Where did you find the clothes-line you robbed?" was Shorty's greeting. "The chef sent me over to tell you to hurry down to the Palace Lunch and borrow him every loaf of bread and all the cheese, eggs, and meat they can spare. He said you could come back and see the show later, but he's waiting for the eats."

"I ain't robbed no clothes line. These is a part of my wardrobe. You tell Otto to run his errands his own self. I'se gone on the stage."

Shorty grinned. "Otto said to hurry or he'd have you fired."

Just then, Clementina, wearing a crinoline skirt and shovel bonnet, came past. She tucked her arm through Sam's.

"You tell that fat cook he's gotto hire him a porter to look after such work. An' Shorty, I wants you to have you' cab all swep' out an' dusted off and waitin' here at the stage door, 'cause as soon's our rehearsal is over, I gotto sen' Miss Clementina home."

Shorty gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the porter. "Then you ain't comin' back to the restaurant?"

"You heard me."

"Who was that?" Clementina inquired, as Shorty left.

"He's a no 'count, triflin' taxi driver what eats up his credit in my restaurant; and then I has to get my pay makin' him run errands for me."

"I can see, Mister Harper——"

"Call me Sam."

Clementina pouted becomingly. "It's plain to see, Sam, that you has a wonderful business head. I wonder you is willin' to leave you' business an' go on the stage."

"Must be there ain't no mirror in you' dressin' room."

Meanwhile the carpenters and mechanics had set the stage for the second act.

"Everybody discovered on the stage in this number, take their places," Robinson ordered.

Sam was about to choose a conspicuous position for himself when he saw Shorty re-enter the building. Sam hurried toward him.

"Is Otto sore because I quit?"

"Naw. He sent your best suit over to you and said you better not come back." Shorty threw an armful of clothing at Sam and, with a mean laugh, vanished into the night.

"Ain't that jes' like a stubborn Dutch chef?" grumbled Sam, as he car-

ried his belongings to the dressing room he had appropriated. "Actin' crotchety, when I figures on eatin' in his low-down place until I draws my firs' week's pay. That's the trouble with them Germans. They didn't learn nothin' out-a the war."

Sam was so annoyed at Otto's message and at Shorty's manner when he delivered it that he absented himself from the stage during the opening number.

"It was a good thing for this show I happened along when I did," he confided to a property man. "I'm the only one out of this company can work to suit Mister Robinson."

The property man paid scant attention to him.

At length a withering fire of abuse drove the chorus from the stage.

"Awful! Awful!" Robinson groaned. "Good Lord, I'd like to meet some one with brains.

"Here I is, Mister Robinson. Here I is," shouted Sam, vaulting over a lawn seat, which the stage carpenter was using for a saw horse. "Here I is."

"What?" snapped the director, cupping his hand over his ear, and at the same time leaning forward to read Sam's lips. "What the devil do you want?"

"You said you wanted to meet some one with brains and I done tell you I is here."

Robinson called to the two comedians in the center of the stage. "Use that line."

"I wish I could meet some one with brains," repeated one of the actors in a dazed manner.

"Here I is, mister," returned Sam, rejoicing as he realized he was now combining the role of actor and playwright.

"Write that line in the prompt book," Robinson called to Sparks.

The mahogany comedian, whose scene was being mutilated by Sam's appearance, forgot his lines and descended to the level of alley abuse. "What makes you think you got brains?" he asked Sam with a menacing gesture.

"'Cause I'se so different from you."

Laughter rocked the theater.

"Never you mind 'bout me, you rum-hound," howled the man, unintentionally giving a music cue.

The orchestra broke out with the melody of the topical song.

"Rum hound,
Sniffin' 'round,
You sniffs on th' shelf
In the old barber shop;
Smell a hair tonic bottle
An' non-refillable top."

the comedian sang.

Sam pushed him out of the spot light and supplied the next stanza from his fertile imagination.

"Rum hound,
Sniffin' 'round.
But before you drinks
Make arrangements for bail,
For Volstead liquor
Is an invite to jail."

Members of the cast and orchestra, who were familiar with the song, exploded.

Sparks buttonholed the porter. "Would you work for less than $150?" he demanded.

"No sir," Sam affirmed, his eyes glistening at the thought. "You mean $150 a week, don't you?" He would have been perfectly willing to contribute his art to the production for $150 a month.

"Of course. That's your lowest figure, is it?"

"Positively." Sam yawned prodigously.

Sparks nodded to Brown. Together they trotted back to the place where Isaacson was seated.

"Do you think this new man is worth $150 per?" Brown inquired.

The owner of the show shook his head, emphatically. "There ain't no actor in the world who's worth that much money."

"He won't work for less."

Isaacson stamped his foot. "Put him out, then. I spent too much on this show as it is."

"But Mr. Robinson likes him," protested Brown, with deep guile.

"Who's payin' for this alleged entertainment, me or Robinson?" screamed Isaacson. "I'll show him who is who."

Followed by two delighted colored men, the owner stumped down the aisle.

"Take off that costume and get out of here," Isaacson ordered.

Sam turned around, believing the owner was speaking to some one behind him. "Who does you mean, Boss?" Sam asked officiously. "I'll put him out for you."

"You. You hash slinger. Get out and get quick."

"Does you mean I'se fired?"

"Were you ever hired?"

"Mister Robinson said——"

"Let that deaf fool spend his own money. Beat it or I'll call the police."

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!" Sam wailed. "I must've spoke out of mah turn."

Head hanging and feet dragging, Sam trailed to the dressing room. He took off his finery, put on his working clothes. As he opened the door, Clementine paraded past. She did not turn her eyes in his direction.

"He wasn't no star," he heard her explain to another girl. "He was just one of them comets that shows up and then disappears again."

"When you's a hit they loves you and when you's a frost they forgets they done make you acquainted with themselves," he soliloquised.

Listlessly he walked to the door. There, tied to a ring in the brick wall, were the race horses in the cast, patiently waiting to be led to the theater stable. Sam paused to pat the velvet nose of the nearest animal. On the blanket was stenciled the horse's name.

"Dumb Luck," he said, with feeling, "they got this race framed on you, hoss. Yessir they framed it. You lost that race to-night and you're going to lose it every night. No matter how fast you travels on the treadmill they'll pull that other nag off the stage ahead.

"Dumb Luck, this show business is crookeder than hoss racing. Speed an' endurance an' form ain't got no chance when they's stacked up again' a bum judge. Here you is, the bes' hoss and I's the best man an' we're both licked before we get away from the post. You gets yourself disqualified 'cause it suits the ideas of the upity man who wrote this show to have you lose. An' I'm throwed out, 'cause this play is about a bunch of yaller gals that wants to imitate white folks instead of actin' natural——"

Sam felt a firm hand on his shoulder. He turned quickly, fearing a policeman had been called to eject him from the theater. To his astonishment and terror, he faced Isaacson.

"Who told you to say that?" demanded the owner of the show.

"Nobody needs to tell me somethin' that's plainer 'n prohibition. Trouble here is white people won't like it. They can walk out on the street and see colored boys an' gals give 'emselves airs, without paying good money to look at it in no theater. I'm the only one in this company acts like the Lord intended me to behave."

Isaacson chewed his cigar butt for a few minutes, then shouted, "I want Robinson."

A dozen eager volunteers brought the deaf director to the spot.

"What do you think of the show?" demanded the owner.

"What?" asked Robinson, cupping his hand over his ear.

"I say how do you like this show?"

"The flimsiest excuse for taking the public's money I ever saw."

"What does it need; comedy, songs, music or what?"

"It needs everything but new costumes."

Isaacson chewed his cigar. Then he looked at Sam who stood first on one foot then on the other. "How much will you do for seventy-five dollars a week?" he inquired.

"Boss," Sam said, earnestly, "I never did kill a man, but I'll try.

Isaacson clapped his hands for silence.

"I've changed the fourth scene of this act," he announced. "I want the paddock set and these horses tied there. Have the property man get a bale of hay and nose bags with oats in them. And you," he addressed Sam, "you feed those horses and talk to them like you was talking just now."

Brown protested. "That's going to cut our garden scene. And there are no lines written for him."

"This man knows his lines," Isaacson snapped. "Set the stage."

Sam fondled Dumb Luck's nose. He noted, from the corner of his eye, that Clementina was edging in his direction.

"So you's going to travel with us, after all?" she asked.

"I'll travel with the company," Sam returned, recalling her remark about the comet. "But I doubts if I travels with you."

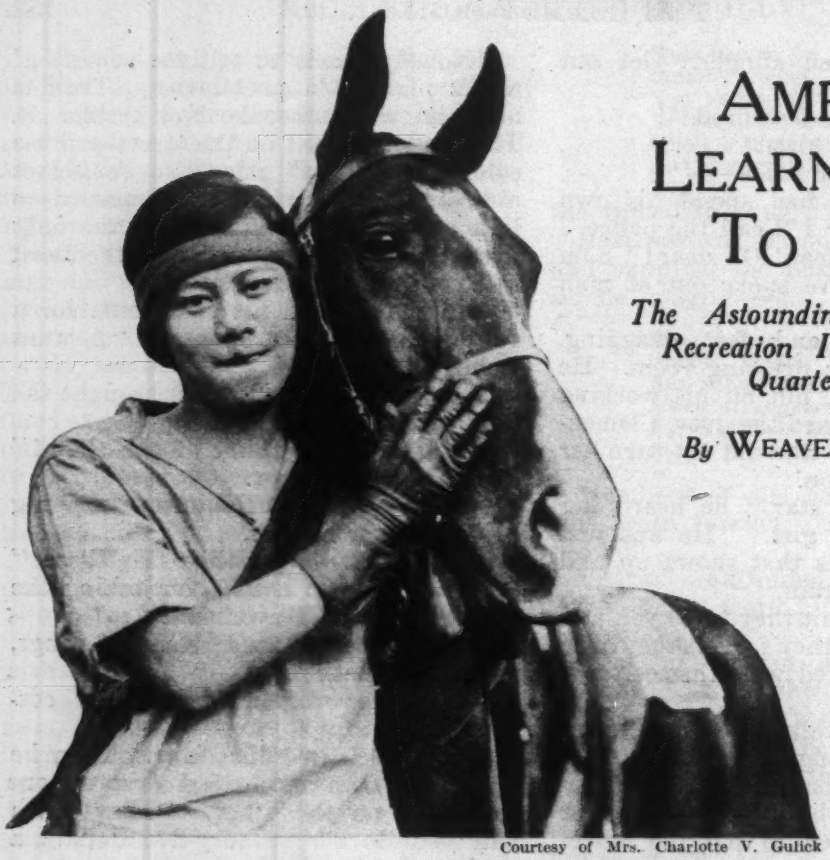
"Why, Mister Harper!"

"And you can write down in your memory book that you knows one comet who'll be visible for a long time."

AMERICA LEARNS HOW TO PLAY

The Astounding Growth of the Recreation Idea in the Last Quarter Century

By WEAVER PANGBURN



Courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick

Shinaye Ozaki, daughter of the former mayor of Tokio, is learning to play the American way.

WHILE pioneer children were playing on the prairies, perhaps with an added zest because they knew that Indian babies had been the only youngsters to enjoy their sports and their playgrounds before them, the modern city was being developed in the East. The corner lots where boys of 1870 had become expert in "three old cats" or "barn ball" had changed to building sites and skyscrapers. Some prophetic individuals spoke of a "traffic problem" in the streets and ventured an opinion that there should be a place, other than the streets, for the children and their elders to enjoy themselves.

Other factors entered into this new conception of recreation as an essential part of life, and more particularly of urban life. Out of the industrial selfishness of the 1890's came an improved condition for workers, with higher pay and shorter hours, which meant leisure. From one source and another, fostered for seven years by the example of an "out-door" president, the idea spread across the country that recreation and health are synonyms and that health pays the individual and the community.

One of Theodore Roosevelt's greatest services to the nation was to make play fashionable by playing himself.

Playing by and for the people was bound to come. First it came for the children, with a pile of sand in Boston. Last year, the pile of sand "to play in" had grown into national parks, community theaters, athletic clubs, industrial athletic leagues, municipal golf links in one hundred cities, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls—merely to catalog them all would require the allotted space and leave room only for the text without a sermon.

Once the gospel of playing—and the best hope of the nation's future lies in the fact that it is now a gospel—was spread to the people, many agencies helped contribute to its development. In its early stages of growth, the public

CASE LIBRARY.

schools, certain welfare agencies, the churches, and some employers of labor were the factors that counted. The Boston sand pile was as epoch making an idea as the Boston Tea Party. The one turned thirteen British colonies into thirteen United States. The other converted a cubic yard of building sand into 8,115 play centers in the country.

Dr. Marie E. Zakrsewska returned from Germany to her home in Boston in 1885. In Berlin she had noticed heaps of sand in the parks, where children of both rich and poor played together under the supervision of elderly, kindly policemen. Dr. Zakrsewska told about the sand piles. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, chairman of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association, heard of the idea. Mrs. Wells ordered a yard of sand dumped in the yard of the Parmenter Street Chapel and, the next day, on the lawn of the West End Nursery.

A matron was on hand to tell the children what to do. It was not necessary for her to say a word. The children discovered the use of the sand, almost as soon as it arrived, and the matron found her only duty was to pick up one or two of the smallest and put them to bed, when they dropped off to sleep with their little shovels still clasped in their hands.

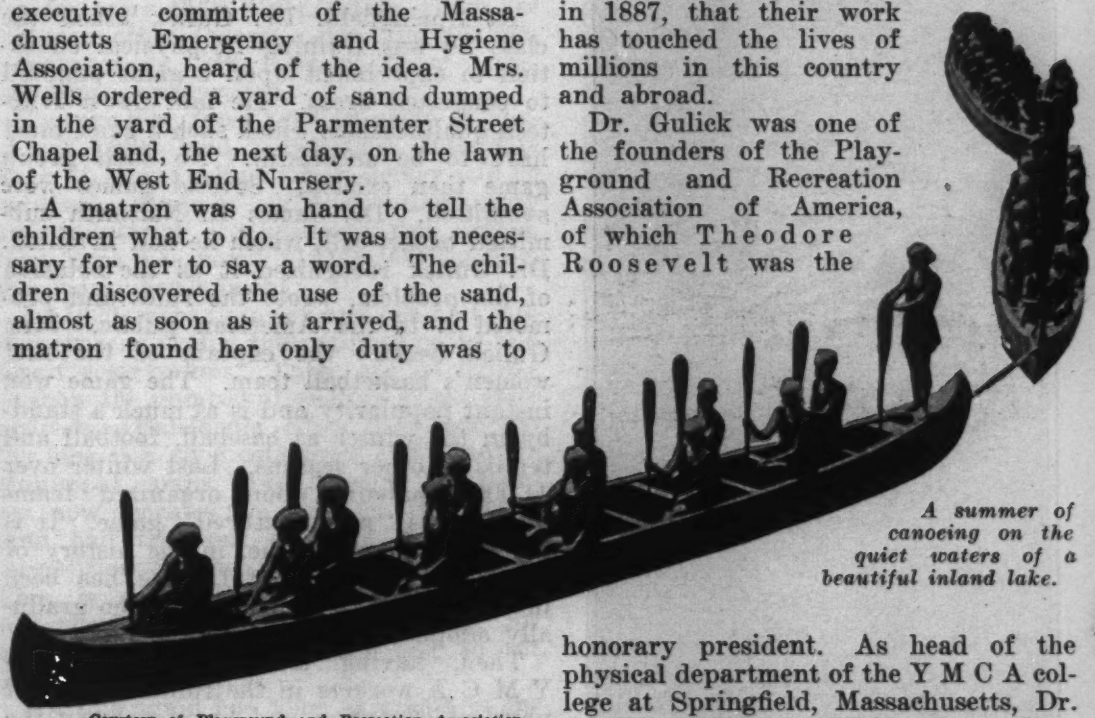
Such was the modest beginning of the American playground. The germ developed slowly at first. Through the interest of Miss Jane Addams, Chicago got its first playground in 1894, when William Kent gave land near Hull House for that purpose.

Until 1900, only ten cities had established playgrounds: Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Hartford, New Haven, New York, San Francisco and Albany. At the beginning of 1925, 711 cities were employing 15,871 paid recreation leaders in this work.

Among the early leaders in the movement and one of the first to recognize its significence was the late Dr. Luther Gulick who, assisted by his wife, Charlotte V. Gulick, gave up his plan for becoming a foreign medical missionary and decided that his mission was to introduce physical education into this country. The names of both husband and wife have been associated with so many forward-looking ideas, since their marriage in 1887, that their work has touched the lives of millions in this country and abroad.

Dr. Gulick was one of the founders of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, of which Theodore Roosevelt was the honorary president. As head of the physical department of the Y M C A college at Springfield, Massachusetts, Dr. Gulick conducted a laboratory where the game of basket-ball was invented. He had "sold" the idea of physical education to the Y M C A and to the churches. He assisted in forming the Public Schools Athletic League in New York City. His wife, associated with him in each of these enterprises and in his work with the Russell Sage Foundation, found time to start a summer camp at South Casco, Maine, where she originated the Camp Fire Girls.

The romance of their early work grew out of a casual idea. Dr. Gulick had observed the changing factory con-



A summer of canoeing on the quiet waters of a beautiful inland lake.

Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

A still lake of the high Sierras.

ditions, where workmen found themselves doing "piece work;" monotonous single operations that occupied the workers' hands but not their minds. In the old industries, a workman had a certain pride of accomplishment. If he were making shoes, he was a cutter, trimmer, stitcher, laster, finisher, all in one. He had the satisfaction of a creative interest in his work, in following it through. The one-piece, machine-paced operation drove him to outside recreation for mind and body. Before the workers themselves were conscious of the growing need, Dr. Gulick foresaw it and attempted to provide for it in many ways. In 1888 he was preaching the idea which Samuel Gompers phrased in 1923, "Industrial workers of the present day hunger for a richer, larger life."

At Springfield, Dr. Gulick asked the class he was training in physical education to experiment upon a game adapted to congested areas. He laid down fourteen qualifications which such a game must have to be successful. No such group game then existed. Several games were submitted. Dr. James E. Naismith submitted basket-ball, which he had invented. Dr. Gulick recognized it as the solution of his problem, wrote the rules and promoted it to the American public. Mrs. Gulick became the captain of the first women's basketball team. The game won instant popularity and is as much a standby in the winter as baseball, football and tennis in other seasons. Last winter over 41,000 amateurs upon organized teams played this "manufactured" game. It is the first and only time, in the history of sport, when a successful game has been invented. All the others have been gradually adopted from primitive play.

Then, having trained many of the Y M C A workers in the fundamentals of physical education and having shown the need for it to that organization, Dr. Gulick perfected one of the first systems of home exercises; the forerunner of the modern "daily dozen."

In the mean time, Mrs. Gulick had become interested in summer camps. She had always been devoted to outdoor sports and when she realized that her own six children considered the year divided into two months "of living" in camp and ten months "of existing" in the city, she dreamed of the day when every American boy and girl would have an opportunity to spend the summer close to the primitive life; a summer of swimming and walk-

ing, paddling and horseback riding. Beginning upon a small scale, she developed the Luther Gulick camps, for children and grown-ups. So much of her dream has come true that, last summer, 200,000 boy scouts had a camping experience; and hundreds of other agencies, the Y M C A, the Y W C A, the girl scouts, societies, municipalities, and public-spirited individuals made it possible for thousands to spend their vacation at the seashore or in the woods.

Incomplete figures show that about one thousand private camps were operated last year. In addition to these, there are the national reservations which are growing in popularity. Beside the famous Yellowstone Park, which has been a vacation center for more than a generation, there are eighteen other federal parks and 147 national forests. In most of these areas, camping is encouraged.

Twenty-five states have set aside or purchased park land. Palisades Interstate Park of New York and New Jersey will be used as a camp by eighty-one community and industrial organizations this season. New York has voted $15,000,000 for further park development.

In 1923, more than ten and one-half million citizens visited the national parks and forest reservations. There are no figures to show the number of visitors at the state projects. California cities have adopted the idea as a civic enterprise and maintain municipal camps. Los Angeles, the pioneer, now operates five camping sites. Oakland had two, one of them a beautiful reservation in the heart of the Sierras. This is so well administered upon a cost basis that room and board for adults costs only $6 a week and $5 for children.

All this again has come as a part of the realization of the Gulicks' dream. Mrs. Gulick explains the progress of her idea from the days when she was assisting her husband to promote recreational games in centers of population, to the present time, when she is working for an "out-door" America.

"In later life," she says, "we turn with joy and relaxation to the activities that are racially old; sailing, rowing, gardening, hiking, out-door cooking, knowing the woods and their contents, making beautiful things with our hands, such as jewelry and scarfs, and working with clay. Because these activities are so old and so long associated with the race they have to do with the spirit; with a certain at-

Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

Here Sacramento's camp is situated.

Wide World Photo

Dancing for the very joy of youth and health.

titude toward life. Games and track athletics are essentially intended for the school year and for congested areas. It is in the open that one learns to appreciate music, color and design."

Angelo Patri had much the same idea when he said, "Let them go into the mountains and stretch their bodies and minds. Let them have a glimpse of what it means to get close to the earth and know the mother feel of it. Let them get the smell of moss crushed under-foot, the whiff of pine as it brushes the cheeks, the perfume of young hemlock warming in the sun, the bitter-clean smell of ferns knee deep beside the trail, the wood smoke of the evening fires curling up toward the stars as the happily tired children roll themselves in their blankets to sleep on the bed of pine needles Mother Nature has been spreading these hundred years.

"There is nothing that will store up finer memories than the smell of the forest in their nostrils. There is nothing sweeter, nothing cleaner. Don't you know that education is the flowering of memories? The choicest of them are to be found in the woods with friends and youth."

When the Gulick camps were new and consisted of a handful of girls living in tents beside the bowlder strewn shore of a Maine lake, the founder conceived the idea of the Camp Fire Girls. She believed in constructive work, because in it Mrs. Gulick saw true service to humanity and the real joy of living. She believed that work should be made attractive and alluring. The first experience in doing anything good and useful should be joyful, she decided. Health,

as fundamental to good work of any kind, should be the heritage of every girl. Love, as the highest law, she wished to see realized more fully through a creative educational program which would express this fundamental emotion widely and deeply in everyday life. She chose her own camp fire symbol and the Indian symbol for the sun.

The Camp Fire Girls is the only organization built for the special needs of girls. All the others have been adapted from boys' and men's societies.

Aid to the recreation movement as a whole, and particularly to the part of it that deals with one form or another of physical education, came to the workers in that field from unexpected sources. Perhaps the most spectacular impetus given to the movement was a result of the War with Germany. The revelations made by the Selective Service Board physicians awakened the country to an appreciation of a dangerous condition. They were astonished to learn that thirty percent of the young men were unfit for military duty. Half of the children in the public schools were found to be suffering from serious physical defects.

These facts had been known to the founders of the Life Extension Institute and to life insurance companies for many years. But the public did not appreciate their significance until the anxious days of the war. The United States saw one man in three rejected because of physical disability, while upon the Canadian reservation of the northern Six Nations, Chief Desikaheh's braves, representatives of a supposedly decaying race, volunteered for service and every man was accepted. Three hundred of these Indians, from a total population of five thousand, offered their services to the Canadian government. Not one man was found unfit. The cost of ill health came to be considered by big business and the government as it had heretofore been reckoned by educators and social workers.

In offices and manufacturing plants, "setting up" exercises became popular. Walter Camp's "daily dozen" was invented and thousands of men found their mental outlook had improved as

Courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick

A camp processional.

had their digestion and their bodies. Manufacturers encouraged their employes to spend a vacation outdoors because they had learned that, aside from any altruistic motive, it paid in dollars and cents.

Along with these ideas has grown a "commercialized" recreation, a huge and profitable amusement business of which the automobile manufacturers are the largest unit, with the motion picture industry a close second. The automobile has done more to develop outdoor life than any other agency. It has put summer camps, municipal, state, and national parks within the reach of all. It has made golf courses accessible to every one.

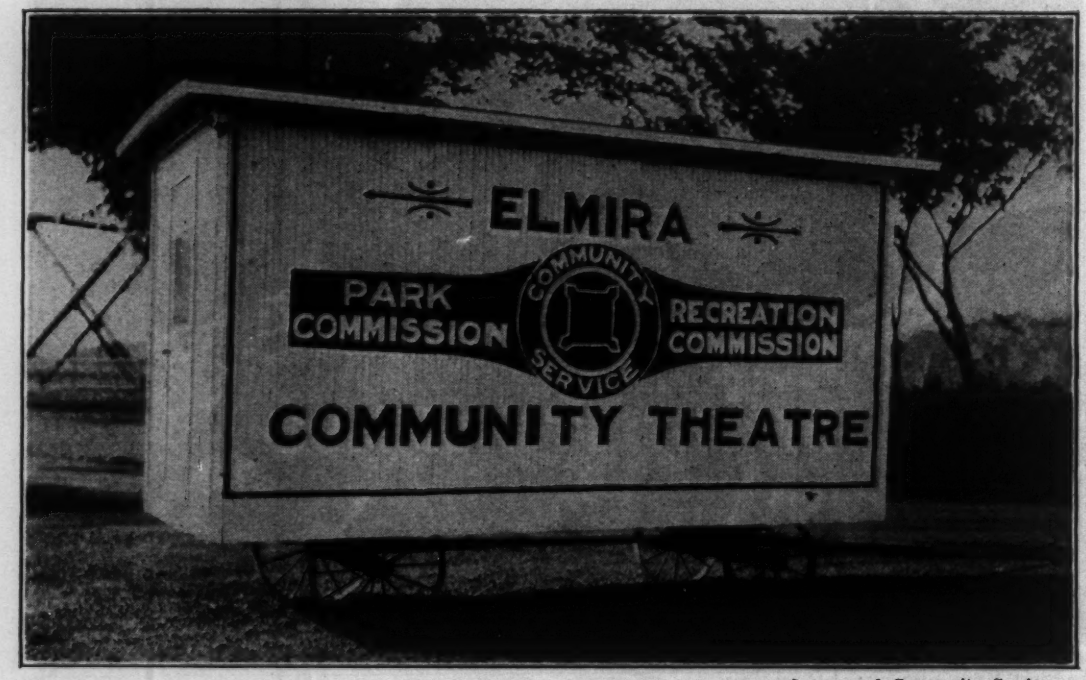
The annual migration of automobile tourists, camping out along the roads and in municipal parks, is a saga which has yet to be written. It is interesting from a business viewpoint, but its psychological aspect demonstrates a state of mind, a national growth, that is most remarkable. A Missouri village, with a population of seven thousand, that under the conditions existing prior to 1910 would have remained a sleepy little community of churches, canning factory, hotel, court house, jail, railroad station, and school, last year kept count of the tourists who passed through. The residents found that 23,250 automobiles, carrying over 100,000 persons, had visited the village during the touring season and that about 3,000 machines had stopped at the village free camp site.

It is a return to the primitive.

It is the recurrence of the nomadic instinct of our Aryan ancestors who followed their flocks to new pasture lands. It means that we are turning to the fundamental activities. It does not mean that the professionalized sports will die; in fact baseball and football exhibitions will continue to draw crowds of a hundred thousand. But the play spirit has become an essential part of the nation's life.

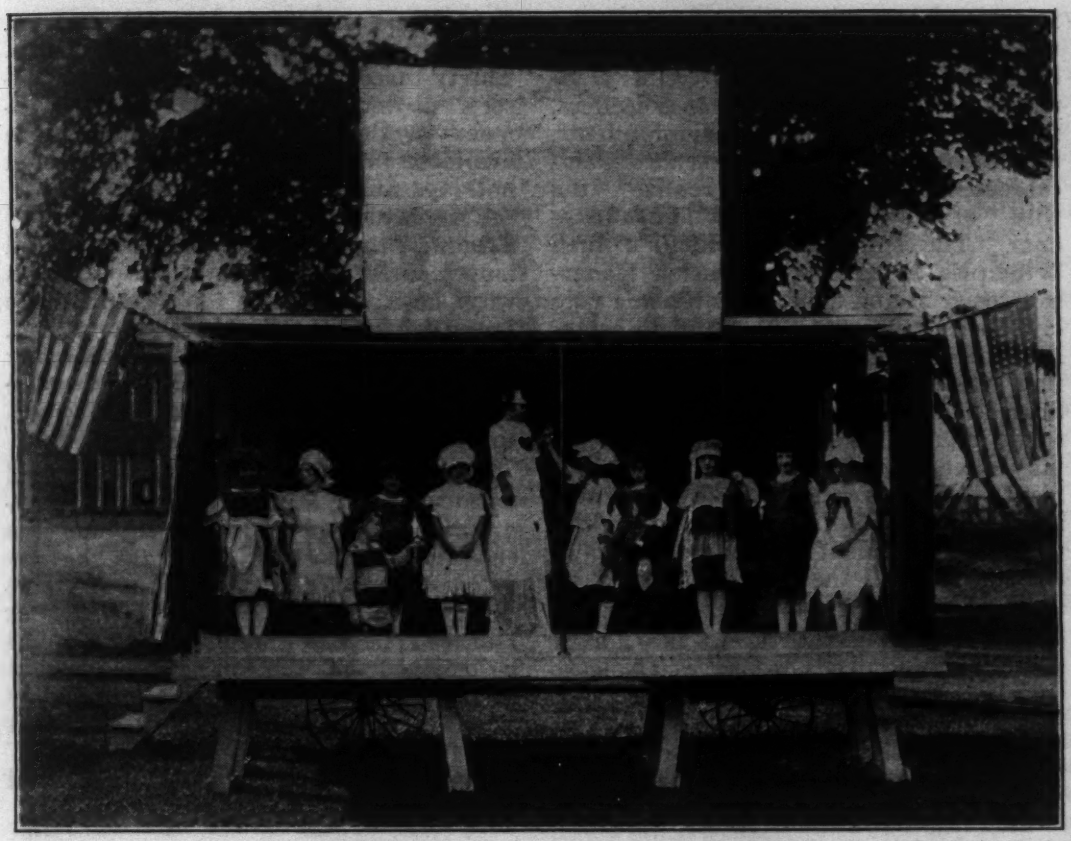
Progressive ministers have long accepted this tendency as one of the hopeful signs of civilization. Bishop James E. Freeman, Episcopal, of Washington, D. C., says, "Hitherto, we have recognized a trinity of agencies; the church, the home, and the school as fundamental and essential. Add to these to-day and next in order the playground and recreational centers."

Norman E. Richardson in the preface of his handbook, *The Church at Play* said, "It is largely through the proper



Courtesy of Community Service

Elmira has a traveling theater.



Courtesy of Community Service

And here is the theater ready for a performance.

use of leisure that the Kingdom of God will be realized." This is something of a change from the days of the Puritan ancestors who would listen to no music, save hymns, on Sunday, and who frowned upon dancing as the work of the Devil.

In time the new activities must affect the physical appearance of the race. Manufacturers of women's garments say they have already done so. The average Vassar freshman is 6½ pounds heavier than the entering student of thirty years ago. An increase in height, lung capacity, waist measure, and weight of all college women has been observed by physical directors and is said to have been due to their active participation in sports. Seventy-five thousand girls in New York City take part in organized athletics.

Herbert Spencer, in his *Coming Slavery* complained that in Manchester and some other cities, "gymnasia are provided for children of both sexes." He saw in this one of the signs of coming socialization. His fears were well grounded.

To-day, in the modern city, one finds municipal playgrounds, parks whose value may be gauged by Central Park, New York, carried upon the tax lists at a valuation of $225,000,000; auditoriums owned and used by the people, stadia, bathing beaches, golf courses, municipal opera and even municipal radio. When one considers how far the municipality has gone in fostering recreation, it makes public recreation appear more remarkable than the growth of amusement promoted by business enterprise.

Public recreation is about the last word in the evolution of positive functions of government for the promotion of human happiness. It represents the plus sign in the city's service to its citizens.

Langdon Mitchell called boredom "the American malady." If one reads the twenty-one fundimentals which compose the platform of the Playgrounds

and Recreation Association of America, which are endorsed by over four thousand leading citizens of the country, including college professors, labor leaders, manufacturers, school superintendents, bishops, mayors, governors, senators and cabinet officers, one can realize "the why" of the play idea. It fights boredom. The fundamentals include such principles as trained recreation leadership, year round sports, state home rule laws permitting municipalities to establish recreation centers by public taxation, training of the people in games, dramatics, and music, adequate play space about schools, children's gardens, play space in new real estate developments, and recreation in the home and in the church. All this, which is in the way of fulfillment in many cities, is only a part of the play movement at large.

In Massachusetts, each new high school is required to have at least twenty acres of land. In California, fifty-four high schools have more than fifteen and fifty more than ten acres. These school buildings, with their gymnasia and recreation fields in California, and in 218 cities in other states, are being used as community centers. Thirty-three states now have compulsory physical education. The equipment in them is rapidly being made available for neighborhood activities on holidays and in the evenings.

Twenty-five years ago Joseph Lee of Boston, "the father of the playground movement," made a study of the reason why boys and girls go wrong. He found that juvenile delinquency had, for one of its causes, a perverted play instinct. It was the spirit of adventure gone wrong because of lack of opportunities for wholesome play.

Convinced of this, he threw himself enthusiastically into securing playgrounds and play leadership for the children of Boston. In 1900, he developed the famous Columbus Avenue playgrounds in that city. While at Harvard, he was himself an athlete, but he believed that the competitive element in athletics ought to be complemented by a minimum standard of "things that every fellow ought to be able to do." Therefore, he established national standards of this sort.

Courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick

The pattern of old pines against moonlit water.

He invented the slogan, "the boy without a playground is father to the man without a job."

For ten years he was a member of the Boston School Committee. He developed remarkable ideas upon play in education which, in 1915, he incorporated in his book now the text of the public recreation workers. It is called *Play in Education*. In 1910 he was made president of the Playground and Recreation Association of America and has held that position continuously for fifteen years.

A Distinguished Service Medal was awarded Dr. Lee and a ship named for him, in recognition for his services as War Camp Community Service Director during the War with Germany. Through this work, he was instrumental in bringing entertainment to thousands of soldiers and sailors, when they were on leave from training camps in this country.

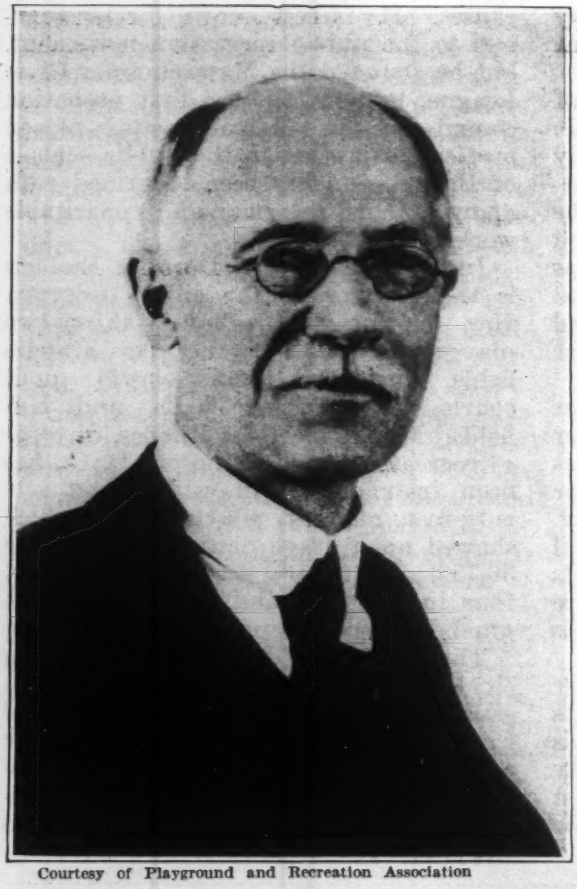
Although he was educated as a lawyer and is a member of the Massachusetts bar, Joseph Lee has never practiced his profession. He inherited property which he has regarded as a public trust and he has given his life to public causes. He is best known for his services to the public recreation movement, but he founded the Massachusetts Civic League, brought out the first probation commission in Massachusetts, placed medical inspection in the public schools of Boston, and has been identified with many other reforms and charitable works.

In Milwaukee, Miss Dorothy Enderis is the director of the city's program. Her equipment includes thirty-two playgrounds and twenty-five athletic fields, numerous tennis courts, quoit courts, rinks, dance halls, and ball fields. Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, director of recreation in Washington, D. C., has been instrumental in establishing seventy-five outdoor playgrounds which showed an average daily attendance of 36,750. Baltimore established twenty-four in one year and will increase the number as soon as possible.

The attitude of the public toward a city's parks and playgrounds is interesting. Some time ago, a Chamber of Commerce publication in Chicago took a popular vote upon the "seven wonders of Chicago." The voters were almost unanimous in heading their lists

Courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick

Activities racially old — woodcraft and cooking.



Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

Above, Joseph Lee of Boston, "the father of the playground movement." At the right, two of the two hundred thousand scouts who have had camping experience.

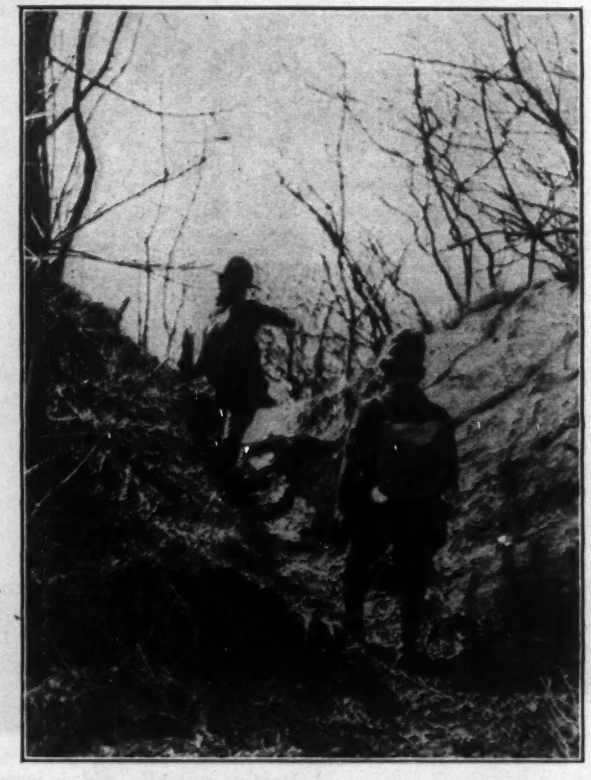
with parks, playgrounds, bathing beaches, and forest preserves. Hard-boiled business men called them the "city's best investment," or "our best advertisement." In South Park the commission has not only fostered all types of athletics, but has interested the children in handicrafts. Model aeroplanes, yachts, ice boats, lanterns, kites, radio sets, toys and dolls were made. In 1924 some three thousand radios were manufactured by the boys and girls under instructor supervision.

Some prominent laymen, who have been interested in the play idea as it has developed during the past twenty-five years, believe that the greatest benefit to the largest number of persons comes from parks and playgrounds. Public money expended for land for these developments yields bigger dividends in happiness and health than money spent for the erection of gymnasia, they say. Their argument is that the playground reaches more people, is more easily available and is patronized by many who would never be induced to enter a building.

At the playgrounds real Americanization work is done. In Highland Park, Michigan, the city was terrorized by a gang of boys, sons of Italian parents. Finally they were barred from the athletic field for vandalism. When they complained they were told that, if they wished to return there for their sports, they must act as their own police force.

The directors of the field never heard what happened at the gang conference. But the result was soon apparent. The gang polices the field and has reduced annoyance to a minimum. It is suspected that the boys use some "strong arm" methods which are effective, but not suited to older peace officers.

Perhaps no city in the country has more varied recreational activi-



ties than Elmira, New York, at a surprisingly low cost. For the $20,000 expended there last year, skiing and coasting were provided, water sports, baseball leagues, flower and kitchen gardens, a community symphony orchestra, a boy's band, doll fashion shows, a traveling theater, and numerous other features were included.

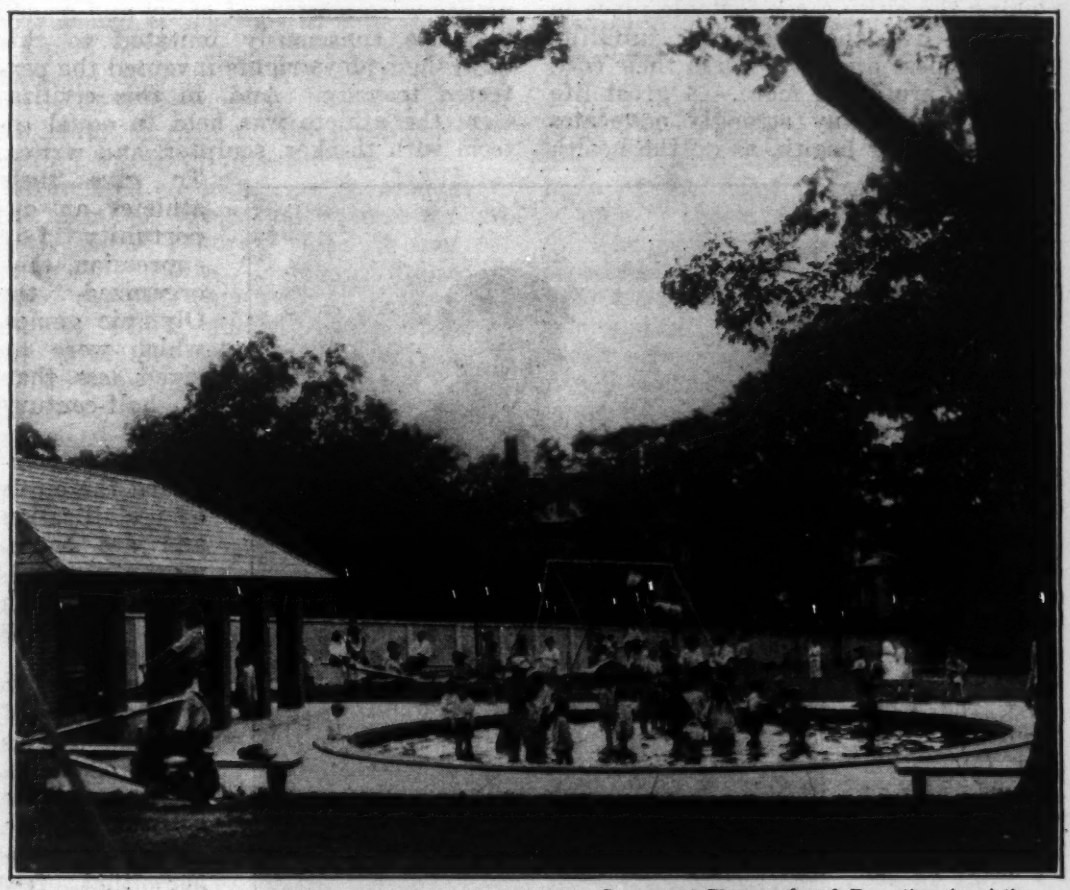
In Cincinnati, the Community Service manages popular concerts at fifteen and twenty-five cents admission. St. Louis has, each summer, ten weeks of light opera in a beautiful out-door theater, as a municipal venture.

Courtesy of Community Service

Just so deep!

Rochester, Washington, Cleveland, Johnstown, Pa., Savannah, Los Angeles, and San Diego also have municipal opera in one form or another. In Boston, on July 4, 1924, a community pageant, "The Pied Piper" was produced by the children of the city and 15,000 persons saw another pageant, "The Beatitudes," presented upon the steps of the Cathedral of St. Paul by the Boston Community Service.

The attitude of employers toward these activities is interesting. Dayton, Ohio, won the McCall Publishing Company's new plant, much to the surprise of another



Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

The wading pool in the playground of a Boston suburb.

city. Asked why he chose Dayton, the president of the company replied, "I can only answer that it was the livableness of the city that decided the issue. Keep Dayton a good town to live in and your future is assured. Employes deserve a more fruitful and cheerful life."

As a matter of business, many of the big industries are granting vacations with pay to mechanics and non-salaried workers. Formerly this was done only for the "white collar" salaried employes. The heads of the industries have discovered that vacations are as essential a part of industrial management as time clocks. Among the first to introduce this vacation policy were the Standard Oil Company and John Deere & Co., of Moline, Illinois. In a recent survey of 106 industrial enterprises, 38 have now adopted the idea. Beside the vacations, dramatics, musical organizations, and athletic clubs are a part of almost every factory program.

If play and recreation were simply making the cities a comfortable place in which to live, they would be fulfilling their purpose and well worth their cost. But they are doing more. A great life insurance company strongly advocates public play for health, as do the health bodies and medical authorities. The playgrounds have materially reduced the number of traffic accidents. Judges, parole officers, and social workers testify that well-directed park systems decrease juvenile delinquency and cite statistics to prove it.

At the Conference of Outdoor Recreation leaders last year, President Coolidge said, "I want to see all Americans have a reasonable amount of leisure. Then I want to see them educated to use such leisure for their own enjoyment and betterment, and for the strengthening of the quality of their citizenship. We must make America a land of vision, a land of work, of sincere striving for the good; but we must add to all these, in order to round out the full stature of the people, an ample effort to make it a land of wholesome enjoyment and perennial gladness."

It has been said that civilization moves in circles.

Three thousand years ago, along the shores of the Mediterranean, the Greek states developed a culture which has never been surpassed. Drama, literature, and sports they handed down to us.

To no other people has the development of mind and body meant so much as to the Spartans and Athenians. Their philosophers rank among the greatest thinkers of all time; their artists were masters of chisel and brush, and are consciously imitated to this day; their playwrights invented the perfected tragedy. And, in this civilization, the athlete was held in equal esteem with thinker, sculptor, and writer. To give their athletes an opportunity for expression, they organized the Olympic games, which were revived less than a half-century ago.

We have completed the circle of civilization and are beginning a new outdoor life, much as the Greeks developed it.

Health is to be the basis of our new era, as is was of theirs. It has come about since 1890, in a manner that few dreamed was possible.

How to Use Ammonia for Burns

By Bessie A. Ficklen

Author of the Short Story, Ammonia for Burns

THAT household ammonia is a cure for burns was discovered, so far as we know, in my father's family. One of his sisters burned herself, and, suffering greatly, and finding none of her usual remedy, soda, at hand, she tried the nearest thing to soda she could find, which happened to be ammonia.

Her cure was so immediate that the news spread among family and friends. Most doctors have never heard of it; and doctors and the general public when told for the first time that it is good to immerse a burn in ammonia are apt to be alarmed at the very idea.

But I have seen ammonia work such miracles of relief and cure that, if a bottle of it were within reach, I should not think it rash to dip my hand into boiling water, or into the fire.

Ammonia cured for me, in a moment, the pain of three boiled fingers, and in a night restored them to perfect condition. Then, in thankfulness, I wrote the following account of three instances, which, among many others, I can personally vouch for in every detail.

The one that had just occurred I took pains to have testified to by the two witnesses of the burn and of the cure.

I have also, since then—in order to compare ammonia with the usual remedies—persuaded a doctor to tell me something of the modern theories about burns. He admitted that burns are still among the unsolved problems of medicine and surgery.

He explained: "A burn is the result of heat on animal matter. The result is the same whether the heat is dry, as a flame, or moist, in the shape of steam or hot water. The effect of burns, or scalds, is the partial or complete destruction of the skin or flesh in the area involved. This varies from first-degree burns—a simple reddening, followed by peeling of the first layer of the skin, as in sunburn—to burns of the second and of the third degree. In second-degree burns there is injury and destruction of the deeper layers of the skin, accompanied, when a wide surface is burned, by profound shock, followed by reaction, and this is succeeded by serious and often fatal congestions and inflammations of the internal organs. Bright's disease, pneumonia, meningitis and peritonitis are among the possible results. These after-effects are now attributed to a mysterious poison which is generated by the disorganization of human tissue.

"Burns of the third degree completely char and carbonize skin and flesh—which gradually sloughs off if the burn is not extensive enough to cause death—but they either destroy or do not generate the dangerous poison of second-degree burns. Sudden death from a burn of the third degree is the result of pain or shock.

"The mysterious cause of the symptoms which follow extensive second-degree burns—usually within forty-eight hours—has been proved to be absolutely separate from the shock and pain which accompany all burns. The most modern investigators agree only that the poison is produced by the action of high temperature on skin and flesh—technically a split-proteid—and that being absorbed into the general system it causes death usually with the symptoms of acute Bright's disease. This poison has been compared to rattlesnake venom in its quick and fatal effects. Various scientists have thought they had found the exact substance and have given it names, but it is still elusive, though many experiments have shown conclusively that it does exist.

"The loss of one-third of the skin surface by injury is not nearly so likely to cause death as the loss of a like amount from the effects of heat. The latter is

not simply loss of skin surface, but an active toxemia.

"A healthy animal will suffer from all the poison symptoms of a burn if burned skin is grafted upon it, or if it is given extract of burned tissue, or if certain secretions of a burned animal are administered to it hypodermically. But in spite of these experiments it has so far been impossible to discover and collect in a test tube the mysterious and deadly cause of the fatal symptoms. Otherwise it would be interesting to find out how this is acted upon by ammonia.

"For, known or unknown by name, it is this poison that causes the physician to dread the treatment of every case of extensive burns, knowing that at any time a train of symptoms may develop before which medical science stands practically helpless."

The modern treatment of burns varies from the mild to the heroic: bland powders and lotions for slight burns; balsams, oils and lotions, and the open air treatment, for those that are deeper; immersions under water, and skin grafting for extensive burned surfaces; and flushing the circulation with saline solution, symptomatic treatment, and stimulation for the more serious after-effects; with, of course, opiates for the pain. Lately some surgeons advocate the cutting away of burned surfaces, in very serious cases. But whoever has suffered from the agony of a burn realizes that the best remedies, heretofore, have been palliative, but never immediately curative. Even the milder forms of burns may last uncured for weeks and months; and second-degree burns may leave open and raw surfaces for twenty or thirty years or for life, if surgical help is not obtained. Also these old burned surfaces, or scars from burns, if rubbed or irritated very often develop into cancer.

The doctor was sufficiently impressed by the following account of our success in *curing* burns, to admit that ammonia may have some power to neutralize the obscure and terrible burn poison.

Case 1. The first case occurred at our summer cottage in the mountains.

My mother's sister, then seventy-three —very energetic in spite of her age— was in the kitchen cooking herself some chicken tea. She ate nothing that the rest of the household ate, but was always concocting little dishes that she fancied, and that she trusted no one else to prepare. As she lifted her small pot the handle turned and spilled the bubbling, steaming soup all over the inside of her left hand!

Instantly she was in great pain. The cook, much excited, applied everything in the kitchen—first salt and water, then soda, then flour, then oil—but nothing helped. The skin rose in blisters and my aunt was seated, rocking in agony, when the alarm was given and the family rushed in.

When my father heard the, "Come quick! Aunty has burned herself dreadfully!" he remembered what he had recently heard about his sister's experience with ammonia; and, having a soldier's quickness in action, he picked up a bottle and went to the rescue.

He took a small bowl and poured it half full of the household ammonia, then added a little water, as he feared that the prescription of household ammonia straight might be too severe. My aunt, who was groaning and moaning, suffering so much that she was willing to try anything, made no resistance when he gave her the bowl and immersed her hand in it. Instantly her pain departed. It was so like magic that we could hardly believe it. She could not believe it, and at first thought it a coincidence; but whenever she took her hand out the suffering recommenced, and as long as the hand was immersed there was *absolutely no pain.*

She held her hand in the ammonia for twenty to thirty minutes. Then I covered the hand thickly with vaseline and bound it up in absorbent cotton, and there was literally no more pain nor discomfort. Next day the bandage was removed and the hand was permanently well—no blisters—no marks—no tenderness.

Case 2. The next time I used ammonia was on myself. I was trying to light the gas with a type of matches, new to me at the time, that make practically no noise when they ignite. I took one and scratched it, but hearing no noise inferred I had scratched the wrong end; so I changed, grasping the business end, which *had* ignited, and trying hard to scratch the handle. A sharp pain made me throw the match down, but the burning head stuck to

my finger and blazed away until I frantically slapped it out.

It left a very painful little burned spot—it felt like a burned hole in my finger. But then I remembered the ammonia and ran for the bottle I had upstairs. As soon as I got some into the soap-dish, slightly diluted with water, and put my finger in it, my trouble was over. The pain vanished.

I soaked the finger, then tied it up in vaseline; and the next day there was a hard little white spot on my finger, but no soreness whatever. This white spot fell away, leaving practically no mark.

Case No. 3. In a little New York apartment we were making ready for a picnic luncheon. In one chafing-dish the water for the tea was vigorously boiling itself away; so in a hurry I lifted the chafing-dish in one hand and the teapot in the other, and instead of pouring it into the teapot, I emptied all the boiling, sizzling water over my fingers. The two girls who were looking on gasped and so did I; but, though I felt dazed and on fire, I remembered the ammonia. It was right at hand.

"Pour ammonia over it," I demanded, and one frightened girl picked up the bottle and doused my whole hand as I held it over the sink. This household ammonia happened to be unusually strong, and the burning increased so severely that I lost faith and thrust my hand under the faucet of cold water. The water brought on a throbbing intensity of pain which only grew worse when I next desperately covered my hand with flour. But as the pain grew unbearable, I came to my senses and made a solution of ammonia and water to wash away the flour. The first touch of this brought instant relief; so I had only to wash off the flour, and then to soak my hand in a fresh solution, experimenting with the mixture of ammonia and water until I felt a perfect and blissful freedom from pain.

I kept my hand soaking for about twenty minutes—until the unburned surface began to sting from the ammonia. Then I covered it thick with vaseline and wrapped it in absorbent cotton; and we made our tea and sat down to it in peace and comfort.

The next morning—when I wrote this account—my fingers were *absolutely normal,* with no redness or tenderness.

My two witnesses wrote and signed the following statement:

"Yesterday we saw the boiling water poured over the hand, and this morning saw the hand perfectly normal."

These instant cures seem marvelous to me, because I have seen much slighter burns—from a hot water bottle, for instance, or from a single puff of steam—take months to heal, though they were treated by intelligent doctors. Burns are very easily infected and patients are very apt to grow careless when a wound is long in healing.

Also burns are so terrible in immediate suffering and in fatal after-effects, and their treatment is still so little understood, that they are likely to cause panic in the person burned, as well as in those who rush to the rescue. The victim's impulse is to run about wildly and scream, while the bystander is apt to use everything at hand in reckless, sometimes in fatal, kindness.

Does it not seem that, even with its short history, in which there is not one record of failure, the ammonia cure is worth testing if it offers any dim hope in such a region of agony?

This record of my few simple experiences is written trusting that it may lead some scientist to experiment and so be in a position to speak with authority. And I hope that, in the meantime, workers with fire—in kitchens, cooking schools, laundries, fire-departments and elsewhere—unless they already possess some certain cure for burns, will keep a bottle of household ammonia ready, to use as follows:

Ammonia for burns. For my Aunt we used pure *household* ammonia—which is already greatly diluted—but I found the following better:

Quickly immerse the burn in household ammonia slightly diluted with water, adding ammonia or water until there is absolutely no pain. Soak until the pain seems permanently cured. Cover with vaseline, and bind up in tissue paper or cotton. The next day the cure should be complete. If, however, the skin is broken the vaseline should be replaced by some antiseptic.

Finally, I should be glad to hear about any case in which ammonia has been used in the treatment of burns. Also of *any* case in which a burn has been immediately cured.

WILDERNESS GOLD

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

Illustrated by O. J. Gatter

"It was worth while," smiled Ross McClure to me. "Worth — while ——"

I WAS eleven years old the night my Uncle Ross McClure died, so I remember it all.

We were in our big room with the bare log walls, and these were red with the light of the stove, for the door of the stove was open, and my father kept on pushing in more wood, so that the flames poured out over his hands. Next day his hands were red with the burns he had never felt, as though the light had dyed them.

Ross lay wrapped in red blankets in front of the stove, almost under the flames. They said he was cold. Since he had fallen inside the door, and they had carried him in, he did not seem able to speak or get his breath. But every now and then he would look at me as if there was something he wanted to say.

Our wet clothes lay in a heap behind the stove. I had put on dry ones, and wondered why they had not put dry ones on Ross. In her corner my Grandmother Anastasia sat watching. She had been helping, but her face was not sorrowful, it was intent. Ross was not her son. Little Varna had crawled under the table and from there she was watching too. Every now and then her small face was thrust out into the red light, which colored it like a rose. She was not sad nor scared. She was eager; happy as she was when she bought the young grouse from the Indian boy and let them fly.

As for me, I wasn't scared, though I knew something was wrong; that Ross's

heart had gone back on him in some way after his long struggle with the tide-rip.

I wasn't scared even when my father looked up suddenly and said, "Isn't the boat in yet? There's not much time. Won't *he* come in time?"

No one spoke. My father stood up and looked at his mother. She did not stir. He lifted his hands in a queer way and went out into the dark.

Then, suddenly, I was scared. I was terrified; afraid of the room, and Anastasia, and Ross McClure lying cold in front of the red-hot stove, and even of little Varna's face under the table.

I ran out, crying, "Father, wait for me!"

It seemed a long while before I found his hand in the dark. Even then he did not seem to know he held mine, but I was content. I felt safe again.

My father, Serge McClure, was down on our wharf, waiting for my grandfather's boat to come in. The wind was strong. It made a great noise in the forest behind, and had put out the lamp on the end of the wharf. Serge never thought to light it again. He stood quite still, holding me with one hand, and with the other beating softly on his breast. I remembered that I had seen him do that once before when my mother was sick; and that then she had gone away.

I was just a little savage. But then I knew a fresh, strange, trembling dread; wondering for the first time if that unexplained going-away was coming to splendid Ross McClure.

We stood silent a long while on the wharf. My hearing became used to the sound of the wind, the solemn sound of the tide drawing out. I could hear the beat of my own heart and the steady beat of my father's hand on his breast.

The hot drink they had given me had made me very sleepy. My eyes shut, and for a while I saw nothing. The quick grip of my father's hand on mine told me when the boat was coming in from our fishing-ground off Wilderness.

When I had courage to look, Angus McClure was standing in front of us, holding the lantern from the boat. He held it high, so that its light fell on me, on my father's troubled face, on the running foam and on the gleaming salmon in the boat alongside.

He said, "I'd a dark landing, Serge."

Serge answered, without moving except for his moving hand, "The light's gone out."

My grandfather seemed to know in a minute. He lowered the lantern, saying quite quietly, "Is it Ross?"

"Ay. It's Ross."

"How?"

"Ian was out on Shilco. He fell asleep and the tide caught him. Ross saw, swam the Rip, and brought him away. There seemed no hurt at all to Ross till he dropped in the door——"

"There's no man ever swam the Rip at the flood but Ross McClure," said the old man presently, in a proud strong voice.

"And he's dying of it," answered my father with a sob. "Come quick."

We were quick. We ran back to the house in the dark, but the old man was there before us. When we went in, everything was as it had been, except that he had lifted Ross so that Ross's head lay on his knees, and was talking to him in the Old Language he had brought from the Isles; but I don't think my uncle heard him. He lay cold beside the stove, which was growing cold too. Under the red Hudson Bay blanket his great chest went up and down as he fought for breath, slower and slower. There was no sound in the room but those long-spaced sighs, until Anastasia threw back her head and began to wail softly in time with the breathing.

My grandfather looked at her. He said in English, "Are there tears in your eyes?"

She looked at him, her eyes were dry. "Then, woman," he said, "if there's no sorrow in your eyes or your heart, there shall be none on your lips." So she was silent.

Little Varna, crouched under the table, was making a fluttering with her small hands as if they were wings. There came a tap on the window as if a bird had blown against the pane. Without raising his head, Angus said, "Go, one of you, and set the door open."

It seemed to be my part to go and open the door on the dark wind and the stars. I did it and went back. A great gust of air, salt from the sea, sweet from the forest, followed me in and blew the wood-ashes from the stove all about the place, so that we were scattered with

ash. It was like dust on our heads.

Then for the first time my grandmother moved. She got up and went to a niche in the logs stopped with clay. She scratched the clay away and it came easily. It was a hiding place I had never seen. From the niche between the logs she drew a long picture framed in silver-gilt. I'd never seen it before. I guessed the others had never seen it either. It was the picture of a naked man pierced with arrows and having a rainbow round his head. This she set on a chair and knelt down before it, beating softly on her breast. She took no more notice of us. My father and grandfather were kneeling on each side of Ross. And for a long time that was all.

I was nearly asleep. Then in a moment I was broad awake, missing something. Presently I knew what it was. For a while there had been no breath at all that I could hear.

I ran out into the middle of the floor. At the same moment there was a stir by the stove. Old Angus lifted his head and summoned me with eyes that were like hard stones. Serge held out his hand to me. The tears had run over his kind face until even his big brown beard was wet. I went and knelt at his side, wondering what I should see. But I only saw Ross McClure—Splendid Ross—my Ross McClure—smiling at me.

Things happened that night which ended the world as I'd known it. My grandmother praying to the man in the picture, my father crying aloud; and now Ross lying huddled in his father's arms as I used to huddle in my father's when I was cold. He lay there, smiling at me. And no one said anything at all.

The silence began to choke me. It was heavy, like salt water; drowning. I must speak. Even though my father and Ross's father were silent, it was for me to speak.

I leaned forward. Shouting loudly, as if to a person far off, I cried, "No one's ever swum the Rip at the flood but you, Ross!"

Then Ross raised himself a little on his father's arm and laughed. His blue eyes shone in the old gay way I knew. I laughed back at him. He made a movement with his hand and Serge took it and set it on my head. It slipped to my neck. It was the strangest thing of all that Ross McClure should not be able to move his hand for himself.

The weight of that hand drew me nearer. His lips moved.

"It was worth while," smiled Ross McClure to me. "Worth—while——"

His hand slipped. His whole body slipped suddenly, as if he would fall a long way. He only slipped an inch in my grandfather's arms. But he was out of our hands, out of our hold. Gone, for all that. A voice I'd never heard called out, "He's dead."

By and by Angus stood up. He was a very tall man. Now he seemed to fill the house like the wind, to draw us all erect with him. He stood, staring around. My grandmother left her picture. With her black eyes dry, she went to him. She said softly, "What now, what now?"

"The light's gone out," said Angus. "And now there'll be no more sorrow."

He went to the door and Serge ran after him, crying, "Father, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going away from you all. I'm finished here. Maybe you'll see me again, maybe no. I can bear no more sorrow. Sorrow comes to a man through those he has about him—women, his sons, his sons' bairns—— Now there'll be none about me any more. I'll be alone till I die, and so I'll have no more sorrow. I'm going back to Wilderness."

He went to the door and stood in it. He said to us behind him, "I'll leave the fish on the rocks and you can carry it up in the morning." Serge and Anastasia, the old woman, were quite still. But I ran and clung to my grandfather's side, saying, "Don't go. Don't you go away too!"

He pushed me off, he struck at me. I had never seen hate in a man's eyes. I saw it then. He cursed me, too, living and dead. My father caught me up. Even old Anastasia screamed out.

Serge said in a thick voice, "Father, father, is the poor child here to pay for all?"

There was no answer. The door was empty. Angus was gone, leaving us shaking there, pale as the ashes the wind scattered. Little Varna slipped out from under the table, dancing, fluttering her fingers as she did when she saw a caged bird flying free. But I——

I broke from my father and ran into the night. I heard them calling.

"Ian, Ian, come back!" cried my father. And Anastasia, the old woman, called,

"Ivan, Ivan, come home!"

But I ran on until I fell in the dark. They were calling a child who had died with Splendid Ross. All night I lay hidden among the rocks; long after they stopped their crying; long after the twinkle that was the light on Angus's boat had vanished in the sea-dark towards Wilderness.

For you see, I was Ian. I had been out on Shilco, and it was I that Ross had swum with through the Rip. It was for me that Splendid Ross had died.

I thought of it all night. Then it was morning. A strange boat with black-coated men in it was putting in at our wharf. The fish that Angus had brought in overnight were shining in a great heap on the rocks. Little Varna, carrying a bowl of yellow salmon-berries and a piece of bread, was coming to me in the dawn.

The black men stayed at our house all day. They were Moravian missionaries. They had come by chance, but there was work to their hand. The next day they buried Splendid Ross beside Fiona, his mother, under the great cedars by the lower corral. But old Angus never came back.

A year went, and none of us had seen him. He was living alone on Wilderness, in the cabin he'd built to sleep in when he was away at the fishing. It was as if we'd all died for him when Ross died. He was done with us. Without him and Ross we were lonely.

We were poor too. Our land, though it was only a narrow alluvial strip between the forest and the sea, was too much for my father to work alone. He missed Ross every day. When the channel silted up and the new half-acre went uncleared and the deer trod the corn, then he missed Ross. He took to letting things go, out of grief.

He'd loved Ross, though they were children of two women far apart as the two sides of the world. Fiona had come out with Angus from the Isles, and died in bearing Ross; these two had all my grandfather's love; but later for a man's reasons he'd married Anastasia, a Russian woman from Unalaska. My father was her son. She had given him his name, Serge. Me she called Ivan, and loved me, too, until my grandfather left us.

Now Angus was gone, she kept her picture out on the shelf and prayed to it every day. I would come in and find her kneeling in front of it, her hands, dark as smoked wood, beating her breast. She would look at me out of her dry black eyes, but never called me to come to her. She kept Varna with her now, who was the child of a cousin's cousin, lost in the seal hunting. I saw

Kneeling in front of it; her hands, dark as smoked wood, beating her breast.

a hate of me growing in her eyes, because, if Ross had left me to choke in the salt water on Shilco, my grandfather would not have gone to live alone in his age on Wilderness.

Things began to be very strange with us. Ross had been our health. Without him, in the winter rains, we grew sick and hateful.

Once I was in the room hiding with Varna. It was late, but Anastasia had not brought the lamp. She was praying to her picture. The last light shone on the rainbow round the man's head and on his thin white limbs.

Serge came in heavily in his tall boots. He said, "Mother, there's more trouble. The gray horse has fallen from the cliff."

She did not answer. He took a gun, and I knew he was going to shoot the horse which Ross had brought, a colt, from the settlements. He went out, and when he came back my grandmother had not moved. It was dark. Only a little gleam like a jewel flickered on the picture. He knelt down beside her and laid his head on her shoulder. Soon, I knew he was crying.

"Mother," he said, "will nothing go right with us any more?"

"Nothing will go right till we bring Angus home," said Anastasia without stirring. Under my father's heavy head and his shaking hands she was just like a stone.

He drew away from her, saying with a sob, "We have nothing left that would bring him home."

"There's one thing that might pay him a little for his loss," said the old woman.

They were silent so long I was scared. I came out of my hiding and lighted the lamp. My father and his mother were looking at me strangely when I turned. They looked at me like strangers, as if they were not my own people at all. At last Anastasia pulled me to her and took hold of my hair, so roughly that some came away in her fingers.

"He has Ross's hair, anyway," she said, and went to get supper.

All that winter things were bad for us. Even my father's face changed. He and Anastasia would talk together at night as if they were scared of something. Often I would find him on his knees in front of the picture. Often he said, "There's a curse on this place." But I knew it was only sorrow. More and more they seemed like strangers to me. I was lonely for Splendid Ross, and often I was hungry.

One morning at the end of the winter Serge woke me before it was light. He said, "Put on your clothes and come down to the boat."

I dressed and followed him. He had the boat ready by the wharf. It was misty, and the red boards of the wharf gleamed in the wet. Some of them were gone, and you had to tread carefully, for there was no Ross to mend the wharf. I jumped into the boat and Serge pushed off and hoisted the sail. There was a little wind, a pressure of the air. The sail filled in slow breaths that made me think of Ross McClure's the night he died. The land drew away behind us and was soon lost in the mist.

All that morning we sailed slowly through the mist. The sea was calm. But now and then I would hear the surf on some sea-island hidden in the haze. I was afraid to ask my father where we were going, he looked so strange.

Late in the day the mist parted. Ahead I saw a very great high island. I knew it was Wilderness. My heart began to beat so that I felt sick.

There is only one good boat-landing on Wilderness. Here my father guided our boat and let down the sail. It made a great noise and rattle in that still place, where year by year there is no sound but the breathing of the sea. Our coming must have been seen or heard. For Serge was just stepping out of the boat when my grandfather came out of the mist and stood in the way, carrying a gun on his arm.

"What brings you here, Serge?" asked Angus, as if he had seen us only yesterday. "I wanted none of you about me any more, carrying sorrow like a sickness in your clothes."

Serge's broad face was very white. The boat heaved on the surf by the landing, and he stood in it, swaying to and fro, looking up at Angus.

At last he said in a thick voice, "I've brought you all I have to pay you for all you lost."

"Have you anything that'll pay me for the loss of my son?" asked old Angus. And they were not father and son

then, but just two men with an unpardonable debt between them.

That was what my father meant. "Yes," he said quickly, "I'll pay you with mine!" And he took me and swung me out of the boat so that I stood beside my grandfather. "Take him," said Serge, "he's yours, to do what you like with. He cost you Ross. Take him and use him instead of Ross." Serge's face worked, he began to cry. "And perhaps then you'll take your ill-will off the place and we shall be out of your debt and in luck again."

Old Angus looked at Serge. He looked right into his thoughts and the fears Anastasia had given him. Then he laughed. "This," he said, "to pay me for Splendid Ross?" He stretched out his big hand and drew me to him. My father stood under us, jumping up and down with the boat and looking up with a ghastly face. He did nothing. I believe if the old man had killed me he would have done nothing, so strangely had his mind been worked on by Anastasia in the dark months.

But Angus only took me and stripped off my clothes, so that I stood before him bare on the rocks. "This," he asked again, "to pay me for Splendid Ross?"

I saw myself in a high tide pool, slight and white as the man with the rainbow round his head. I was ashamed. I crept to the boat and said, "Father, take me home."

"No," said my father. "I've paid you to him in exchange for what you cost him. A life for a life, and now maybe we'll be in luck again." He turned to my grandfather. "He's growing fast, and at least his hair's coming like Ross's hair."

Angus had left me my squirrel-skin cap on my head. Now he pushed it off and looked at my hair. He said presently, "He may stay."

"You'll be kind with him?" asked Serge, every drop of blood drained out of his face.

Old Angus said harshly, "I'll make no bargains wi' my own. A life for a life. I take him and he's mine. But ye are still and for ever in my debt for the laugh and the strength and the love of a man."

Then Serge, hanging his head, pushed the boat off into the mist and left me with the fierce old man who looked at me with hate in his eyes. But still I felt nearer to him in some way than I now did to my own father and Anastasia

So after that I lived alone on Wilderness with him, paying him my life for the life of Ross McClure. We lived easily enough with the flour he fetched yearly from the settlements, and the wild berries, and the fish and the venison. But it was a strange life, shut in there with the old man's hate. I would hear him stirring about the cabin at night, and wonder if he was going to kill me, to throw me into the dark sea where Ross had spent his life's strength for me. I would lie awake and hear the deer go past the cabin in the night to lick the salt on the rocks, and envy the fawns that walked with the herd. When the mock-orange and the elder berries were white and scarlet in the woods I would linger on the shore, calling the seals to come play with me as they followed the salmon in; and I would swim out under the stars and rescue the seal pups that the tide had stranded on the reefs, and carry them to the water again so that they might go home.

It must have been two years after I went to live on Wilderness—and in all that time I had not seen Serge or Anastasia or the little girl—that the great storm came.

It had been a gray day and still, but the waves had been crashing on the reefs, a long glassy swell that only broke inshore, and gulls had flown south in white strings. With nightfall, the swell grew heavier. It was full moon and high tide. I was with Angus in the cabin, and it shook. All Wilderness shook to the shaking of the sea.

We went to bed. I slept and woke. I'd never heard such a swell as was breaking on the island. Angus was up and had made a light.

Seeing me awake, he said, "This is not just a storm. There has been a blow-up among the north islands, a crater has opened under the sea, perhaps." He seldom spoke to me so directly. I felt excited and in some strange way the noise on the surf made me happy. I wanted to sing, but didn't dare. I lay and listened to the noise of the old white drift logs hurled crashing in the dark among the standing timber, and won-

dered what would come ashore. Once a table had been washed up, once a case of tin cups, and once a box of women's slippers. I kept the sodden slippers a long time in a hole under the rocks. They were red and blue, with high heels. I never knew there were such things. I tried to imagine the feet that would fit them—little, white, and very soft; until one day the tide washed the slippers all away.

As soon as it was light, I went down to the shore. Many trees had fallen and the leaves were all covered with salt. The tide was out, but the shallows were still white and the reefs thundering. I'd turned to walk along the tide mark, when I saw, on the inner rocks, a man lying, who raised his hand to me.

All in a moment time turned back and I and the world were different. We had gone back together. I was a child, and I was lying out on a reef, and raising my hand in just that way to Splendid Ross. And yet I knew myself, with trouble and confusion, to be Ross McClure as well, standing on the edge of the Shilco Rip, and that child calling to me beyond. That knowledge was a law for me, the law of Splendid Ross; though all the while I was just Ian, and that was not the Shilco Rip, but the infinitely milder surf inshore on Wilderness.

Well, it was heavy for me, for I was only a boy; heavy for me perhaps as the Shilco Rip for Ross . . . . I was in it, to my knees, to my thighs. The sand under the foam seemed to spin away, to fall in great hollows. One minute it was sand, the next foam. I fell. I swam, choking, and the incoming surf dashed me back. The wash dragged me out. I struggled to stand. The depth was only to my heart, which felt hot as fire, though I was cold.

"Ross," I said, "the Rip was deep, and you swam it all the way for me." I went on. My head and my heart felt as though they would break. I thought, if I felt such pain fighting the shallow surf off Wilderness, what had Ross felt when he fought the Rip with me?

Then there was rock under my hands, under my feet. I climbed up. There was fire in front of my eyes like the fire in my chest. Through it I saw the man lying above me, his head on his arms. I climbed up to him and lay down beside him. Presently he lifted his head and looked at me. I saw the look I knew so well come into his eyes; disappointment; dislike.

"Why," he said, "you are only a boy!" He dropped his head on his arms again and shut his eyes.

I looked at him as he lay. He was the first man I'd seen beside Angus for more than two years. He was one of the few strangers I'd ever seen. He was young but not at all like any of us. He was dark. He had all over him a look of quickness, so that it was queer to see him lying still. It's the same way when you find a hawk asleep. I put out my hand and touched him. I felt of his black hair all gray with salt, his cold ear, his soaked clothes. I crept down and touched his feet. I was excited, happy as I'd been in the night. I felt that in a little while I might love him almost as I'd loved Ross, just because I'd found him. Ross had said it was worth while, and for the first time I began to understand that.

When I could speak, I said, "You better come ashore with me."

Without opening his eyes, he said sullenly, "My foot's hurt. You're too little to help me ashore. Ain't there a man you can fetch?"

Something made me answer "No."

The man groaned. He said, "Then I must stop here."

He would not speak again. I looked over the rocks behind us, where all the time the waves had been thundering. I watched the hollows of the waves. Each one was darker and deeper. A little while, and they would sweep over the ledge again. I went back and lay down beside the man.

In a little he turned his head. He said, "Ain't you gone?"

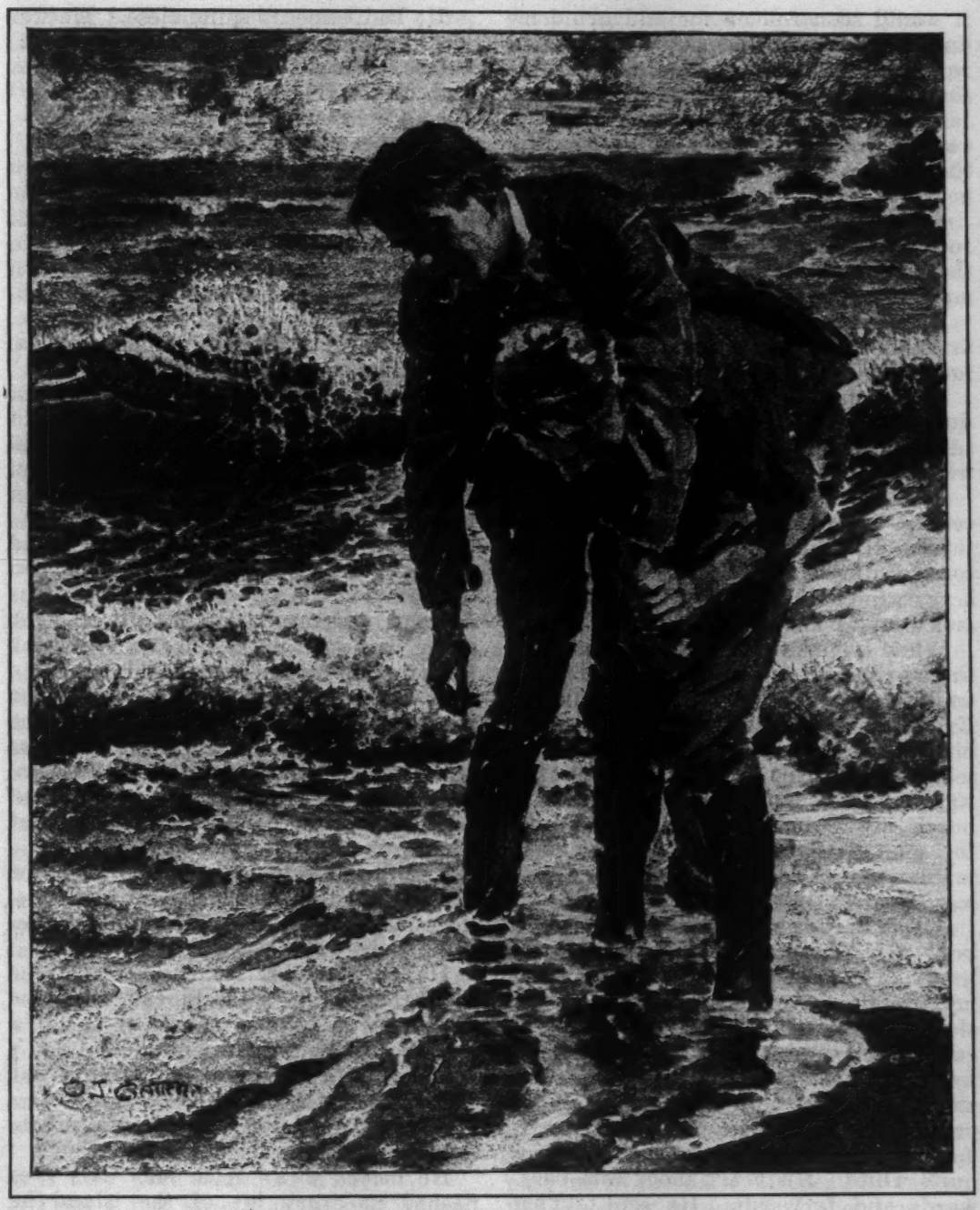
I said, "No."

"Why? You better go."

I shook my head. Living on Wilderness had made me dumb and stupid. I tried to say that having found him I couldn't quit. Ross would never have quit me out on Shilco.

He said, "You better go. You'll be drowned too."

The feeling of Ross was very strong with me. I laughed at him. It seemed, all in a minute, right funny to think of leaving him there and going back without him.



I took his arm and put it around my shoulders. Together we lowered ourselves into the sea.

When I laughed he stared at me a long while. Then he said something under his breath. His eyes changed, and I was glad. He turned over, pulled himself to his knees, and then to the rim of the ledge. I took his arm and put it round my shoulders. Together we lowered ourselves into the sea. His hurt foot hit the rock, he screamed out, for a moment his whole weight was on me; somehow I held him up. We struggled on through the surf.

Again and again my senses swelled queerly, so that I was all sight, all hearing, all hands. Again and again I thought it must be the rock itself I held, that was slipping from me, pushed violently here and there by the waves; that

it would soon roll on me and grind me deep into the flowing sands. Again, it would seem that I helped him easily; for I was Splendid Ross, and it was only Ian I carried, a child; though in my ears was the drumming of Shilco Rip, the muffled drum of my own breaking heart. . .

At last I lay beside him again upon a rock, and I knew that I myself was Ian, that I had brought the man to shore, and that Splendid Ross was far away.

Then, if you will believe me, for the first time I lay over on my face and wept for Splendid Ross.

The man I had saved watched me, dumb, curious. When I had finished I said, "I'll go now and fetch some one who will help you up to our cabin."

I left him and climbed the path to the cabin, but my grandfather was not there. His gun, too, was gone. I took some girdle-cake, and a cup of the elderberry wine we had made the year before, and went back to my man.

When I came to the shore, I saw something dreadful. The man had got up and was trying to run along the beach. Every few steps his foot went back on him and he fell. Then he dragged himself along on his hands. He went all ways, quite silent. At the end of the beach my grandfather stood, covering the man with his gun. As the lamed man moved, so the barrel moved. He was silent too.

All in a minute, I stopped being a boy. I felt quiet and strong. I did not hurry as I went down on the beach, past my grandfather and the gun. I went slowly, carrying the cold cake and the cup of berry wine so it wouldn't spill. I took it to the man crouched among the stones and said, "Here's something for you to eat and drink."

He stared at me, panting. He was quite white. His heart shook him backwards and forwards. He said, "That old man's going to shoot me, sure. He said so . . ."

I told him, "No, he won't shoot. He's an old man who's had great trouble, and it's made him crazy sometimes." As I spoke the words about my grandfather I knew they were true. From that time I was never any more afraid of Angus McClure.

I went up to him and said, "Give me the gun."

He had come up quite close. He was looking at me as if he had never seen me before. There was trouble in his look and fear. He said, "What is it, Ian? Who's the man? The stranger?"

"Just a man I pulled out of the sea," I told him. He stared at me, his mouth drooped, his fingers fumbled with the gun. I was so sorry for him my throat ached as if I would cry. I said to him again, "The gun, grandfather." He let me take it. He said in a whisper, "Ian, send the man away. We want no strangers round us here on Wilderness. They'll bring trouble."

I was pleased because the old man said "we" and "us," which he had never done before. There was a mist in my eyes. Even so, I noticed the quick glittering curious look the dark man had for Angus.

"Ay, I'll go," he said before I could speak. "I'm no spy on whatever you have here . . . My name's Jens Morgen, and my boat was split on your outer reef last night on my way back from a trip north, where I'd hoped to find copper. I was tossed on the inner reef, and there I'd be now but for the boy." He looked at Angus as if he was ready to be in a fright of him again, then back at me. "Say," he went on softly, "it must be something good that keeps you two here alone?"

I said, "It's just his sorrow keeps us here." I knew Jens Morgen did not believe me. And I chilled to him for pretending he did.

He changed his look. "Well," he said, taking up the cold cake and the wine and almost winking at me, "a word's enough for a friend. And don't you doubt I'm a friend after what you've done for me."

"Well," I said, "it wasn't much. And my old man tried to shoot you."

He looked away from me. His eyes flashed at every bit of the island he could see. He laughed. "I don't bear a grudge. Maybe it's no more than I'd have done in his place. . . Now I'll ask you nothing but to bind my foot and the loan of a boat to take me to the mainland. I'll get a boat there, and fetch yours back to you before the week's out."

It came round as he said. He would not even go up to the cabin to dry or rest. He'd been half-dead on the reef

an hour back, and now seemed all alive, like a fish returned to the sea. We bound his foot in brined cloths and set him in our boat. He poled out and raised the sail to the peak and caught the sheet. The boat took the channel in one rush. He was steering true, choosing the deep by instinct. He was a seaman, like those my grandfather told about in the Isles. The sea was in him, his veins were salty and cunning . . . He looked back at me and grinned.

"Good-bye," he called. "I'll fetch the boat back. I'm your friend. Some day you'll tell me what you and him are hiding on Wilderness!"

I didn't understand, and I didn't like him very much. But Wilderness seemed lonely. His thin face, the water drops in his ears, his dark thin feet and way of speaking, all these were pressed into me like the mark of a stone in wet sand. I knew I'd never forget him.

Three or four nights later, I woke in the dark. I wondered at first if the old man had called me, but he was lying asleep on his back, with his hands clasped over something. I went to the door and looked into the night, all solemnly breathing of the sea and the forest. There were stars shining through the thin burnt trees on the top of the rocks that were heaped into a hill behind our cabin. Here another star wandered, swaying, rising, checking; like the lantern in the hand of a man looking for something. Only there was no other man on Wilderness and no lantern but ours.

The spark moved up and down, and I watched it. I was afraid. I seemed to guess for the first time that I lived my life in the midst of a world of other lives and things, some of which must have a meaning for me.

I could hear the stags calling gruffly, as if they were scared of it too.

Then I felt strong again and angry. Creeping back into the cabin, I brought out the gun, and began to climb the hill. I made no sound at all in my bare feet. When the spark was level in front of me, though some way off, I steadied the gun and fired.

All the still and hollow night broke into a great booming noise that roared among the hills. The spark vanished. From above me came a scatter of stones and a rush of frightened deer. They went coughing past me in the dark. I smelled them, they were so close. And closer yet, mixed up with their rush, was something that plunged past me on two feet, panting and swearing; so near that his salt-smelling coat brushed in my face, so near that I could have put out my hand and touched his hair.

The deer swung aside and were swallowed in the forest. The other went down to the beach, I guessed in a panic of terror. My own heart was beating sickly in my throat. I heard the clatter of stones, the grind of a boat pushed off hurriedly, then the beat of oars dying away.

Lonely, puzzled, only a weak boy again, I sat on the rocks holding the cold gun. I'd seen nothing. But the dark was everywhere imprinted with a face, quick hands and feet, and hard curious eyes.

Next day we found our boat tied up at the landing. Then I knew, though I said nothing about it, that our old gun had twice been leveled at Jens Morgen.

I climbed up the rocks, but they were just as they had been. I looked out to sea, but in all the miles between us and my old home there was no sail.

After that we were left alone on Wilderness for a long while.

My old man was content. He only felt safe from sorrow when we were alone. He never spoke of it, but with my new thoughts I guessed it was so. I was full of new thoughts in those days. The hours when I saved Jens Morgen from the sea, when I fired on him in the dark, divided life in two for me, like a wall.

I grew very fast and strong. In a year, I could swim the tide-race between our reefs. Instead of lying awake at night listening to the deer, I used to steal out and shout, and laugh when they dashed past me in the dark. Instead of calling the seals for company, I shot one and skinned it. The hide wasn't much good. For no reason at all I made the best of it into a pair of small shoes, as much as possible like those red and blue slippers the sea had washed away years ago; I even shaped a pair of high wooden heels. I hid them in a dry hole in the rocks, and would often, for no reason at all, take them out and handle them. Sometimes they were warm from the sun-warmed rock; and then I would feel as

if some one had just drawn them off her feet, and had run away and was hiding from me, waiting for me to find her. I never knew I was lonely, except when I held those little shoes.

Every spring Angus took the boat and went to fetch our year's supplies from the settlements. He never took me. It was the year he brought me back a suit of full-size man's clothes for the first time that I thought I'd go over and see Serge, my own father; and Anastasia; and Varna, the little girl.

I had not seen them all that long while. I had a grudge against them which grew with my growth, that they should have given me away like that in payment of an unpayable debt.

Angus was used now to having me come and go as I pleased. I put some food in the boat overnight and sailed before it was well light. Dawn found Wilderness a blue height behind me on the rim of a blue sea.

All day I sailed shoreward among the sea-islands I'd passed in the mist that day my father took me to Wilderness. I did not want to reach the land till the evening. I sailed about one island and another, seeing how men had come to our country in the last years; one had been lumbered over, another had a mine on it, another had a new wharf with a tug tied up there.

Late in the day I lifted the peaks of the coast hills that were behind our house. I knew them, and how the forested ranges rose and hid the snow peaks; and, as I sailed nearer, how the forest lifted and hid everything. I saw again our little fields and buildings clinging between the forest and the sea.

In the twilight I brought the boat alongside the old wharf and stepped out. There were only two or three boards left to walk on and these gave under me. The wharf had never been mended since I left.

Towards the house the half-acre Ross had been clearing had gone back to bush, and was covered with young poplars; in the half light their leaves glittered like glass. There were no beasts in the upper corral. Everything looked poor, worn, half deserted. I went up to the house through long grass and looked in at the window.

For years these things, these people, had been like thoughts of the dead to me. Now, just by looking through a window, they were alive and real, and it was Angus and our life on Wilderness that seemed in a moment dead and far away.

I saw Anastasia in her place. As is often the way with those already old and able for no change but the last one, she had not altered at all. Her picture of the young man pierced with arrows was nailed to the wall, and her black old eyes were lifted to it. I knew that she never expected to see Angus again, or the picture would never have been nailed there.

My father was sitting at the corner of the table, facing another man who had his back to me. Serge had aged; he looked poor, worn, lonely, like the place. He did not seem to have gained anything by giving me away to Angus. Then the man facing my father turned his head. And it was Jens Morgen.

In my surprise I stepped away from the window, but he had not looked for me nor seen me. A young girl came into the room carrying a pitcher of water and a tin cup as bright as silver. She gave Jens to drink from the cup, and he made her hold it while he drank.

She was very young, tall, and grave. As I remember her, I know that womanhood was only a shadow of something more lovely on her hard, bright looks. She was so fair, she glittered like the cup in that dark place; but you could not say from what spring she would be filled. She took the cup away without smiling at Jens, who had never taken his look from her while he drank. Until she was gone, I never thought that she was Varna.

All the while I had been looking for Varna to put her little face out from under the table and flutter her fingers for wings. The change in her seemed quick to me as the change from a seed to a flower, and much more wonderful. I did not know what it all meant—only that in a moment I had become so much aware of Varna and all she did that it seemed as if it was to me she had brought the water in that shining cup—to me, not to Jens Morgen.

Then I heard Jens speaking. What he said held me there, for it was what I was doing myself, or else I would have followed Varna when she went out, and then things might have been different.

He said, "I looked in at the window again and saw him lying asleep."

"That's more," answered my father heavily, "than I've seen this long while."

"He always sleeps *so*," Jens went on, "with his hands closed over it and the gun at the bed's head. The same gun that he's fired at me."

"He's an old man," answered my father in the same dull way. "The island's his. He keeps the loneliness that's good for him."

"No one," laughed Jens, "however old or crazy, keeps *nothing* with a gun! And shoots it off, too."

I was puzzled, but I laughed to myself in the dark, thinking how it wasn't old Angus who had fired that gun.

"Listen." Jens spoke as if his mind was impatient of things as slow as words. "After I was cast on Wilderness, and your old man was all for shooting me out of hand for fear of what I'd see—no other reason—I came to you and worked for you a while here, didn't I?"

It was news to me, we'd been so alone on Wilderness. My father nodded.

"It was no good. I tried to make you listen then. I told you then that the old man had hold of something good. But you wouldn't do anything. The island was his, anyway, you said; and you was all for sheep. If you'd capital to clear more land, you said, and get new stock, you was safe to make money this time. For there was a weekly boat coming, and the Welshmen at Deepwater, you said, homesick for mutton.

"I loaned you the money. Didn't I? Then I went off north on the rumor of a strike. I found no gold. But I tell you, the story of Wilderness was known. By heaven, it was there ahead of me!"

He struck his hands together. It was strange to me to think that any story of our island was known about the world, and I made no bones of listening.

"I tell you they had it all—an island far south, with just a wild boy and a crazy old man on it, and shooting to kill any man that landed, for fear they'd find the gold the island was full of . . .

"I come back. What'd I find? My money was gone. You'd cleared a few stumps and quit. A cougar'd got your ram, the weekly boat had never come, and the Welshmen at Deepwater was eating pork. You're a failure, ain't you?"

"I did my best," said Serge, "but there's bad luck on the place yet."

"There's no bad luck a little bold doing wouldn't cure. To rot here, you and your place and the old woman and the girl—to rot and fall like trees—when maybe there's gold on Wilderness!"

After a little my father said sullenly, "I don't know and you don't know. Anyway the island's his. He took it up long ago to make a summer home for his first wife. Now what'll you say?"

"I'll say, share and share alike in the family. My share might pay me for what I loaned you to raise sheep. And I look to be in the family soon. I look at it that way."

Presently my father dropped his head with a groan. "I'll say you're a hard man, Jens Morgen. And a bad one, I think. What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing to hurt."

My father said uncertainly, "I don't trust you."

Jens got up and took him by the chin and tilted his face to the light. In the same uncertain way he'd spoken, my father struggled to get free, staring at the other. Jens stared back; then laughed and laughed, and let him go.

"It has you!" he grinned. "It's got you at last. I've been through five strikes, and there's not a man in the world it won't get at one time or another when he's up or down."

"I'm down," said my father, "but there's a limit to what I'll do."

"And it's soon reached," laughed Jens. "All right, I always do the dirty work myself," and he went out whistling.

I stopped by the window, thinking of all I've thought about often enough since. Even then, I knew Jens for the kind he was, and it's a kind that always brings trouble. Without any anchor in the world, one thing or another owns them—drink, wandering, women or gold. Gold owned Jens. He saw it every place. He'd come to believe for a fact there was gold on our island, and that Angus knew it and was hiding it from the rest of us. I guess he'd started that story about it himself. He laid his belief on Serge, just as

Angus looked up at him kindly. "I'm glad to see you," he said. "What do you want?"

Anastasia had laid hers on him in the matter of giving me away to Angus. I wondered what I ought to do. Then it seemed best to do and say nothing till I saw what Jens Morgen would do.

I went back softly. Then I walked up to the door and into the room. "Father," I said.

Old Anastasia got up, shaking. She screamed out, "Ross!" But my father stood up and came to me. For a minute the trouble fell from him, he looked strong and fine again.

"No," he said, "this is not Ross, this is *my* son." He took me in his arms. "O Ian," he whispered, "if only you'd come a while sooner!"

I was silent, wishing I'd come in before; before he'd set himself that way with Jens; wishing that I would not have to be against him in the trouble I felt was to come between us all. But it was not my fault I'd been given to old Angus. I would do the best I could for each of them if there had to be more trouble.

Then I put it out of my mind and sat and talked with my father. His hand was over mine, he looked at me shyly. Old Anastasia whispered to her picture. Jens had a shack back in the woods, I did not see him again. When the moon rose Varna came in, walking as brightly in the shadows of the house as though the moonlight dripped from her. She was cold and grave. But when she knew I was Ian she smiled for the first time.

I stayed with them that night and into the next day. It was dark before I moored the boat again on Wilderness.

The cabin was full of moonlight as a pail is full of water. My old man lay asleep on his back, his hands clasped over a little packet he always held to his breast, the gun leaning by the bed. He always slept that way. Now I saw him with new eyes, with Jens Morgen's eyes. I wondered if that was all Jens had seen the times he'd climbed the path and looked unknown into our window—if indeed my grandfather had some secret there which would make us all rich if we knew it.

I lay down. Last night I had not slept at all for the faint sound of Varna's breathing through the boards that divided us; it had seemed to make her present and visible to me from head to foot as she slept. Now I slept, and dreamed that I put the sealskin shoes on her feet and that she ran away.

The next day I tried to forget the dream. It puzzled me. I began to think of Jens Morgen and what he would do.

He did nothing for a time, and that was hardest of all for me—to wait, not knowing the happening that was to come out of time, like a fox out of the bush.

Then I began to know that we were not always alone on Wilderness. I would wake at night and seem to see a face just vanishing from the window. I would feel some one near me in the dark. I would see the mark of a keel in the clear sand the tide was covering, or footprints in wet moss at morning. Twice I saw a thread of smoke inland, a blur against the sky; and I followed it for miles, for this was the season of bush fires; but when I came to the place, the fires were out. I could not find them at all. Some one I never saw came and went cunningly. A dozen times I took the gun and ran into the dark, only to stand while the wind washed round me and the beat of my heart died down, hearing only the sea and the forest, the sounds of Wilderness. Or was something added to them? Ripples on a boat slipping through the water, feet moving softly on the rock? Or just the going of my own dread?

That year I had more strength in me than I could use. I was building a new cabin for me and my old man. One day I was looking at the timber in a canyon at the back of the island where I very seldom went. This canyon had a level of rock like a shelf at the higher end, and a dead fir stump white as bone was on the shelf. Climbing the canyon, there was something queer about the stump, a tiny patch of color, as if a flower had budded from the dead wood. I hauled up on the ledge at last, and then I saw what it was.

Some way, I could not believe it at first. Anastasia's picture of the young man shot with arrows was tied to the stump with knots of grass. A little penthouse of green boughs had been built over the picture, but a beam of light had slipped under and glowed on the red blood and the rainbow and the gilded frame until it had shone out like a flower.

I was quite brought down to see this thing in such a place. It made me ashamed to think what it must mean. I hated the thin white face of the man in the rainbow as if he'd seen something disgraceful to us all. But there was nothing to do yet. I went on building the house.

I was looking for a good cedar growing on the cliffs, so that when I felled it, it would go into the sea, and I could tow it round to our landing. One day when I had gone right across the island I fell and hurt my foot. I waited a little to rest it, cut a stick and walked with that. It was dark long before I was home.

I was of a height with old Angus now. I was walking stiff on a stick like him. There, on the black trail, I walked clear into the arms of a man who had been waiting for me.

I tried to jump away, but his hands had closed on me. I flung up my hands to push his head back. Then I felt sick and wild, and my flesh seemed to twist. For he had no face.

In a minute I knew he had a cloth over it. But in that minute, when I had been all warm and weak with horror, he had lifted and thrown me, but so that I was not hurt. Indeed, it was he that seemed to be hurt, for, as I fell, he groaned.

Then I knew for sure. I lay quite still, for fear I might hit my own father.

He groaned again. His fingers went over me as if he was afraid. I wore round my neck a knife on a thin cord, and felt his shaking fingers pass inside my shirt and stop on this cord. I heard him sob; and then the cord strained and snapped, cutting me to the bone. He was gone. I lay on the trail, wondering what I would do without my knife.

Soon I got up and limped home. It seemed to me that the time had come for my old man to trust me.

He was in bed when I went in and lit the lamp. Under his white brows he stared at me. I went to him and pressed both my hands on his.

"Grandfather," I said, "will you tell me what it is that day and night you guard here round you neck?"

As he looked at me all his fine grand appearance broke up. In the long quiet years of my growth his mind had quite gone, and now I realized it.

He said, "No, no!" and held the little packet close. "No, no, Ian. No

one must know what's here till Splendid Ross comes home."

My heart ached, but here was the trouble on us; and likely to be black, with son against father and father against son. I had come now to think it possible that Angus had found gold somewhere, and written down the place, and was keeping the knowledge for Ross. And I knew now my old man was not safe with it, no, not even from his own son.

So I coaxed him, "No one shall open this or know what's in it till you give the word. But now there's a danger that it'll be stolen from you."

He said trembling, "Ian, boy, what will I do?"

"Give it to me," I said, "and I'll wear it for you."

I had to talk a long while. And then he would not give it, but he let me take it. When it was hanging round my neck he lay watching me, and I could see the thoughts, foolish and cunning, soft and wild, following in his eyes like clouds in a sky. He said suddenly, as if he knew all about the danger I feared and the trouble I was sure of, "Maybe it'll be no safer on you than on me."

Well, there was that to think of. Suppose Jens did me a mischief for what was in the cloth, who would take care of my old man?

Then the thought came to me—I've never been sure if it was sent from heaven or from the other place.

"Give it to me," I said, "and, God's truth, I'll put it to-morrow in the one place in the world where no one will ever find it!"

He trusted me for that. I stayed an hour or two, making believe to sleep, the little wad of cloth in my hand and the thought running through me as if it was blood and breath together. Then I got up and took the boat and set out for the land.

With the first light I lifted the wooded hills. In the old way I watched the forest hide them, after they had hidden the peaks. At sunrise I was waiting among the poplars on the half-acre Ross had started to clear; waiting for Varna to come to me there.

I knew she would come. I was as sure of it as if she had often and often done it before. For inside the curtain of shining poplar leaves was the quietest place in the world, and I felt she was one of those souls who, in the morning and evening, have a need of quietness.

I seemed to know the very place where she would penetrate the wall of little leaves, for here I waited, here I looked; and here she came, walking with bare feet the length of a great tree which lay where Ross had thrown it, years back.

Little ferns, mosses, and shalol bushes grew thick along the trunk. I watched her feet, and they looked rosy and white like the bells of the shalol flowers. In a minute, as she did not stop, I felt that she knew I was there, just as I'd known she would come.

I looked up into her face then, as she stood above me on the log, and said, "Hello, little Varna."

She looked down on me. She seemed to stand on a great height like a mountain, and her eyes were cold; they had the morning quietness in them.

She said, "Ian, are you here to see your father? I don't know if he's home yet. He's often away now, and yesterday he was away."

"No," I told her. "In the morning and the evening, Varna, my father's nothing to me."

She stood above me, looking down with her bright cold face. She said, "I think you're talking wild, Ian, as you did when we were small. And it's not right your father should be nothing to you at morning or evening or any time of the day, even if——"

But I said, "He's nothing in the morning or the evening because then I think most of you, Varna. But, indeed, there's times when no one but you seems anything in the world, Varna, since I saw you the other day. And if you were out of the world, then the world would be nothing."

I said this to her as if I'd thought a long time about it. But until I saw her, I never knew there was such thought in me, nor words to say it out. Something stronger than I was seemed to speak through me; and now I know it was so, but then I was only a boy.

She looked down at me, wondering upon me. Meeting her eyes, my face burned; I was burned all over with that I could never say. And I saw

deepen on her that shadow of trouble that made her prettiest, as woods are prettiest at evening. She leaned a little from the tree.

"What do you mean, Ian?"

"I mean I love you, Varna."

She whispered presently, looking away from me so that I could only just hear her, "What does that mean, Ian?"

"I don't know. I can't tell you. I'm too young to be wise, to tell you as I'd like. But I guess you saw what I mean in my face a few nights back, Varna dear."

She asked, gazing far off from me, "Does it mean what old Angus had for Fiona?"

"Yes, it means that."

"I never knew Fiona. I don't understand you yet, Ian. You're strange to me. All these years I've never seen you. I can't always remember you're the boy used to play with me under the table. Now you're a man."

"I'm a man now, Varna, when I look at you. I want you, Varna dear. I want to touch your feet, to hold your hands and your head, your bright head; to feel you very near me. I want——"

Suddenly her face burned as mine did, her eyes were no longer quiet. She drew a little away from me along the tree.

"—I want to make you very happy, Varna. I want to take care of you all my life, and if you die first, to be sorry for the rest of it."

The blush left her, her eyes filled with tears. Presently she held out her hands to me. "Lift me down, Ian," she said.

"Come, little Varna," I whispered, and lifted her down. My arms went round her, she was so near. I was quite quiet now, and the quiet had come back to her eyes. She did not try to go, but stood leaning a little against me. Together we watched the sun coming on leaf after leaf.

Soon she whispered, "I must go now."

I let her free at once, but she did not go. I said, "Do you love me a little?"

She looked at me shyly, "Do I know what it means yet, Ian? I would like to know, to please you. But we're both very young to know anything. Serge told Jens Morgen last week to have patience, I was only a child."

The lovely time was gone. I felt stiff and angry. I said, "What's Jens Morgen to do with this?"

Her face burned. I asked her again and again. At last she said sadly, "I think I'm learning to know what it is. Yesterday I didn't know what Jens had to do with it. Now I think he wants me too . . . I've seen him look at me as you did when I was on the tree, but not—not as you did when I let you lift me down . . ."

"Little Varna," I told her, "I think Jens Morgen is a bad man. At least, he's making trouble between my father and my old man. Now, as you know, Serge gave me to Angus years back in part payment for my Uncle Ross, so I'm on the old man's side in the trouble, which indeed I think is the right side. But I want to do the best for all of them. I can't tell you what the trouble is, but it may be bad. There's bad work about, against my old man. Now I ask you, Varna, will you keep out of the trouble, as free as a flower, if you can? Or will you be on a side in it?"

She looked at me with her large clear eyes. Then she came close to me and put her arms about my neck.

"On your side, Ian," she said.

If I'd been older I'd have laid my head on the earth in front of her and then gone away . . . But I was very young, and to be that is to be hard and ignorant. Even so I couldn't speak for a while, she was so brave and pretty.

Then I said, "That's my girl." I took out Angus's little packet and hung it round her white neck and pushed it into the front of her dress gently.

"I've no love gift for you to-day," I told her, "but this, which seems to be the cause of all the trouble, though I don't know what it is. I've sworn to my old man to keep it safe. And on your heart's the safest place if you'll let it be, for I think your heart is going to be mine. And in any trouble you would be safe. No one would think of hurting you any more than they would a flower."

Her hands closed over the place where the packet was. She said smiling, "I think I'd sooner have trouble from you, Ian, than peace from any one else."

I couldn't trust myself for any more. "O Varna," I said, "you're learning

very well!" I left her there among the sunny poplar leaves and ran down to the boat, and with a wild singing heart back to Wilderness; thinking more of the time when I would put the sealskin shoes on my girl's feet than of Jens Morgen. But for all that, I did not mean to be idle. And I told Varna I would come again very soon.

Meanwhile it seemed to me I must try and speak with my father. So I searched Wilderness for him, but whether he was not on the island in those days or whether he hid from me, I did not find him.

Then I thought there was one place he'd be sure to return to sooner or later. He'd go back to Anastasia's holy picture if it was hanging yet on the fir stump by his hiding place at the head of the canyon, so that he could cry and thump himself in front of it, the way he'd taken from his mother. For the dirtier the work to my poor father's mind the more want there was of prayer.

So I took the gun and something to eat and went to the canyon again, meaning to find out if the picture was there yet; and if it was, to wait there a while, in the hopes that my father would come, and then I would talk to him.

I went at night. A moon in the last quarter gave a dying light. The canyon was very wild and strange in it, and everything seemed not only a different shape but different stuff, so that often as I climbed I held back from stepping on solid stone, for fear my foot would go into a cloud.

A long way off the stump on the ledge glimmered as white as fish-bone, and when I came to it, I found the picture was there yet under its penthouse of faded boughs. So I lay down in the bushes, hoping that Serge would come in the morning.

At last, between sleeping and waking, I saw the bleached stump slowly redden, as though it had veins which ran blood and flushed it. It was the dawn reddening on the dead white wood. As I watched a man stepped silently out on the ledge and stood in front of the stump, looking down the canyon. I thought at first it was my father. And then I knew him for Jens Morgen.

As I knew him, I knew he was there for wickedness. But it was just an instinct that made my hand sink slowly and close on the gun. I'll swear I made no more noise than a leaf stirring. Yet Jens laughed.

Without turning his head, he said sharply, "Come out of the bushes, Ian."

I was so amazed I stopped still as if he'd put a bullet into me. He laughed again. "Are you going to shoot me in the back?" he asked in his gibing way. "Come out, anyway, so that the leaves won't hinder your sighting. Come out!"

I dropped the gun and went out to him like an unwilling dog. I was shivering with anger and shame. "Jens Morgen," I said, "once I saved you from the tide, and once from that very gun in an old man's hand, when you were scared enough. The gun I brought in my own defense, knowing what bad work you've started here already. Think back. Is it likely I'd shoot you from behind?"

He was silent as if I wasn't there, staring down the canyon.

"Jens," I said again, thinking back to the time he'd lain on the rock and I'd touched his hair and the salt drops in his smooth ears, "we've none of us hurt you. Why are you bringing trouble on us all?"

He answered slowly, "You've two things I want . . ."

I was silent then too, afraid that words would put a body on what was still only a shadow between me and Jens Morgen. I'd saved him long ago. I did not want to hate him. I saw his hands grip and a long shiver went through him.

"Two things," he went on under his breath, "and, by heaven, I don't know which of the two I want most. I don't, by heaven!"

I thought of Varna's arms round my neck, and in a way was sorry for him. I thought of my old man and his secret, and wondered if there was anything in the world worth making all this trouble about.

I said, "Do you think to get one or the other this way? Is it likely?"

He answered presently, "As likely as you was going to shoot me just now."

"You know how likely that was," I told him.

"So likely," he repeated idly after a while, "so—likely—that—I took the quickest way of making a young fool like you drop his gun!"

And there in a moment he turned and had me.

Never was anything so quick. It was a hawk's strike. He had his arms around me before I could well think, gripping mine to my sides, and was feeling with his feet to trip me. He could not do that, but I could not get free. We went spinning across the rock. And the fir stump that Serge had made a shrine, as if it was bad and on their side, did what he couldn't; for I caught my foot in the bleached roots and went down with him on top of me. I'd no chance then. I couldn't rise, though I dragged him the length of the rock and back. I couldn't get my hands free. I had to quit. I was done. I lay still, breathing as well as I could under the hurt of his hold; and he lay along atop of me, laughing.

"As likely as *that!*" he said.

When I could speak, I said, "Jens Morgen, you're a bad man. What are you doing with me?"

"Why," he grinned at me, "what did I follow you all that way but to keep you quiet and busy a while?"

I was so angry and ashamed at the easy way he'd got the better of me that I could say nothing but, "You're a bad man," like a child.

"Why, no," said he seriously to that, "not as bad as I might be, believe me."

"What do you mean?"

"Turn your head, Ian, boy."

I did. And there was nothing under my cheek but air. Miles of air, it seemed, deep as the sea. I was lying on the last edge of the rock, and Jens was holding me there. I could see the spruces under me on the canyon floor, little and still, sharp as green spears. A bird flew out between me and them, and dropped, and all my life seemed to drop with the bird.

"You see, Ian," I heard Jens say seriously, "if I was as bad as you think me, here was an easy way of keeping you good and quiet. Another few inches, and there'd have been an accident in the canyon, and your old man left alone, and no one any the wiser. But instead of that, I stopped you when you was rolling. And so, if you saved my life years back, I saved yours then, and we're square." He was quite grave and spoke as if I'd hurt his feelings. "I'm not what you think me, boy," he said, "I've a heart and a memory, but it don't do to tease me too far."

He got up and stood off from me as he spoke, and I said, "What are you going to do now?"

"You wait, Ian," he answered soothingly, "and now you'd better get up, Ian, for fear you'd get dizzy and roll."

I dragged myself in from the edge. I was dizzy and sick enough. I got to my feet. He was standing over by the fir stump, watching me very closely. I went to him and he stepped back, still watching me. I thought he was scared of something I might do to him, and laughed.

"O, Jens Morgen," I said, "can't you see you're safe enough from me?" He did not answer. I moved and he moved too. The light was in my eyes, dazzling me. I said bitterly, "What you going to do now, Jens?"

Out of the dazzle he stepped lightly up to me. "It's all right, Ian boy," he said, "I'm just going to keep you quiet awhile." And he struck me fair above the ear.

I saw the blow coming in his eyes before he raised his fist, but I couldn't get my hands up or my heavy sick head down. I took it straight and dropped. I went down, down, down. I thought I was falling down the canyon. Sparks like birds flew up past me, and a cry with them—"O, Jens Morgen, that was a bad blow!" Then it was all dark, and I was quiet enough, even for Jens Morgen.

It was a long time later I came to myself, burning up with heat. The sun was half west, and the light danced on the ledge like a flame on coal. I didn't know what had happened, only that I must get into the bushes or I'd die. I crawled into the shade, and could have cried with pleasure to feel the leaves between me and the sun. Then it all went black again, and from fainting I must have passed to sleeping. For I woke and it was evening. I was sound, only for a bad headache and a stiff neck. I knew everything that had happened, and then I was afraid.

For my old man . . . I ripped out of the bushes. The ledge was in shadow, long shadows striped the eastern side of the canyon. I'd been there on the ledge all day. And what had been doing at the cabin? There was something terrible in the trees, the birds going home, and the silence. There were miles of silence between me and the cabin.

The gun was gone. I thought of my old man, alone all day, and maybe wanting it. I swung off the ledge and dropped down through the trees as if I was diving into the sea. I pitched down the canyon anyway, swinging from stones and roots. In a little I was down by the stream at the bottom. It was dark there, shallow rapids frothed at me in the silence, all alone. I splashed through and only when I felt the mountain water sting me like salt did I know I was cut in twenty places. I drank on my knees in a pool and went on; climbing the other side; climbing towards the high trees that were yet in the sun.

Hundreds and thousands of trees, just like that, so still with the last sun on their spikes, between me and my old man.

It seemed to me that I went through the forest quick as a fire, but it was middle night when I came to our cabin. There was the sickly stale moon. I stood in the doorway, holding to the sides, and looked in. At first the place did not seem to have been touched at all. Then I saw that it looked different, as a face is changed by an unknown expression. Things were in their places, yet everything had been disturbed, handled, or spoiled. It was not the stuff I cared about. The cabin was empty. My old man was gone.

I ran out and searched for him. It was his white hair told me where he was. He was sitting among the rocks by the beach, quietly looking out to sea. His hair shone in the moon, and I ran to him. He had a cloth tied round his head with a clumsy falling knot, and he had the haft of an old oar in his hands.

"O, Angus McClure," I said, "what's happened to you?"

For a minute he had his old look. "I fought them well, lad," he said, "they didn't turn me out for nothing." I was proud of my old man. I knelt down by him and unbound his head. There was a red bruise under the white hair.

"Who did this?" I asked him, and even to myself my voice sounded hard and strange.

He shook his head. If he knew, he wouldn't tell. I prayed God it wasn't Serge who had given that blow. I bound it up afresh, and only one thing to come was to give me more anger than this.

"Grandfather," I said, "did they turn you out of the cabin?"

"Ay," he said with a gleam, "but they had their pains for it." Then the old look faded. He began to tremble, he touched my hair with his hand, and presently rested his head on my shoulder and wailed like a child.

"Ross," he said, "Splendid Ross, you're come home after all these years, and this was your welcome!"

Until day came I sat there, holding my old man in my arms. His mind had taken another weakness from the night. He would have it from then that I was Ross, and talked to me in the Old Language till my heart hurt. I thought what I might do with him. And at last it came to me he would be safer in his old home than on the island. True, Serge had gone over to Jens, but Serge would be as half-hearted in wickedness as he was in work, and I couldn't believe he'd hurt his own father. He would be sick and soft enough over the night's work, if I knew him. Then there would be Anastasia, and my Varna to take care of Angus. Altogether it seemed a fine way out.

I said to him, "Will you come home to the farm with me?"

"Yes, son of my heart, bright haired," he answered in the Old Language, "for sorrow's over now you're home again."

Well, it seemed a fine scheme to take him home, and fool Jens a little, and comfort Anastasia, and maybe turn my father to shame for his bad bargain. But I was sad all the same. For I was not Splendid Ross.

When it was light Angus said to me fondly, "Will we be going home now?"

But I leaned my head on my knees and told him, "No, we won't be going yet."

I looked up into her face then, as she stood above me on the log and said, "Hello, little Varna."

For our boat was not at the wharf where I tied her. They had taken her out and stove her on the outer reef. I saw her lying there broken up. Boards and strakes were floating in with the tide.

I seemed to hear Jens Morgen laugh. "As likely as that!" he said.

Without our boat we were in a prison. I could not get my old man away nor go and see Varna. Even our gun was gone. The only comfort was that my old man's secret, whatever it might be —and I wished it ill enough by this time—was safe where no one would think of looking for it, and that when

they'd ransacked our cabin they'd found nothing.

There was nothing to do. I set the cabin to rights. Then I baked bread. Even our loaves had been cut open when Jens and my father searched for the little packet. I threw them into the ebb and made new.

Time passed. Like those days of waiting, the sea was very still. Clouds drew over the sky and were glassed in the sea. Then everything was hidden in a hot haze that smelled of burning wood. There was no rest, though it was so still. I felt the battle all the time between us and those men who did not come.

Then I was standing at the door of the cabin, and the time was over. All my life drew to a point and waited; I knew that afterwards everything would be changed, as it had been from the day I first saw Jens; and I said aloud, "It's come. It's *now.*"

A boat drew alongside the wharf out of the haze. A man stepped out and began to walk slowly up to our cabin. Another man came out of the haze on the island and walked with him. My throat drew together. I did not know why I should be afraid. It was all I could do to stop there. There seemed to be a horror there, walking on me. And yet the man who had come in the boat was Serge, my own father; and the man who walked with him was Jens Morgen, whose life I had saved.

My father walked right up to the door with his head down. Jens fell back a little way and watched. I did not speak. In a minute my father looked up at me. He did not say anything for a little.

Then he suddenly shouted violently, "There must be an end to this, Ian!"

I said, "You and Jens Morgen have started something between you that it's out of your power to end."

He stared at me, his mouth working in his big brown beard. Presently he said, "I must see the old man. For God's sake, let me see the old man, and perhaps I can stop it." I stood back, and he went up to Angus, who was sitting at the back of the cabin, behind the hot stove. I followed him. Jens Morgen came and stood behind us in the door, and I saw the sweat start on my father's face, though he did not look round. "Father," he said in a queer groaning voice.

Angus looked up at him kindly. Since he had come to think I was Splendid Ross, he had gone all to kindness. He said, more gently than I'd ever heard him speak to Serge, "I'm glad to see you. What do you want? I'll be coming back to you soon, and then we'll get the half-acre under plough."

"I want that packet you used to wear round your neck," answered Serge in a loud unsteady voice.

"I haven't it on me," Angus told him. "I gave it to Ross here," and he looked at me as he used to look at Ross.

"You ought to have given it to me," said Serge. "I'm your son."

"O, man, yes," said Angus. "You're my son. But you're the son of the stranger woman and he's the son of my covenant."

Serge looked at Angus, then at me, as if his eyes were blind. There was a sick white shine on his face. "Ian," he said, "where did you put the packet when he gave it to you?"

I told him, "In a safe place," and Jens Morgen came one step into the cabin.

He said quietly, "Ask him if he knows what's in the packet and will tell, Serge," and my father asked me:

"Do you know, Ian?"

"No," I said, "I hid it without knowing."

Jens Morgen said softly, "That's a lie."

My father answered, as if he hardly knew what he was saying, "He never used to lie, not when he was a little boy."

"I'm telling you the truth," I said. "I don't know what's in the packet. But I know I'll never tell you where it is," and I smiled to myself to think how sweet and safe it was.

My father came up to me close, his face dark with blood; he was shaking in a sudden crazy rage like a sick person's.

He yelled at me, "Tell, or I'm through with you, and Jens here shall have it his way."

"You were through with me long ago," I told him. And in a moment it seemed to be so hard that my own father should be facing me there as if he hated me, that for fear I should cry, I laughed.

My old man had been listening with a clouded look. When I laughed, he smiled. "The laugh and the strength and the love of a man," he said, nodding his head at Serge. Serge stepped away quickly with his hand to his face. He said to Jens, "He'll never tell me."

"Maybe he'll tell me," answered Jens.

Then came something very bad, quick, and cruel—as bad a thing as I've known. All along I seemed unable to keep pace with Jens Morgen, and I did not match with him at the last. Now again he was as much too quick for me in action as he was too bad for me in thought. In a minute he had my wrists firm, and was holding my hand to the hot stove.

It was an ugly thing. Those were ugly moments. I strained against him, but his hands were like steel. Struggle as I did, I could not break away. I felt sick with pain and with the knowledge of what men would do. The walls of the cabin ran in great rings like water.

I heard Jens say, far away, "Will you tell now. . . ?"

Then a voice broke in with a howling cry like a dog's. My hands were torn free. I went spinning across the floor and dropped by the wall. I heard my father again, howling and crying, "Not that way! I won't have it! I'd sooner we'd all die than have it!" He was running round the cabin as if he was mad, his hands to his head; Jens, very white and wicked, watching him. At last he ran out of the cabin and down to the boat; Jens went after him, and I heard them beginning to talk and swear.

I rolled over on to the floor to my old man's chair and pulled myself up by it. He hadn't understood anything. I was glad of that.

He said, "Ross, are you sick that you look this way?"

"Yes," I said, "sick. Sick all through. Come away."

For I felt I must get away, hide from men and my new knowledge of them a little while, or go mad. Holding to each other, we ran out of the cabin into the haze, and stooped and crept among the rocks. We lay down at last in a hollow a good way from the cabin, above the beach. There we were hidden; at least for a little while.

We could see the cabin and the boat and the two men by it, but they couldn't see us. They seemed small and far off. For a little while they had no power to hurt us.

My old man said in my ear, "If I had the gun, Ross, I could be putting a shot into that black lad down there."

"This is no chance for shots," I said. And then I thought, perhaps here was a chance of another kind for us. It sent strength through me.

Serge and Jens were going up to the cabin again. If we waited until they were just in the door, and then raced down to the beach from where we were hidden, we might get off with the boat before they saw us. I measured the distances. I thought there was a chance. I spoke to my old man and asked him if he'd like to try it. He said he'd like it fine.

"And when we've the boat, Ross," he said, "we can go home. I'd like fine to go home with you now, for I feel sorrow on Wilderness."

"We must take the very minute, no more and no less, when they're in the door," I told him, "before they've seen the cabin's empty. And then we must run for it."

I pulled up to my knees—I was weak yet—and watched the men below us, going up to the cabin. My father walked as if his feet were stone. I could guess at Jens Morgen's face, bitter and white. I shivered, waiting for the right minute to come. I counted the paces between them and the cabin.

Suddenly my old man whispered, "There's another boat coming in." I turned my head. There was a boat putting in at our landing. It had come out of the smoke-haze like a ghost. I knew it. It was an old Indian-built fishing boat Serge sometimes used up the rivers. From the level of the cabin it would not be seen yet. But I could see it.

I knew. I think I was sure at the first sight of the old sail slipping through the smoke. And if to feel that your life has stopped is to die, then I knew what it was to die.

The boat put in to the wharf. I waited like a stone. The sail came down. I saw—o, my memory!—Varna step out and tie the boat. She stood up and looked about, setting back her hair with her hands. The haze was now thick, but in all she did she was clear to me.

Angus whispered, "They're at the door, son," but I could not move. Just that moment was ours. I could not move to take it. Varna smoothed her dress and walked along the wharf slowly.

"The time's come," said my brave old man. "They're in the door. . . " Then the moment was lost, gone as if it was a year old, and I had not stirred. And they had entered the cabin, and come out, and stood looking about to find us.

They had not seen Varna yet, nor she them. They would see her in a minute. And nothing would have come of it. Serge, maybe, would have scolded her for using that crank boat. For all the wickedness about, she would have been free of it. They did not suspect her at all, nor did she fear them. They would not have touched her, if it had not been for me.

Perhaps my mind was a little sick yet from what had happened in the cabin. Perhaps the pain had made me silly. It seemed to me right away that she was in some terrible danger, that something not to be thought of would happen when they saw her. The dread which I felt then was beyond any pain I was ever to know. I stood up among the rocks.

My old man snatched at me. "Down with you, you fool," he whispered with a flash of his old self. "If we've lost one chance at the boat there'll be another when they turn to look for us in the woods!" But there was never to be another chance.

For Varna stopped. She called me suddenly as if she was afraid. "Ian! Ian, where are you?" And Serge and Jens turned and saw her.

She was afraid of the strangeness of Wilderness; and of what she had done in coming to me there, fearing I was sick, I had been so long away. But I thought she was afraid of Jens Morgen; forgetting that she had as yet no reason to fear him at all.

I have no memory of quitting my old man. But I can yet feel and hear and see myself, as if I'd watched some one else, leap down the rocks to her. The two by the cabin staring suddenly up at me—her face upturned to me, the rush of air, my own wild voice running ahead of me. "I'm coming, Varna, Varna!"

My voice must have told Jens, as it would have told all the world, what he did not know before; my love for Varna; hers for me. . .

And quick as a snake he must have seen how to use it against us all. For he shouted out and began to run towards Varna too. And he was much nearer to her than I was.

She stopped still, staring from him to me. I thought she was too scared to move. But she was only bewildered. She had no reason to be scared of any man, nor any knowledge of what men would do. Through me, she was to have both. I was hurling my body down the rocks as it seemed no one could do and live. I was quick. But again Jens Morgen was my master.

He was close on Varna, running like the wind, and she staring at him. He laughed out. And then I think, she was afraid for the first time. She turned as if she would run to the boat, but she was too late.

He had her in his arms, laughing fit to kill himself. Though tall, she was slight as a branch, and he lifted her easily. I saw her get one hand free and beat him on the mouth, but he caught the hand and never stopped laughing. He began to run with her, up and past the cabin, away from Serge and from me. Just at the edge of the woods he stopped and cried back.

"One or the other, Ian boy-o!" he shouted. "That's fair! If I cannot have both, I'll have one, and you'll be the chooser! Bring me your wee packet and you shall have your girl again!"

Then it was as if a wall hid them. I was staring at the trees and the haze, and they were not there. The forest and the thickening smoke seemed to whirl in great rings edged with fire, and then I laughed too. Because Jens had both things he wanted, and did not know it; and because he had both, I couldn't give him one for the other; and above all, because it was through me he had them.

With no space of time at all, we seemed to be back in the cabin, and I was kneeling by old Angus, beating with my burned hand on his knees and saying to him, "Tell me what the silly secret is! If you've the blood of life in you yet, tell me what's in the little packet, and I'll tell Jens Morgen, and for the knowledge he'll give us Varna dear again. You remember little Varna that used to hide under the table? You'll

give us the gold of Wilderness for little Varna?"

The old man hid his face. The slow tears of old age came through his fingers. When he looked at me, I saw the knowledge of his own madness in his eyes.

"Son," he moaned, "I've forgotten!"

"Tell me," I said, "it's Ross asking you, Ross that you love. Tell me, or I'll go away again, and you'll be alone with sorrow." I was not ashamed even to say this. But it was useless.

"I've forgotten what's in the little packet I gave you to keep!"

I knew at last it was true. He had forgotten.

My father was on his knees beside me, as if I was very sick; I was reminded of the night they two had knelt by Ross. He took by hand now and began to bind it up in a greased cloth; he was crying, but I was very still.

I said to him, "That's right, tie it good and tight, but leave the trigger-finger free." He and Angus looked at me then as if they were afraid, more afraid of me than of Jens Morgen. When my poor father had done, he kissed the cloth over my burned hand, as he used to kiss the holy picture. But I did not feel anything at all.

The old gun stood against the wall. I suppose he or Jens had left it there. I took it up and loaded it. "O, Ian," said Serge timidly, "what are you going to do now in this black work?"

I said, "I'm going to kill Jens Morgen before he finds the little packet for himself." And I took the gun, and went out into the thickening smoke to do it.

The haze of smoke was very heavy in the forest. It seemed to cling among the trees and sprout from the branches like a new kind of the Spanish moss. It had been dark, too, but was so no longer. In a way I realized that I had been out the whole night searching for Jens Morgen, but I was past realizing anything very clearly.

The smoke rolled in on itself. I was looking down a long double row of trees, even as if they'd been planted. At the end I saw Jens standing. I shot him down. But when I went to look there was only an old burnt stump marked with a white streak where my bullet had scored the outer char.

I came to a pool, still under cedars, the smoke rolling off its surface as if off glass. He stood on the other side and laughed at me. I fired, and waited for the way that glassy water would smash and splash as he pitched in. But it was quite still, the smoke eddying on it, and Jens was not there.

I saw him walking ahead of me, mile after mile with a quick light tread through the smoke. I tried to make him hear me. I whistled and shouted, but he would not turn his head.

I said, "Look round, so that I can kill you. Even now I can't shoot you in the back, Jens Morgen," I said. But he kept right on, mile after mile, a little out of reach. He slipped away. At dawn I lay down and cried because I hadn't killed him yet.

I killed him and lost him a hundred times as I wandered the island, crazy with the pain of my hand. Then I was in a valley with a stream at the bottom. The smoke had become so dense I was crawling up the stream. A little wind slid down the valley, and it was burning hot. White ashes were falling around. I set my hand on them and they were hot, scorching. For a minute I was sensible. I thought, "The woods are burning on the other side of the island." I went on, searching in the smoke of their burning for Jens Morgen.

I was climbing a hill whose top was hidden in smoke. Wind, hot as the blast of an oven, rushed down the hill. I set my hand to the dry leaves. They were on fire. I thought I myself was the flame that had lighted them, and laughed. A tree behind me broke into flame, with a sound as if it shrieked. Then I touched every tree I passed. I thought they all broke into flame. A dozen behind me were flaring like torches. I went on, climbing the hill, looking for Jens Morgen.

Then I saw him again. He was climbing the hill too, not thirty feet away from me. The smoke came between us but did not hide him. I called him. "Jens, Jens, turn round so I can kill you!" He turned his head and glanced at me, but did not stop. He pulled himself up the face of a steep rock, and I raised the gun and shot. I thought how his arms would spread and he would slide down the rock. But there was no report. The gun did not go off; I had forgotten to load it. He went on, always in front.

I ran after him. I came to him and touched him, laughing crazily. I said, "Now I'm going to set you afire as I did the trees." but he looked at me indifferently, shook off my hand, and went on.

Then some bitter sort of reason came back to me. I went ahead, and turned on him. He came climbing up to me, his eyes looking beyond me into the smoke. He didn't seem to see me. It was as if I and my anger were dead, ghosts in the path.

"Jens Morgen," I said, "are you real this time?" I took him by the throat, and he was real enough; I felt the veins throb under my grip; it sent me mad in another way. I said, "You're real enough to kill." He tore at my hands, but this time I was stronger. I lifted him clear from the earth. If he had been rooted to it like a tree, grown of it like a rock, I felt that I could have lifted him and hurled him down.

He crashed through the dry bushes, sprawled along the stones, rolled, slid, and lay still. I wondered if he would vanish as he had done the other times in the night when I had killed him.

Presently he stirred, lifting his head. He looked up towards me but not at me. His face was clear white, there was blood on it. He got to his knees, and I saw that one arm hung loose from the shoulder. It was broken. He stood up, staggering from side to side, and immediately began to climb the hill again.

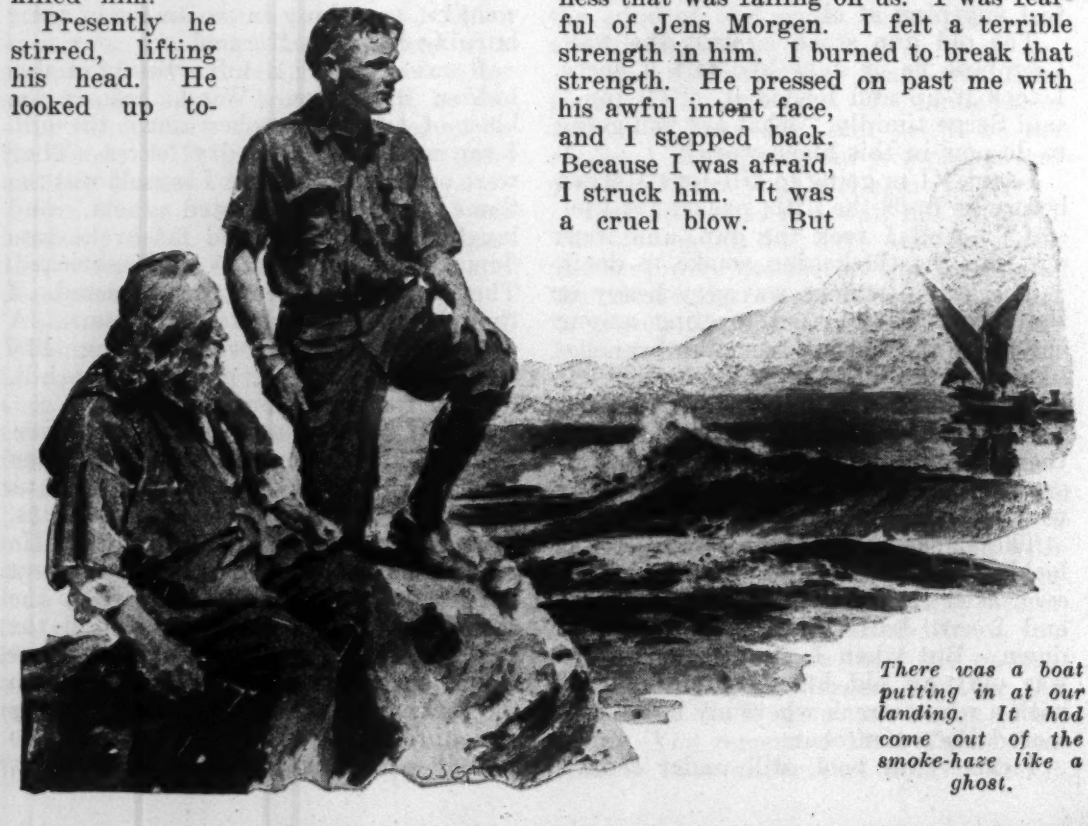
He came to me again where I stood above him, waiting to kill him. He took no notice of me. If I had not held him he would have brushed past me and gone on. He stood, without speaking, straining silently against my hold, his white face with the blood on it turned towards the top of the hill. A chill, of awe and fear, went through me. It made me sane.

"Jens Morgen," I said, "what's the matter with you?"

I said it twice. Then he heeded me enough to say indifferently, "I guess you've broke my arm for me, Ian."

"I'm here to break your neck," I said. "All night I've been looking for you. God's truth, you'll never make a joke of me again." But the words fell dead and foolish, without power to them. For indeed the man did not hear me at all.

I was angry at this change, this stillness that was falling on us. I was fearful of Jens Morgen. I felt a terrible strength in him. I burned to break that strength. He pressed on past me with his awful intent face, and I stepped back. Because I was afraid, I struck him. It was a cruel blow. But



There was a boat putting in at our landing. It had come out of the smoke-haze like a ghost.

he did not try to save himself, or to care that I had struck him. He fell again and lay at my feet as if he was dead, but his hands worked as if he would pull his dead body up the hill.

Presently he dragged himself to his knees. He could not stand. Paying no attention to me, his head swinging, his breath drawing in deep sobs, he began once more to climb. . .

My anger died. I went to him. I put my arm round him as I had done years back when I saved him from the tide. I helped him to stand. I whispered, "Jens Morgen, what's the matter with you that I can't kill you?"

He seemed to see me now for the first time. He said, "Varna."

"Where is she?"

"On the ledge at the head of the canyon where Serge camped when he was watching the old man. She's been there all night. And, Ian, she's been there alone. . . "

I said presently, "Tell me why you went away and left her there."

He looked at me strangely. "Because I was afraid to stop. What I wanted, what I thought to get by taking her—" He broke off, and vaguely wiped the blood from his face. "But then I knew better. There's only one thing I want after all, and that's come too late. . . So I went away from her into the woods . . . all night. In the night the wind changed. All the back of the island's burning, and the wind will be setting the fire up the canyon. I'm going to her. . . "

All the while he had been straining against my arm. Weak as he was from what I had done to him, he was pulling me up the hill; less by the strength of his body than by the dumb intent of his spirit. I thought of the man, of what he was, of what he had suffered at my hands. I was amazed. I wondered if in his place my love for Varna would have been great enough to send me away from her. . .

The silent smoke drove past us, bitter with the smell of fire. The ashes, white as snow, fell on us and scorched our clothes black. Jens Morgen pulled on my shoulder, drawing me up the hill. And I leaned and kissed his cheek as if he had been my brother.

"Jens Morgen," I said, "I came here to kill you. Maybe now I shall die with you. We'll go to Varna together."

He said, "The wind. It's blowing strong. The very earth's burning."

Later I said, "It's all one smother. God's truth, I don't know where we are from the canyon."

He said, "I know."

Soon it seemed to me that he was carrying me up the hill. He with his broken arm, I with my burned hand, we moved as if we were swept on a wind. But the wind was in our faces, burning hot, full of the flakes of charred wood and vagrant flames. For a time I would go on with him, burning too in that spiritual speed. Then I would be back in pain, struggling through the smoke, but either way the force that moved us on as though we only had one body between us came from him.

Once he fell. I lifted his head to my knees. I thought he was dead. But soon he began to beat with his hands and stammer. At first I could not get what he said. It was "Set me on my feet, set me on my feet. . . "

"Jens," I told him, "you need not fear I'll leave you. Rest, and we'll go on together." But he looked at me wildly, he struck me across the mouth . . . I did not care. He heaved himself off my knees. He had not strength to stand. He began to creep along like a snake half-broken, and that sight hurt me. I went after him and pulled him up, and we went on.

The heat was terrible. The leaves shrivelled and fell like dust before the blast of it. Then I fell, and lay without strength to stir. I watched Jens going away from me into the smoke. Only the knowledge I'd never find Varna without him gave me strength to move, to go after him just as he was vanishing into the smoke. He did not know I'd fallen. He never missed me at all.

The ground opened before us. There was space, and a great river of smoke, and the sound of burning in the hollow beneath us.

I said, "This is the canyon. Now we'll find Varna."

He said, "The fire's in the canyon. We'll have to go up, and cross above the ledge, and come down to her."

I could see nothing but smoke. A little black thing, struggling feebly, whirled upwards from it and dropped back. It was a bird. I felt sick. I

followed Jens Morgen up the side of the canyon.

Above the ledge where Varna was the canyon ended, except for a deep crack, never more than thirty feet wide, which ran back from it a mile and more into very rough country. Somewhere in this crack the stream was born. Years back, my old man had felled a big tree to bridge this crack, so that we could cross that way if we were in the rough country after the deer that used to be there. The deer had eaten the land out and gone; I had not been there for a long while. But the tree would be there yet. I guessed Jens Morgen had seen it when he was spying about the island and that he was making for it now.

I began to feel a sick, crazy worry that I would not be able to cross the tree with him; that I would hear the stream running in the deep cold crack, and plunge down to it.

I have no memory of how we came there. But we stood at last by the deep crack, and the tree was there yet, grown all along with ferns and shalol bushes, dead in the dead drought. I heard the water running at the bottom. The smoke was curling up from the earth we walked on, and the flesh seemed to be burning on our bones.

For the first time Jens stopped. He looked at the log, where the blown smoke carded through the bare twigs of the bushes, the wire stems of the ferns. I thought he, too, heard the calling of the dark lovely water. Then he ran out very quickly on the log, and I followed him. In a moment we were over the crack and plunging down through the thick bush towards the ledge where Varna was. My memory is that the bush was alight as we went through it, but maybe I was sick.

At last the smoking moss, the charred leaves on which I had been treading for ages, changed to clean rock. I laid my hands on it a moment. It was a little cool. I went on.

A tall thing came reeling to me out of the smoke. I went right up to it and stopped. It was the dead fir stump, white as bone; there was the penthouse of withered boughs Serge had made to guard the picture. But the picture was gone.

I looked down.

Varna lay under the stump. She had been loosely tied to it with a rawhide, but some brand had fallen on the rope and charred it through. She hadn't known she was free. Or perhaps she hadn't dared to quit the ledge for fear of the fire. Under her cheek she held Anastasia's picture. It was undimmed; she seemed to lie with her face to a red, white, and gold flower. She looked like a flower; fallen.

I knelt down and put my good arm under her and tried to lift her. I looked up without hate at the man who had bound her here, who had left her here and now came back to her, because he loved her.

I said, "She's dead, but we won't leave her to the fire, Jens. I couldn't leave little Varna to the fire, like the birds. She loved birds."

He looked at me, his blackened lips moved, but there was no sound. I knew he was saying, "Come! Come on quick . . ." I tried to rise, to lift Varna. I could not. My hand would not hold, she slipped from it like water.

I said to him, humbly as a child, "Jens, I can't carry her."

He knelt. Some way he got his sound arm under her and rose, holding her to his side. Her head drooped on his shoulder, her fair bright hair fell over him. He did not look in her face. Bearing her with him like that, her feet just clear of the ground, he ran back to the tree.

Here, suddenly, he turned. His face was strange. It seemed to have a light in it, though he looked at me with his old mocking smile.

"Will I carry her all the way back for you?" he said.

I looked at him humbly. I could not understand the expression of his eyes. I said, "Why not?" I spoke as if I was in a dream. "You found her. She's dead, but you found her—dead like the birds."

He stood watching me. The same way he'd stood and watched me once on the ledge before knocking me senseless. Now he gave me no blow. But with his eyes on mine, he raised Varna's head and kissed her deliberately on the mouth.

I went up to him, trembling. I had been hot, now I was cold. I was strong and angry. "You'll be a devil to the last, Jens Morgen," I said. I took

Varna roughly out of his arm into mine. He smiled at me; his old, hard, sneering smile.

"Take her," he mumbled with dry lips, "take her across . . . *quick* . . ."

I turned from him and began to carry her across the log that bridged the cleft.

And half way over, I understood. I cried out. I tried to run with that dear thing I held in my arms. I felt the old log under me tremble and sway.

For it was all afire. All the while, when we first saw it, when we had crossed by it, it must have been smouldering. Now great clots dropped from it and flared into flame. It was hollow, all eaten out by the fire. I carried Varna across a burning shell that would hardly bear our weight.

We were across. I turned, looking to see Jens behind me. But he was standing on the other side; something I screamed out with my scorched throat. He slightly shook his head. I looked at the bridge.

Hardly had it carried us. Now, before my eyes, it crumbled, drifting into a great cloud of burning ash. It was wonderful that it had held so long the shape of a tree. I would have left Varna, I think, and gone back to him. I would have gone back to him. But there came a burst of flame. The end near me curled and split into charred shakes, the whole rolled, broke, pitched ruinously into the crack. The smoke, unspanned, billowed and heaved like water, then was still.

"Jens," I cried, "O, Jens Morgen!"

He lifted his head. His lips moved. He smiled. As once before—O, my memory!—he had made me do what he wanted. I thought he spoke. "Maybe I'm not as bad as you think me, Ian, boy . . ."

Then he turned away. As in my dream, I saw him walking away from me, lightly and quickly, into the smoke where all the woods burned. He never turned his head. And I knew that I would never come up with him any more.

Varna was at my feet where I had laid her. I knelt down by her and held her in my arm. Where he had kissed her, I kissed her. Then I wept and wept. And terrible as it may seem, not all my tears were for my dear little love.

I was walking, walking through the smoke, looking for Jens Morgen. Again and again I saw him ahead of me, moving with his swift light step. There was a brightness about his black hair that puzzled me.

I called to him, "Jens, you're a bad man, and Varna is dead with the birds." He turned then and looked at me and I saw that he had round his head a fiery rainbow, like the young man's in the holy picture.

I was alone. I was carrying Varna through the smoke. I was lowering her down steep rocks where ferns grew. We went down terrible places, into a darkness full of the sound of water. At last we came to a cold stream breaking from unsunned rocks. I laid her down in the stream. The smell of burning was on her. I scattered her with drops as bright as pearls. I lay down beside her and whispered in her ear, "Varna, little Varna." Though she was dead, she smiled with her eyes shut, lying there beside me in the dark water. Above us, the world had narrowed to a ribbon of dim sky. It darkened. Ashes fell softly about us and hissed in the stream.

I thought I lay there for years, staring up at the strip of smoke that was our heaven, holding Varna's hand in the running water.

Then the strip, our burning heaven, grew slowly bright. The ashes ceased to fall. Later yet, I was looking into dim blue. And then the blue blackened and there were stars. Varna turned and put her arms about me, but I could not stir. I was looking for Jens, but he was out of sight ahead.

"O Jens," I said, "I'll never catch up with you now."

Then it was lighter. And a man was leaning over the cleft at the bottom of which we lay. His face was divided in two parts, one very white, one very dark.

"Father," I tried to say. And Varna moved and whispered to me, "I knew you would come."

I was being drawn up, up towards an aching brightness. I was being carried through burned forest, where the stumps yet glowed, and the trunks fell, and the heat quivered on the ground. I saw Jens, walking in front, and my old man was there. But I knew we

would never come up with Jens Morgen, that bad man with the brightness round his head.

The motion of a boat and air from the sea, growing sweeter and darker; a small star, far in the dark. I knew it for the light on the wharf at home. Against other stars, I saw my old man sitting; his hand was on the tiller, he held the boat true. He was singing softly in the Old Language, a song of homegoing. I saw a red light astern. The light of the burning forest on Wilderness. I turned my face away, and wept, though Varna's hand was in mine and her heart beating beside me.

All these things happened over and over. I had no rest from these dreams. Then I woke, and knew that they were not dreams, but true.

I was lying in Ross McClure's bunk in my old home, my own home. I suppose his was the only one long enough for me. It was good to be there; good.

Old Anastasia was busy about the stove. My old man was sitting in the open door, peeling potatoes. Serge was sitting on a bench with his head hanging, doing nothing. Varna, my Varna, stood by him with her hand on his shoulder. They were all talking.

But there should be another . . .

I looked at the open door, but I knew he would never come through it again, my bad man, my dark man who had all but broken my heart for me. Here I learned what my old man had been long in learning; no joy but has sorrow in it.

I moved and they came to me and there was joy in their faces. Their eyes were kind and mild; there were tears in them. Serge leaned over and kissed me.

"The trouble's past, Ian," he whispered, "and now you're come home there'll be luck on the place again."

And my old man said, "Ross, there's no sorrow in the world now you're home." Varna lifted my bound hand and laid her pure cheek to it, and Anastasia smiled at me like a girl.

But for all that, there was the sorrow.

"How long," I asked them, "since I've been home?"

"It was five days back," said Serge, "that the old man and I, following you through the woods, found you and Varna at the bottom of the crack above the canyon. We thought you were dead. But you were alive. You had hidden there while the fire swept over you. We carried you back through the woods, what was left of them. You had been there two nights and a day. We fetched you home in the boat. And now, Ian, did you find him that made all the trouble?"

I turned with my face to the wall. Holding Varna's hand, I told them.

When I had done, Serge suddenly burst out crying. "He was a bad man," he said, "but I wish now he'd had what he set his heart on! God's truth, I wish he'd had the packet, and we'd been quit of it!" He wiped his eyes on the backs of his hands. He looked at me, ashamed. "Ian," he said slowly, "the trouble's past. Will you trust your own father enough to tell where you hid the secret?"

"Show them," I said to Varna. And, blushing a little, because of their curious eyes and my eyes of love, my dear pulled the little packet from her bosom and put it in my hand.

I turned the wad of cloth over and over. It had no power over me, nor, I could see, over Serge. But it was strange to see it again, strange to hold the cause of all that had come to us in the palm of one hand. I held it out to Angus.

"Take it," I said, "it's yours. And for myself, for my father and for Varna here, I say that we want nothing of it. It has cost too much, one way and another. If there's gold on the island, I'd be minded to let it stop there. The secret's yours, and I give it back."

Angus took the little packet in a puzzled way, and fumbled it in his hands. Then his face cleared. He smiled at us all in a new way he had.

"Ay, I remember," he said. "I kept this for Ross, for a sign of remembrance when he should come back, and an old charm to keep sorrow off us. But now Splendid Ross is home again, and there's no sorrow."

He began to unfold the faded cloth.

Though his secret was nothing to us except a thing to be hidden and put away for the trouble it had caused, I think none of us breathed or moved as he unwrapped that treasure. At last he held something in his hand.

It was a single lock of gold hair.

Presently my old man looked at me

I laid her down in the stream. The smell of burning was in her.
I scattered her with drops as bright as pearls.

with a misty smile. "Do your remember, Ross?" he asked. "I cut this from your head the night you went away. But there's no good in it now you're home." He held out the lock against my hair. "See," he smiled, "it hasn't faded on me."

We were all very still. Then Varna took the lock of Ross McClure's hair, cut from his head years ago on the night he died for me, and kissed it, and put it away again in her breast.

"The laugh and the strength and the love of a man," droned old Angus, looking from her to me. "And now you're home, we'll go no more to Wilderness."

"The gold's here," said Varna, and laid her head on my heart.

They went away and left us together. We spoke softly; of Jens Morgen, and the trouble that was past, and our life to come, when youth and love and good ways would bring the luck once more to the old place. Then we were still, and the wind from the forest died away, and the sea wind blew up from the long salt spaces between us and Wilderness, and all the world was made new with shadows and with stars.

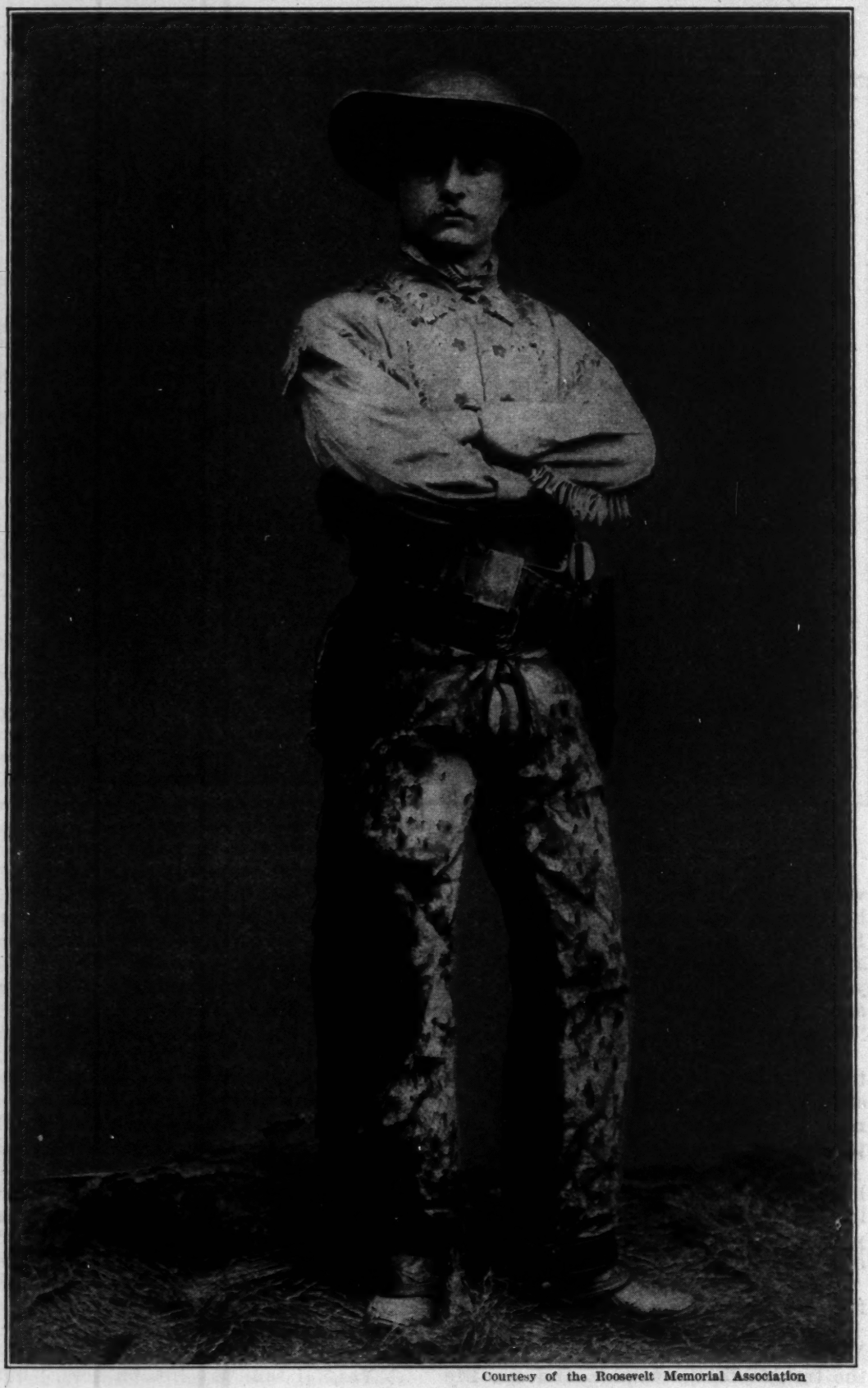
In the shadow I told my girl, "I'm glad to be home. But I must go once to Wilderness. I must go for two things."

"I'll come with you," she said.

"Yes, you'll be with me. And we'll make a cross, and set it up at the head of the canyon where the tree was, and that will be for Jens Morgen, the bad man. And then we'll go look among the rocks and see if the fire has spared a little pair of sealskin shoes I made long ago, before I ever knew love, to be a love gift."

"For me? . . . O, Ian, my dear, we're very young . . ."

"Yes," I said, my lips on hers, "but they'll not be a love gift for you, but a wedding gift."



Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association

Roosevelt in 1885, *in the costume of the Bad Lands.*

TALES OF THE ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

By WILLIAM THOMPSON DANTZ

BIG JIM; LITTLE JIM

If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that, while they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness.
—*The Strenuous Life.*

WHEN the gallant Custer led his famous Seventh Cavalry from Yankton, South Dakota, up the broad valley of the Big Missouri, in the early 70's, he built a military post called Fort Lincoln. Its abandoned ruins still stand in sight of the city of Bismarck, capitol of North Dakota.

But this story has nothing to do with Custer further than to take up and follow the thread of one of the innumerable picturesque results of the intrepid chief's career and to display a type of frontier character that has so far escaped the writing people. It concerns one James W. Foley, who was Big Jim, since gone West, and James W. Foley, Jr., who is Little Jim and is very much alive.

After the Custer troops marched gaily westward to conquer Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, and Rain-in-the-Face, never to return from that awful massacre at the Little Bighorn, their home, Fort Lincoln, was gradually abandoned. Placed in charge of all the government property there, barracks, hospitals, storehouse, and stables, was James W. Foley, himself an officer of the regular army. He was scholar as well as soldier, a *littérateur*, skilled in ancient languages and in the lore of the naturalist and geologist. Little Jim, as elder brother, graced his family of clever children.

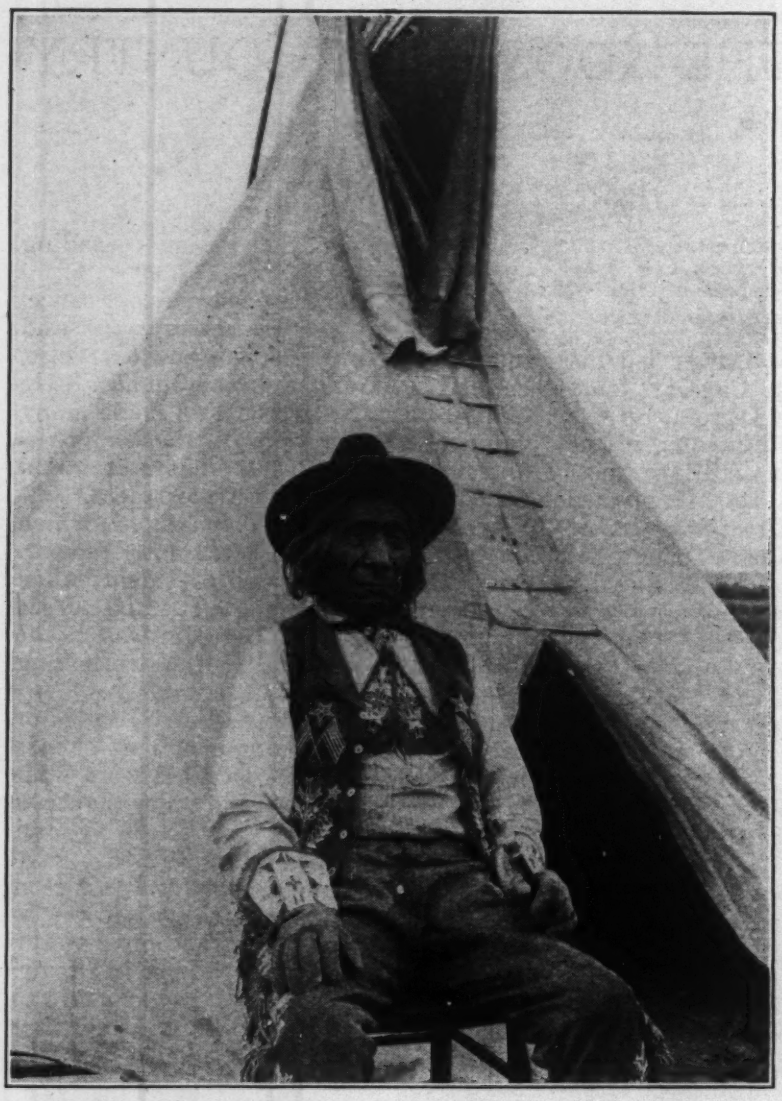
As time passed, Big Jim gave up his army career and came to Medora as custodian of all the property of the Marquis de Mores, whose disastrous venture has been narrated in a previous story. He came with his family, and his influence and that of his family have left an indelible mark. Little Jim is to-day none other than James W. Foley, Jr., nationally known journalist and humorist, whose clever sketches are in evidence among the nation's leading periodicals.

After the Marquis' return to France, Foley took up the De Mores estate and interests. While forceful and energetic, he had a strong vein of humor. He was also a fluent writer and made many valuable contributions to the early history of the Northwest that were published in the Dakota newspapers, notably the Bismarck *Tribune*, of which his son, Little Jim, was later editor. After Roosevelt became president, when his heart yearned for the stirring scenes of his cowboy days, Big Jim was at the forefront in arranging the welcoming reception to his home cow-town.

Probably no other man, living or dead, ever held so unique a trust or was more steadfast in his fidelity to that trust. He was to stand guard over a huge property that was to decay and revert to the inhospitable soil that gave it. There was no appeal from this iron decision. Nothing was to be sold, nothing taken away. Save the house of the Marquis, which was to be kept in repair, all else was inexorably doomed to perish, even as the valiant heart that conceived it had perished. It was the law of the house of Vallombrosa.

The herd of hunting-ponies and stage-horses died long ago of old age, but they were well fed and carefree to the end. The huge Concord coaches that, with six stalwart horses attached, once dashed to and fro over the Deadwood trail, rusted down in their shelters, which also tumbled, as the ferocious winter blizzards and violent spring floods ate into their vitals. Fire and lighting helped eat up the once flourishing city, now reduced to a handful. Little by little, even the shadow of its former glory melted back into the inevitable sage brush and the incessantly quivering cottonwoods.

When his task was completed Big Jim lay down and died, quietly,



Red Cloud, famous chief of the Ogalla or Cheyenne Sioux, who lived to be ninety years old.

peacefully, much like Roosevelt and at about the same time. Both were gallant gentlemen, both loyal to their tasks assigned; both were monuments of a far West that nurtured her sons cruelly, but made them men.

While the younger Foley was editor of the Bismarck *Tribune,* his newspaper, in recognition of his genius, published an edition *de luxe* of his poems—a really exquisite volume. Later, he gave up newspaper work and moved to California, devoting his whole career to literary work.

My sister, Mrs. Forence D. Cameron, who lives in Pennsylvania, was an ardent admirer of his writings, and spent much time early last winter seeking a copy of a little Christmas booklet written by him. It was evidently out of print, as none were to be had. Fortunately, she had retained a penciled copy of it among her treasures. The poem appears below.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Dear Lord, these friends of mine,
Where they may stray,
Wilt Thou bear each
Thy blessing on this day?
For now the season comes when Yule-logs burn.
When hearts grow kind, and sweeter dreamings turn
Unto the olden, golden friends. I pray
Thy benediction on them all this day
And let Thy light of love and mercy shine,
Dear Lord, this day, on all these friends of mine.

Dear Lord, if any weep, wilt Thou be kind?
If any stray in error, wilt Thou find
The way for them and bring them back to Thee,
With gifts of Thy rare love and sympathy?
If any grieve, wilt Thou not bring them cheer
This day, another day and all the year?
Break them the bread of love and pour the wine
Of sympathy for all these friends of mine!

Dear Lord, if some be far from home this day,
If some be wanderers upon the way,
If some shall be in tears, and some shall cry
With bitter pain, wilt Thou not pass me by
And minister to them with tender care?
And what of joy or gladness be my share
Wilt Thou not give to them? Be Thy divine
And glorious peace upon these friends of mine!

Dear Lord, if some be rich, bid Thou them bear
Some joy this day to Sorrow and to Care.

If some be glad with living, bid them go
Afar or near and minister to Woe.
Bring love to every heart and let it fill
The cup of joy for each, and over-spill,
And let the light of sympathy so shine
That none shall weep of all these friends of mine.

So now when hearts grow kind and Yule-logs burn
When thoughts grow gentler, sweeter, and return
To olden, golden friends, or far or near—
This prayer of mine be hallowed with a tear,
Welled from the fount of love and sympathy,
And sent upon the wintry night to Thee,
Till all the world is warmed with love divine—
Dear Lord, bless all these olden friends of mine!

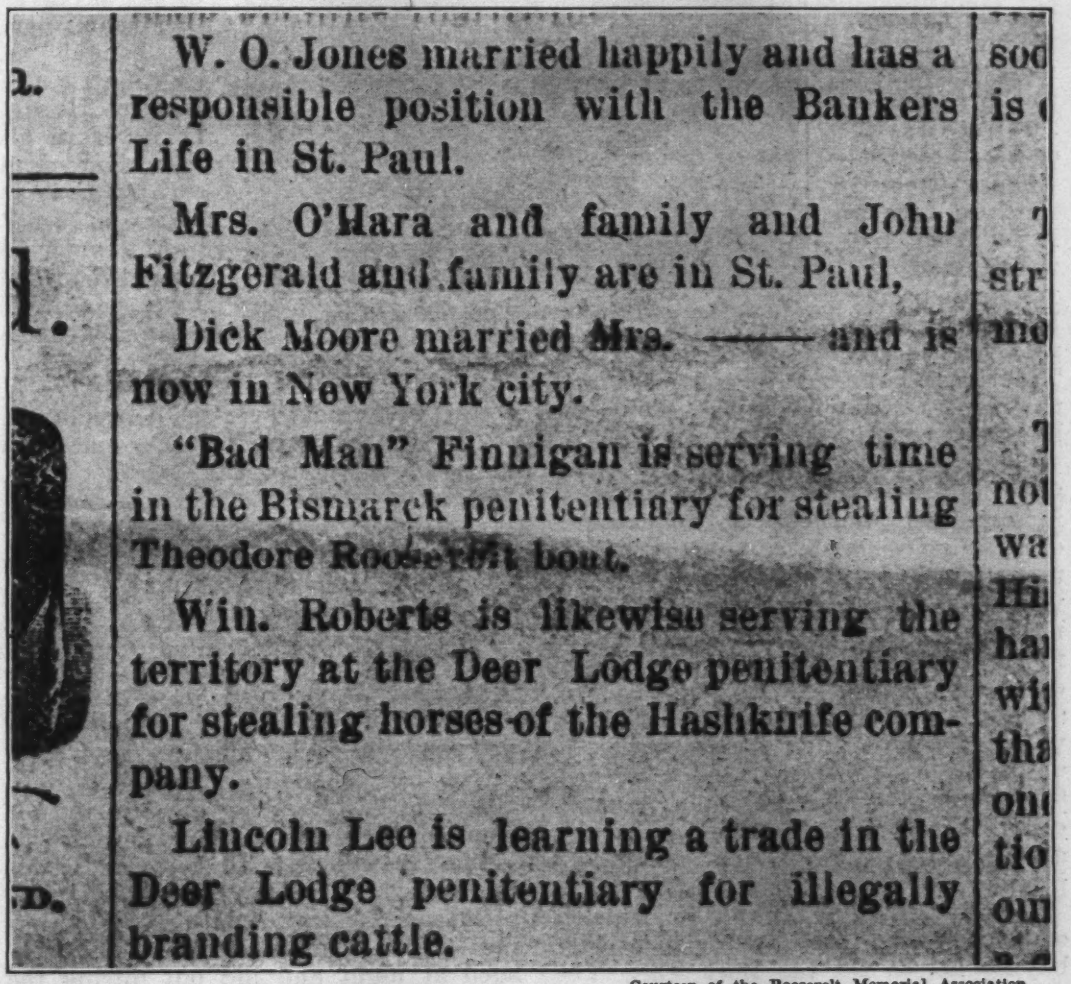
—*James W. Foley, Jr.*

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

The cloistered virtue which timidly shrinks from all contact with the rough world of actual life, and the uneasy, self conscious vanity which misnames itself virtue and which declines to cooperate with whatever does not adopt its own fantastic standard, are rather worse than valueless.—*The Strenuous Life.*

Twenty years later when the homing instinct, the lust for the biting sage brush, the smell of warm cattle on the trail, the stars that sing in the night—they never sing over great cities—became too strong to let me stay chained to a desk, I became a "throw back."

On my return I found that the little cow town of Medora had sunk back almost to its original sage brush and cottonwood jungle. The influence of Roosevelt was, however, yet much in evidence. The Maltese Cross brand



W. O. Jones married happily and has a responsible position with the Bankers Life in St. Paul.

Mrs. O'Hara and family and John Fitzgerald and family are in St. Paul,

Dick Moore married Mrs. ——— and is now in New York city.

"Bad Man" Finnigan is serving time in the Bismarck penitentiary for stealing Theodore Roosevelt bout.

Wm. Roberts is likewise serving the territory at the Deer Lodge penitentiary for stealing horses of the Hashknife company.

Lincoln Lee is learning a trade in the Deer Lodge penitentiary for illegally branding cattle.

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association

The Society column of the Bad Lands Cowboy in 1884.

was still in existence; the remnants of the herd, sold to Ferris and Merrifield, which were scattered among the canyons and coulées, bore the eight-pointed cross of St. George. Successive bitter winters and ruinous prices had practically destroyed the open range industry and the survivors were battling for their lives against the new danger that lay in herds of horses.

A unique situation had developed. Thrown upon their own resources after the collapse of the big ranches, a few of the most thrifty cowboys, mostly foremen or cooks, whose better pay enabled them to save a little from the wreck, had invested in native brood mares, then very cheap. These were branded, turned loose, and the owners scrambled for a living the best they could.

Lucy Elk, a Carlisle graduate, who has gone back to the blanket.

These breeding herds had increased amazingly and to such an extent that in some sections there was serious talk of shooting them to save the range for the surviving cattle. Horses do not winter kill, for they use their hoofs to paw the snow and uncover their winter feed. The result was that ex-foremen, cooks and the better class of cowboys, so poor in money that they actually went in rags, owned herds of horses, which had no money value whatever. The railroad companies would not accept them for their value in freight, and nobody had enough money to prepay.

My visit closely followed an invasion of Englishmen who were frenziedly buying horses for the Boer war. The effect was marvelous. The country was stripped of every available mature horse and the swiftly enriched owners were wandering or sitting about in a semi-dazed condition, still in their ragged and torn chaps and battered old sombreros. Frank Roberts, ex-foreman of the H. T. ranch, said he had $40,000 in the Dickinson bank and did not know what to do with it. One old scout who lived up river on the old Ox Bow ranch, once the property of the Marquis de Mores, celebrated his sudden affluence by driving fifty miles in his buckboard to Dickinson, where he bought an ice-cream freezer. He said he never in his life had had enough ice-cream and henceforth he proposed to live in a perennial ice-cream paradise.

At this time the Bad Lands were in a state of ferment over the depredations of the timber wolves, which, since the almost total destruction of the game, had turned their savagery on the surviving cattle. They were unbelievably fierce and cunning, the broken and frequently impassable country giving them ideal hiding places. It was not what they killed for meat, but their wanton destruction, which threatened total annihilation. A prowling she-wolf would pull down, or hamstring, fifty yearlings in one night. One nip of those fatal poison fangs and death was inevitable, although the victims sometimes lived for months.

The shrewdness of these savage brutes was incredible. They laughed at traps, at poisoned bait, no matter how tempting; they ate only their own kills, ravaged at night and hid out during the day. Ranchmen were in despair and the states of North Dakota and Montana

were so alarmed that combined bounties offered reached $30 per scalp. This gave rise to a singular profession, "wolfing," or the organization of skilled trappers with trained dogs to battle the wolf menace.

The very next day after I arrived at Medora, a wolfing party came in with thirty scalps for which they were paid $900 over the county clerk's desk. They had secured these in less than two weeks in the vicinity of Middle Butte, where my old ranch, the Quarter Circle Diamond, was located. But a nearly fatal weakness was disclosed; out of the thirty scalps twenty-eight were puppies, only two were killer-wolves. The party admitted tracking she-killers to their lairs in the breeding season, blowing up the dens with dynamite and so securing entire litters.

It was a thoroughly business-like outfit; two hunters, a cook, eight horses and ponies, mess wagon and gear, with five dogs. Four were mongrel hounds with a dash of bulldog, the fifth a magnificent Russian hound, the finest dog I had ever seen and of a breed then wholly unknown to me. He was larger than the bigger breeds of American foxhounds, short haired and coal black. He had a miracle nose, and on this one dog along rested the secret of the party's entire success in outwitting the almost fiendish cunning of the night killer-wolves.

For the wolves never killed close to their lairs; they were too old and wise for such a fatal error. The raid might be made fifteen or twenty miles from the den. The party encamped in the raided community and when a night attack in pasture or corral was reported—no cattle were then permitted on the open range at night—the hunters saddled their ponies and led the dogs to the scene. With a skill, a patience, and tenacity that seemed unbelievable, the black hound would pick up the hours-old trail which led cunningly over the dryest mesas, the barest scoria and lava wastes, making the most difficult trailing that was possible. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the superhuman hound

Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin

Roosevelt's chuck wagon

would work out the true trail, while the other dogs were held in leash.

The dens were always located in the inaccessible breaks. As these were reached and the trail got hotter the horses were left behind and the broken cliffs taken on foot. When it became evident that the den was near, the black hound was taken up and leashed. He was too valuable to risk in a fight. The other dogs were then turned in and, as a rule, the den was located. Then, if the country was rocky, as was usually the case, dynamite was brought up. The rest was easy.

All the fighting dogs were more or less scarred, as it sometimes happened that the parent wolves, caught outside the den and driven to bay, put up a ferocious fight. Backed against the wall of rock, they would strike savagely with that terrible crunching snap of the timber wolf.

Big Jim Foley was still custodian of the Marquis de Mores' estates at this time and was busy preparing the house on the bluff for the annual visit of the Marquis. The Eatons had just disposed of the Bad Lands "dude" ranch and with their hundreds of saddle ponies and cattle, with ranch gear that would provide a brigade of cavalry, were preparing to trek to their new ranch at Wolf, Wyoming, in the foothills of the Bighorns. From this outfit I bought two saddle horses, one of which I named "Roosevelt." He was a sturdy, bay Texas pony that had drifted north from the lone Star State with a drive of two-year-old Texas bred steers that were to be fattened on the northern range. I bought him for a perishing 600 mile ride due South and he carried me the entire distance without a grain of oats or a shoe on his foot.

The other, used as a trailing pack horse, was a sorrel, also Texas bred, bigger than Roosevelt, which I named "Fairbanks." It had not the bottom or the bulldog tenacity of the bay, however, and was later abandoned among a huge herd of wall-eyed Sioux Indian ponies at the head of White River, just west of the Pine Ridge Indian agency. For all I know, he may be there yet.

This journey was inspired by an unconquerable lust to revisit the Roosevelt country; to reride the Roosevelt trails; to sit in the doors of the shacks of Roosevelt men and talk of the days gone by. Much water had run under the mill in a decade, and our numbers were getting fewer and fewer.

I had left the Custer Trail, or Eaton Ranch, one June morning, riding Roosevelt and leading Fairbanks, who carried a light pack including Winchester rifle and camera. Two months and 600 miles later found me far down near the Colorado line along the route of the Rock Island Railroad. My horses and pack, except my camera and a lot of Indian traps, were gone and at first I was refused admission to a Rock Island dining car, eastward bound, as my appearance, ragged, blistered, unshaven, unkempt, savored, to the fastidious conductor, too much of a combination of a tramp and Nihilist with a touch of Jesse James thrown in. It had been a grueling ride.

But I had found the survivors of a mutual past, rich in reminiscence. In slow speech and with eyes seeing far, they told of the thrilling episodes that had brought them into contact with the man who was now president. The old Maltese Cross or Roosevelt Ranch that lies directly south of Custer Trail was silent and deserted, but I could see again the milling horses in the corral, the clouds of dust, the drifts of cattle filing down the valley, and, in the thick of it all, the young owner.

The first night's camp was made on the south side of Middle Butte, thirty miles out of Medora. It was an uneasy night. Far up on the face of the precipitous butte the she-wolves, whose dens had been raided by the wolfers, mournfully howled and howled, so frightening the horses that I had to get out of my blankets and go to their picket lines more than once. It rained hard, but in the darkness I sensed by some sort of instinct that there was a ranch close by, although none had existed there during Roosevelt's time.

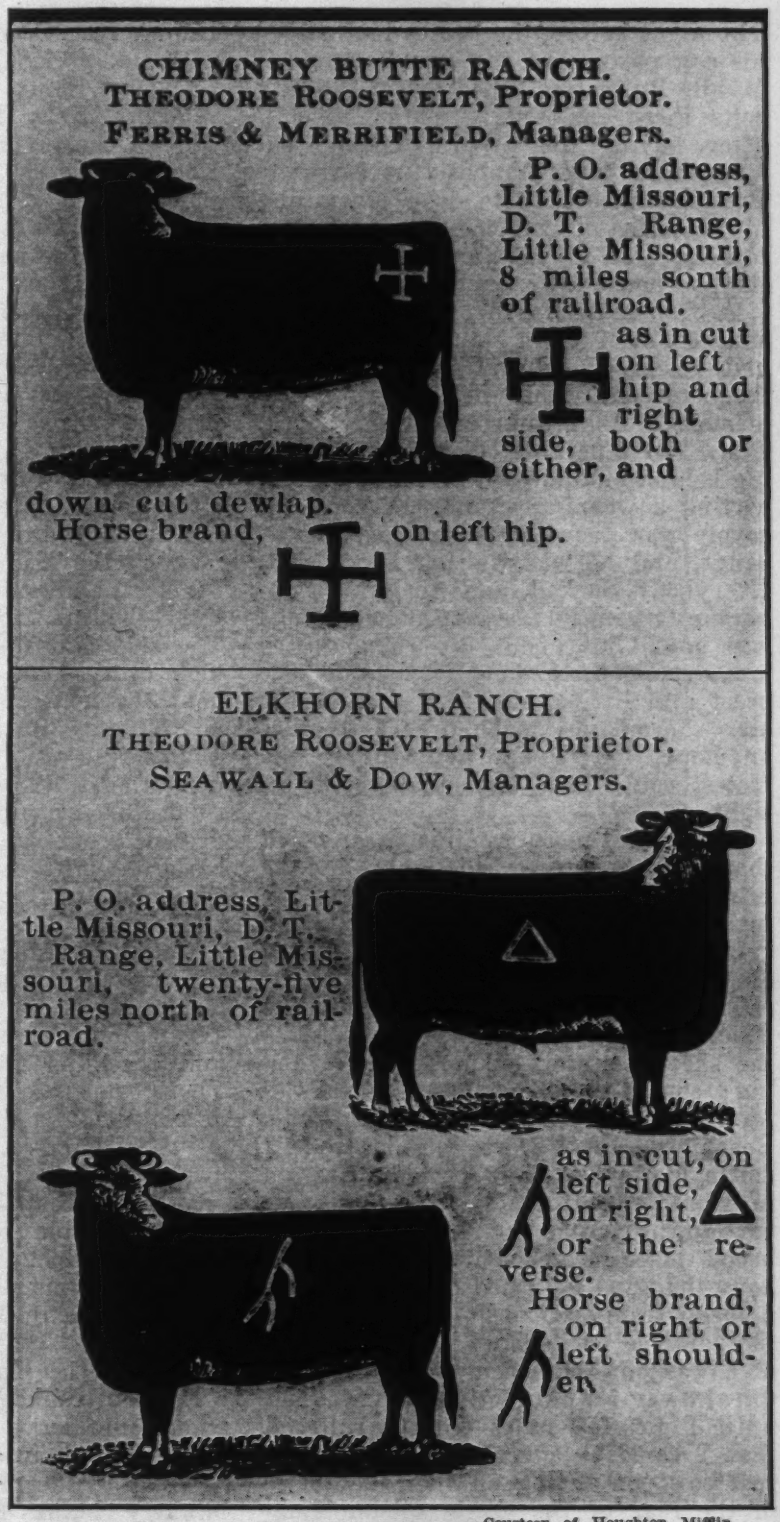
Dawn broke and disclosed, only a few hundred yards away, a comfortable ranch house. On saddling and approaching, I was joyously greeted by the one colored man in the early history of the Bad Lands, John Warn, ex-cook at the H. T. ranch. I found him to be one of the lucky ones who had invested his savings in brood mares, and

had been made rich by the English buyers.

In good grace John could have taken down his banjo and sung the song, "I Got a White Man Working For Me," but he was far too polite for such expression, although he employed a white man and wife as foreman and housekeeper. This proceeding did not at all appeal to the social amenities of Bad Lands society, but because of John's good record it let the incident slide by.

"Three Seven Bill," long foreman of the once big Three Seven outfit, had married and settled on a ranch of his own at Keogh Crossing. A giant of a man, Texan to the bone, soft voiced, slow of speech, he talked of his close association with Roosevelt when he, as captain of the roundup, was Roosevelt's boss.

But Bill's problems, that began as a two-year old when, strapped to a pony's back and turned loose in the herd, he made the trek with a big drive of cattle from south Texas to Colorado with the migration of the Follis family, had now reached the apex of despair. Hardly had he gotten nicely settled down with a ranch, wife, and family of eight or ten children started, than the wolf menace threatened to engulf all.


CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Proprietor.
FERRIS & MERRIFIELD, Managers.
P. O. address, Little Missouri, D. T. Range, Little Missouri, 8 miles sonth of railroad.
as in cut on left hip and right side, both or either, and
down cut dewlap.
Horse brand, on left hip.
ELKHORN RANCH.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Proprietor.
SEAWALL & DOW, Managers.
P. O. address, Little Missouri, D. T. Range, Little Missouri, twenty-five miles north of railroad.
as in cut, on left side, on right, or the reverse.
Horse brand, on right or left shoulder

Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin

The original Roosevelt brands as recorded with the Montana Livestock Association.

The night before, the brutes had raided his colt pasture on the sawed-off top of Middle Butte, and killed ten of the fifty colts there enclosed. "Three Seven," after having his picture taken, sent a positive and emphatic message to President Roosevelt to drop everything at Washington and come west at once to help clean up the varmints or it was the poorhouse for everybody.

A few miles further south was the snug cabin of "Old Man Lebo," hunter and guide, of whom Roosevelt makes frequent mention in his hunting memoirs. As I approached the shack, I saw the venerable old hunter crouching behind a stump with a rifle in hand, waving a warning signal. A sneaking coyote was prowling about just out of range, and he was waiting for a shot. Everybody ducked, and finally the opportunity came. The aim at long range was good, but about three inches too low, cutting the ground from under the beast and lifting him four feet in the air. Aeroplanes make over 150 miles an hour, but I am doubtful if the fastest could have kept that coyote in sight.

More talk, more reminiscence, much that disclosed new sidelights on the intrepid hunter Roosevelt, notably his invasion of the Bighorns after elk and grizzly; and then the cavalcade moved on to further fields.

The long trail that led first into the Black Hills, home of Seth Bullock; to the sheep country of northern Wyoming; south to Cheyenne. It was all familiar land, yet it was not the same. Reaching a well worn buffalo trail, I met a frowsy, wind-swept lady, dressed in what looked like a yellow window curtain, driving an old ewe-necked brood mare attached to a mail-order house buggy. I pushed on. Next came a cheap frame school house, perched on the bank, so perilously close to the edge of a washout that each rain threatened to eat away its foundations. It was not until I got 150 miles from a railroad that I came to a real cow town, with real cowboys sitting on their haunches in the rear of the single saloon, gambling with real cow money. It was so refreshing, so full of the old dash and spirit of the pioneer Northwest that I remained and visited several days.

On the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Indian reservations, I saw and talked with Red Cloud, the aged leader of the Cheyenne Sioux and his brother chiefs, veterans of the tragedy of the Bighorn, where Custer died. These two incidents were the only ones of the long journey that vividly recalled the West of the Roosevelt days. In the entire 600 miles, the only four-legged game I saw, outside of swarming jackrabbits, were two miserable coyotes and one lone antelope. Volumes could tell no more.

I rode directly over the old bedding ground, where were uttered the only profane words I ever heard from Roosevelt. Like the preacher, when he did swear, "he swore amazin'." It was a bitter night, late in the fall, and the last beef roundup of 600 steers was nearing the railroad. A driving storm of sleet and rain came, covering the river bottom with half frozen hail. The cold and rain were pitiless and it took every man far into the night to hold the herd rounded up at the foot of Chimney Butte. Half frozen, raw and saddle-sore, Roosevelt and I were permitted to take a brief respite in our turn. The camp fire had long been drowned out and we spread our wet blankets on the least flooded spot we could find in the blackness of the night and storm.

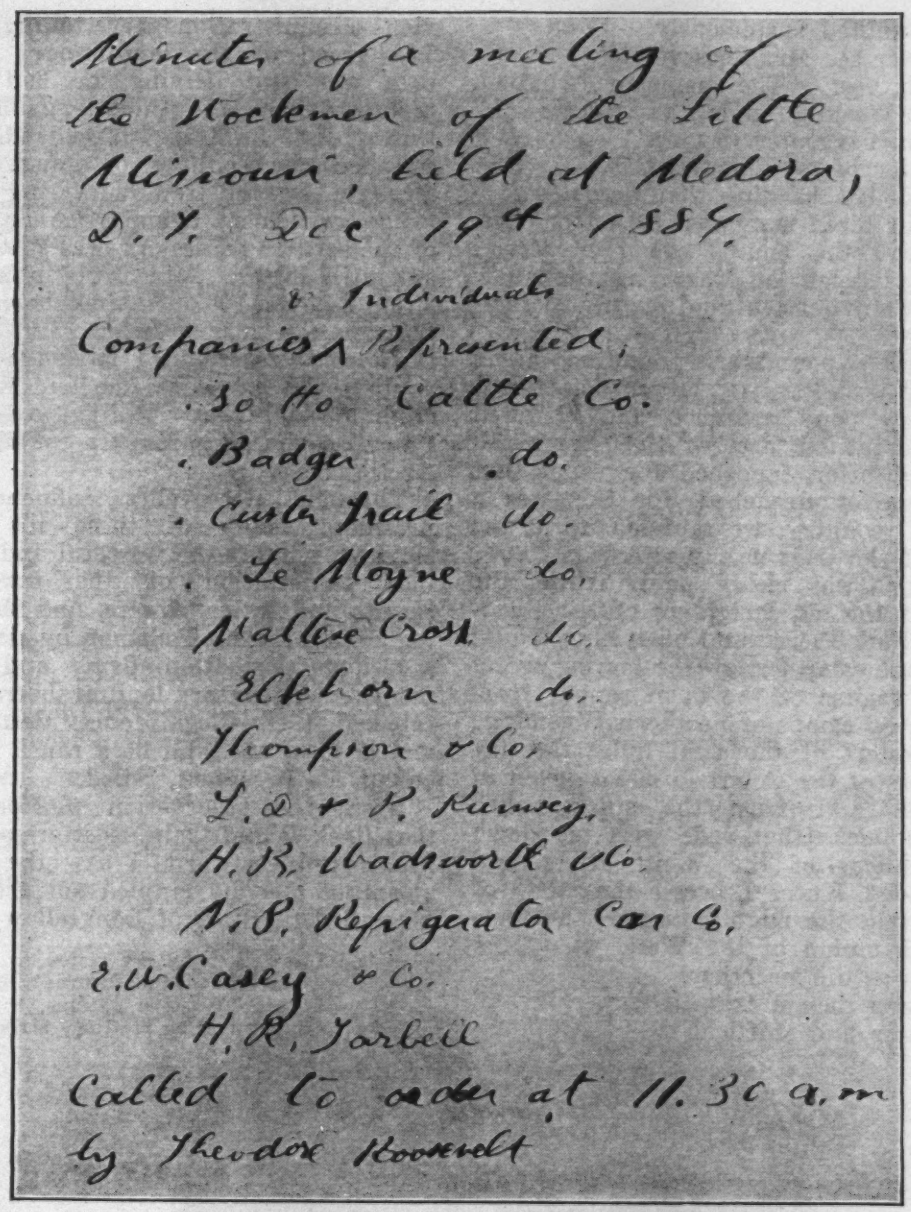
Crawling under, spurs, chaps and all, holding the ends of our night ponies' lariats, we dropped off to sleep in sheer exhaustion, the water soaking about us and becoming warm from our bodies. Then came the slash of a wet lariat across the tarpaulin covering the bed.

"All hands out—cattle breaking away."

With a groan I slipped out the side of my wet blanket bed, groping along the picket line. Suddenly there was a burst of language behind me that would have made a dock walloper green with envy.

"Blank the blankety blank country; blank the blankety blank brainless idiot who would leave a decent man's home to come out into the blankety blank howling wilderness to perish like a blinkety blank heathen Injin; blank the—" but the situation was too painful to dwell on longer.

It seems that my partner in arising had incautiously raised his knees; this had resulted in spilling down the neck



Minutes of a meeting of
the Stockmen of the Little
Missouri, held at Medora,
D. T. Dec 19th 1884.

Companies & Individuals Represented;
. So Ho Cattle Co.
. Badger do.
. Custer Trail do.
. Le Moyne do.
Maltese Cross do.
Elkhorn do.
Thompson & Co.
L. D & P. Rumsey.
H. R. Wadsworth & Co.
N. P. Refrigerator Car Co.
E. W. Casey & Co.
H. R. Tarbell
Called to order at 11.30 a.m
by Theodore Roosevelt

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association

A report in Roosevelt's handwriting. His outfit was the Maltese cross; the Thompson company was the author's.

of his open flannel shirt a good sized tubful of frozen sleet and water that had collected in the depression of the "tarp."

One more story, at the risk of garrulity. Getting well into the Wyoming sheep country at the head of Belle Fourche River, a fourteen year old boy, riding a raw-boned old ranch mare, came galloping up to overtake me on the Sundance trail. He was the most inquisitive, most talkative boy I ever knew. He said he had been sent to a trader's shack about fifteen miles to the west, to do some "storin'" for his father's sheep ranch. His "storin'" was all in a grain sack hung over the horn of his saddle, and he had galloped the old mare a good part of the way. The condition of the supplies may be imagined.

"Whar did you come from?" he asked, eyeing my pack outfit curiously.

"Washington."

He sniffed suspiciously.

"Ever see Mr. Roosevelt?"

"Oh, yes." The suspicion dwindled.

"Is Washington big as Deadwood?"

"Oh, yes; much larger."

"Ever been to Denver?"

"No, I'm heading that way now."

"Our hired man was in Denver once. He says the houses are four stories high. I knew he was lying, for how could they get the mud on the roofs?"

Always pounding, pounding along at that ceaseless, stiff-legged dog-trot of the cow pony, scorched and blistered by the pitiless heat of the sage brush deserts, often famished for water, but very rarely drenched, for this was a "dry" country, we rounded up at the end of the trail nearly wrecks.

But I was richly paid. From the lips of the old freighters of the Deadwood-Fort Pierre and Cheyenne trails; from the camp fires of the few surviving mess wagons of the open range; from the sheep camps of northern Wyoming; the nesters of the sand hills; the dry farmers of the Colorado mesas; even in Indian land from the stark naked young bucks that rode with me down the valleys of the White River and Wounded Knee, I heard the story of Roosevelt, the mighty hunter, the fearless champion of the West, who knew its ills as did no other.

It was then a transitory period and the loose and shiftless methods of previous administrations were telling hard. The greed of the land-hungry white man was fast driving, or had completely driven, the Indian against the wall. Pot hunters, unrebuked, had stripped the country of game. The struggle of the few surviving open range cattlemen, against the onrushes of the settlers or nesters, was still acute and still bitter. Mixed up in a land rush, I saw 110,000 claimants eagerly register for 28,000 claims, and not a third of them would I have taken for a gift. The pressure for land was incredible and was spilling over the Canadian border, far up under the Arctic circle.

Through Roosevelt's influence as president many of these ills were checked, notably the wasteful and criminal exploitation of the surviving forests and water powers, and the easing up of the land clamor by developing huge irrigation dams and land projects. Predatory land grabbers were rebuked, their illegal fences destroyed, and at least one, and he a ranch neighbor of the President, jailed.

From the observation platform of that Rock Island train, as it crossed the Mississippi eastward, I saw the moon gleaming o'er its rippled surface, and I recalled the lines of Longfellow:

> And I saw them in my vision
> All the secrets of the future;
> I beheld the Western nations,
> Restless, struggling, toiling, striving.

FLAME AND ASHES

Flower gold and harvest gold,
Green fields and dun.
Gardens gay with asters,
And corn ripe in the sun.
Summer idleness is past,
Gone like the rose.
Crimson tips the ivy
Where the west wind blows.

Fire light and candle light,
Cool, starry dusk.
Blue grapes and marigolds
Make a scent of musk.
Whisperings of dry leaves,
Blown along the walk,
Speak of age and winter,
Like an old man's talk.

Rose Henderson

THE GRANDMOTHER'S TALE

His fame shall never pass away!
  Beside the cottage hearth the hind
  No other theme shall list to find
For many and many a distant day.
When winter nights their gloon
    begin
  And winter embers ruddy glow,
Round some old gossip closing in,
  They'll beg a tale of long ago—
"For all," they'll say, "he wrought
    us ill,
  His glorious name shall ne'er grow
    dim,
The people love, yes, love him still,
  So, grandmother, a tale of him,
    A tale of him!"

One day past here I saw him ride,
A caravan of kings behind;
The time I well can call to mind,
I hadn't then been long a bride;
I gazed out from the open door,
Slowly his charger came this way;
A little hat, I think he wore,
Yes, and his riding coat was gray.
I shook all over as quite near,
Close to this very door he drew—
"Good-day," he cried, "good-day, my dear!"
What, grandmother, he spoke to you,
He spoke to you?

The following year I chanced to be
In Paris; every street was gay.
He'd gone to Notre Dame to pray,
And passed again quite close to me!
The sun shone out in all its pride,
With triumph every bosom swelled;
"Ah, what a glorious scene!" they cried,
"Never has France the like beheld!"
A smile his features seemed to wear
As on the crowds his glance he threw,
For he'd an heir, at last, an heir!—
Ah, grandmother, what times for you,
What times for you!

Then came for France that dreadful day
When foes swept over all the land;
Undaunted he alone made stand,
As though to keep the world at bay!
One winter's night, as this might be,
I heard a knocking at the door;
I opened it; great heavens! 'twas he!
A couple in his wake—no more;
Then sinking down upon a seat—
Ay, 'twas upon this very chair—
He gasped: "Defeat! Ah, God, defeat!"
What, grandmother, he sat down there,
He sat down there?

He called for food; I quickly brought
The best I happened to have by;
Then, when his dripping clothes were dry,
He seemed to doze a while, methought.
Seeing me weeping when he woke,
"Courage," he cried, "there's still a chance;
I go to Paris; one bold stroke,
And Paris shall deliver France!"
He went; the glass I'd seen him hold,
The glass to which his lips he'd set,
I've treasured since like gold, like gold!
What, grandmother, you have it yet,
You have it yet?

'Tis there. But all, alas! was o'er;
He, whom the Pope himself had crowned,
The mighty hero world-renowned
Died prisoner on a far-off shore.
For long we none believed the tale;
They said that he would reappear,
Across the seas again would sail,
To fill the universe with fear!
But when we found that he was dead,
When all the shameful truth we knew,
The bitter, bitter tears I shed!
Ah, grandmother, God comfort you,
God comfort you!

—Pierre Jean Béranger.

SISTER CINDERELLAS

By STEUART M. EMERY

Maria Gunning, from the portrait by F. Cotes, R. A.

THERE is one story which has never died out, and which probably never will die out. Its popularity is too deeply rooted in the mind of humankind, its glamour is too much a part of the world of make-believe which provides a refuge from the cares and worries of everyday for it to lose its appeal. In the pages of romance it appears in its best-known form as the legend of Cinderella and the prince, but often enough it is translated into reality and gains the front pages of the newspapers.

That the story of the penniless girl who marries the prince or the millionaire—the prince of these more modern days—has its host of still-devoted followers is beyond question. In an earlier generation an entire school of fiction writers, headed by the prolific Laura Jean Libby, made themselves handsome livings by dealing with that one plot alone. Everybody likes to hear about the maiden who is brought from the garret to the palace simply because of her beauty and her virtue. There are no statistics on the subject available, but it is certain that thousands of attractive young women have gone about their humble employment in department stores and shops quite happily in the secret hope that some day the golden coach would draw up in front of the establishment wherein they glorified the counters. The face which means a fortune is still seen in the musical comedy revues which adorn the street known as Broadway. It is elevated, as often as not, to the peerage abroad, and when that happens there is considerable stir.

But there never has been such a stir as that produced by England's famous twin Cinderellas. They were shining examples of the rewards beauty may obtain. At the outset they were penniless Irish girls, but when they closed their careers one of them was a countess and the other twice a duchess—exactly as an old fortune-teller in a side-street had predicted. Not long ago there was a wedding anniversary in the peerage circles of England, when there was almost as much talk about the two greatest beauties the land had ever known as about the occasion itself. The Earl of Coventry was observing his sixtieth wedding anniversary; he is the great-great-grandson of Maria Gunning, who, with her sister Elizabeth, startled the kingdom by her charms as it had never been startled before. The beautiful Gunnings have a page to themselves in the annals of England.

They are probably the most famous sister-beauties who ever lived. Of course they began their careers among quiet surroundings, or their fame would never have reached such heights. Charming, graceful, fairest of the fair, a crumbling Irish castle sheltered them until their worldly-wise mother launched them on the world of fashion to make or mar their own fortunes. That was in the gay days of George II. The Gunnings first appearance was in Dublin, where they had taken a house in the proper neighborhood, despite an alarming paucity of funds. In fact so critical did the financial situation become at times that their father was forced now and then to slip quietly out of the city in order to be free from the annoyance of creditors. And thence arose one of the many colorful tales related about the two beauties. The famous actress, Georgeanne Bellamy, it seems, was passing their house in Great Britain Street when her ears caught the sound of lamentations mixed with rough voices. Prompted by a spirit of kindliness—or possibly of sheer curiosity—she entered the house, to find Mrs. Gunning surrounded by her fair daughters and her other children, and facing a group of bailiffs who were on the point of evicting the entire family. The heart of Mrs Bellamy was nortoriously large—her purse was always open. The result was that the Gunnings remained in their home.

Then came a visit to the fortune-teller by Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, in company with Mrs. Bellamy who continued to befriend them. The fortune-teller read the pretty palms and predicted that Maria, the somewhat lively elder sister, would wed an earl, and that Elizabeth, the more demure, would twice become a duchess. It was an excellent prediction, calculated to cause a flutter of delight in the feminine bosom, and moreover it proved to be the exact truth. Within a short time Maria and Elizabeth Gunning descended in all their radiance on the Lord Lieutenant's ball, and the gallants of Dublin were at their feet.

Elizabeth Gunning, from the portrait by F. Cotes, R. A.

So tremendous was their success that Mrs. Gunning, who appears to have been the astutest of mothers in an era when matchmaking had

been raised to an art, decided that London was the only place for her two daughters. But how to get there when the household purse was so deplorably empty? This considerable difficulty was solved by appealing to friends, and in April, 1751, the city of London awoke to find in its midst such a pair of beauties as it had never seen before.

One can picture the thrill of excitement that ran from coffee-house to coffee-house as the gallants gathered and those who had been fortunate enough to meet the two new beauties retailed their charms to a sophisticated audience. Maria Gunning was then 18; her sister Elizabeth was a year younger. They were in the very flush of youth—tall, supple, dark-eyed, and flashing with animation. Even Horace Walpole, wit, statesman and molder of opinion, fell a victim to their charms, if we may credit his writings.

"There are two Irish girls of no fortune who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, and are declared the two handsomest women alive. I think there being two so handsome and such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either."

Elizabeth, Dutchess of Hamilton, by Gavin Hamilton.

The eminent Horace may have been a trifle cautious in his appraisal of the Gunnings, but the town most certainly was not. Its courtiers and gallants descended in droves upon the "fair Hibernians," whose pictures were on sale in scores of shops.

"They can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall but such mobs follow them that they themselves are driven away," finished Horace amiably. He was only putting down on paper what everybody in London knew. Let the two Gunnings but stroll abroad and immediately the populace came thronging at their heels to obtain a view of them; did they seat themselves in a box for supper the crowd jostled its very rails. More than once their escorts had to draw cold steel to defend them from the encroachments of the mob. They were the rage.

They became a more important topic than any current question of state. The cry "The Gunnings are coming!" was enough to empty coffee-house and shop and

Maria, Countess of Coventry, by Gavin Hamilton.

line the street with eager onlookers. A unique situation, possibly, from the distant point of view of the twentieth century, but it must be remembered that amusements were few for the populace in those days, and any celebrity who became the fashion was pressed upon by crowds of worshipers. The Gunnings had been presented at court and the royal smile had rested on them. That particular scene must have been most spectacular, inasmuch as we are informed that noblemen climbed upon chairs and tables in order to get a better view of them. A modern parallel might be twin Mary Pickfords, enjoying themselves with a daily promenade along Fifth Avenue. At all events the "fair Hibernians," by the end of their first season in town, were more important than a new war.

They appear to have had a positive genius for accomplishing the startling. It became noised about that the young and gay Duke of Hamilton was in the lead among the suitors of Elizabeth. The gamesters of the coffee-houses—it was a time of enormous wagers—were placing tremendous bets on the outcome of the Duke's suit. The fair Elizabeth

seemed to temporize, and then one morning the town found a spectacular paragraph in its journals. Elizabeth Gunning and the Duke of Hamilton had been married at a chapel in Mayfair shortly after midnight. The duke had pressed his suit with such vigor that, according to one tale which may or may not have its basis in fact, there had been no time to obtain a wedding ring and a curtain-ring had to be used in the ceremony.

All fashionable London was amazed. What now was going to happen in the affair between Maria Gunning, the other beautiful sister, and the Earl of Coventry, whose courtship had arrived at the ardent stage? The journalism of the day helpfully flung itself into the breach and began to demand more action from the titled suitor. His fellow peers also, on meeting him, urged on his suit. The wedding of Elizabeth may have been the deciding factor for two weeks later she was married to the Earl.

So came the climax to the story of the Sister Cinderellas. They were married; but did they live happy ever after? From now on their paths diverge distinctly. Maria Gunning, the more animated of the pair, developed a positive genius for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, and, according to her critics, displayed herself as a rather silly, madcap beauty. It is certain that she went in for the art of beautifying herself in no slight manner, and there was at least one husband of the Georgian era who objected strenuously to the over-use of cosmetics. In fact one night at a great dinner in Paris, the Earl of Coventry pursued his wife Maria around the table and, catching up to her, wiped the rouge from her face with a napkin. She became a passionate devotee of cards and could be found for hours each day engaged at her favorite game of quadrille. In no way had marriage interfered with her popularity with the crowds, for, some five years later, Maria, Countess of Coventry, appealed to the King for a guard to accompany her in her walks in the Park in order to defend her from the mob. Thereafter the Countess of Coventry and her adoring gallants promenaded in the square with a guard of sergeants in full uniform drawn up in ranks before and behind.

But the reign of Maria Gunning was drawing slowly to a tragic close. Always delicate, she fell a victim to consumption, and the end was not far off. With all the spirit of a true belle, however, she refused to quit the paths of pleasure, and was seen attending a celebrated murder trial only a few days before she was forced to take to her bed. To the close she remained true to her philosophy of life. Under the pillow of her bed she kept concealed a mirror in which she would look daily, to observe the ravages that her fatal disease was working on her loveliness. The day came when Maria Gunning looked no more in the mirror. Her times of triumph were over. She was only twenty-seven when she died, and all London mourned. Ten thousand persons turned out to see her coffin.

While Maria Gunning was pursuing the gayeties of fashion, her sister Elizabeth had turned to a life of domesticity. The young Duke of Hamilton, notorious for his dissipations in a period when dissipation was the rage, appears to have reformed completely under her influence. His death came less than seven years after their wedding, and after a period of mourning Elizabeth married Colonel John Campbell, heir to the Duke of Argyll. She visited York at one time, and seven hundred persons stayed up all night to see her enter her post-chaise in the morning. The Irish girl, who, with only her beauty to gain her fame and fortune, had risen to the heights, appears to have been an aristocrat to her finger tips. Practically every honor of the court was showered upon her. She was made a peeress in her own right and Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. When the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived in London as the intended bride of George III, Elizabeth Gunning was one of the two duchesses appointed to escort her. She was the mother of four dukes.

When the Wilkes riots blazed in the city the mob came pouring to the steps of the house of Elizabeth Gunning. They demanded that she illuminate her mansion, and she refused them flatly. Her husband was away, she herself was in poor health, and yet she held the raging throng at bay for hours while they pounded at doors and windows.

Of the two, Elizabeth Gunning was probably the ideal Cinderella. The age of the Georges was not noted for domestic fidelity, yet against the name of Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, there never was directed the breath of scandal. When she died at the age of fifty-six the press of the day, which was not prone to respect the reputations of either dead or living, concurred in the expression that an ideal mother and a blameless duchess had passed away.

No one in London will forget the Gunnings, who are a part of England's national history. They typify mankind's admiration for beauty in the gentler sex and are the living interpretation of a romance that is immortal.

BEAUTY

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE felicities of design in art or in works of nature are shadows or forerunners of that beauty which reaches its perfection in the human form. All men are its lovers. Wherever it goes, it creates joy and hilarity, and everything is permitted to it. It reaches its height in woman. "To Eve," say the Mahometans, "God gave two-thirds of all beauty." A beautiful woman is a practical poet, taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope, and eloquence, in all whom she approaches. Some favors of condition must go with it, since a certain serenity is essential, but we love its reproofs and superiorities. Nature wishes that woman should attract man, yet she often cunningly moulds into her face a little sarcasm, which seems to say, "Yes, I am willing to attract, but to attract a little better kind of a man than any I yet behold."

French *mémoires* of the fifteenth century celebrate the name of Pauline de Viguiere. . . Not less, in England, in the last century, was the fame of the Gunnings, of whom Elizabeth married the Duke of Hamilton, and Maria the Earl of Coventry. Walpole says, "The concourse was so great when the Duchess of Hamilton was presented at court, on Friday, that even the noble crowd in the drawing-room clambered on chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theaters, when it is known they will be there." "Such crowds," he adds elsewhere, "flock to see the Duchess of Hamilton, that seven hundred people sat up all night, in and about an inn, in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise next morning."

But why need we console ourselves with the fame of Helen of Argos, or Corinna, or Pauline of Toulouse, or the Duchess of Hamilton? We all know this magic very well, or can divine it. It does not hurt weak eyes to look into beautiful eyes never so long. Women stand related to beautiful Nature around us, and the enamored youth mixes their form with moon and stars, with woods and waters, and the pomp of summer. We observe their intellectual influence on the most serious student. They refine and clear his mind; teach him to put a pleasing method into what is dry and difficult.

THE SLEEPING LADY OF TAJ MAHAL

By ARTHUR MEE

YOU may never have heard the name of Ustad Isa; you may never have heard the name of the sleeper under his great domes—Arjumand Banu Bejam—and yet these names have lived while centuries have gone, and perhaps may live as long as men will talk of India, for she is the sleeping lady of Taj Mahal, and he is its builder.

A wondrous thing to look upon is Taj Mahal, the unmatched glory of a dazzling empire. There is nothing more fair on Earth; it rises from a garden as if it were a flower growing there. But wonderful and more lovely yet is the story of the Taj, for this matchless monument, this thing of beauty and this joy forever, was set up for the everlasting glory of a woman, in a land where woman held a very lowly place.

An emperor of India loved a beautiful girl, who saved him from evil and helped him to rule his people well, so that when she died his heart was broken, and, caring nothing how little his people thought of woman, he set up this place for her to sleep in, wishing it to be the loveliest resting-place on earth. And so it is.

By the city of Agra, against a blue sky and a mass of green trees, the dome of Taj Mahal rises amid its minarets. Rows of slim cypresses lead to this loveliest of all the buildings of Hindustan, and between the trees lies a stretch of still water, banked in marble.

All the romance of old Indian life seems to have been built into this pearl-white wonder of art. The Taj Mahal is the grave of a woman, and it stands alike for the glory of the past and the promise of the future of Asia. Far beyond India its influence extends. Men and women on the frontier of China lovingly talk of it. Craftsmen in Samarkand and Teheran draw pride from it. Their fathers helped to build it when Sir Christopher Wren was a boy at school.

It is to a woman of a wild barbaric race that this monument was built. She was a Mongol, and her race—wandering, tent-dwelling, horse-breeding savages of the Asian desert—had made one of their swoops on civilized countries. Under a descendant of Tamerlane they were throned in power in India, and the Mongol girl was taken in marriage in 1612 by a Mongol prince of Agra, who changed her name from Arjumand Banu Bejam to Mumtaz Mahal—the crown of the palace. There was no flattery in this title, for Mumtaz was really the crown of her race. Not only was she a girl of great beauty, but she had a fine mind and character. She guided her husband in his undertakings, and was a working companion to him.

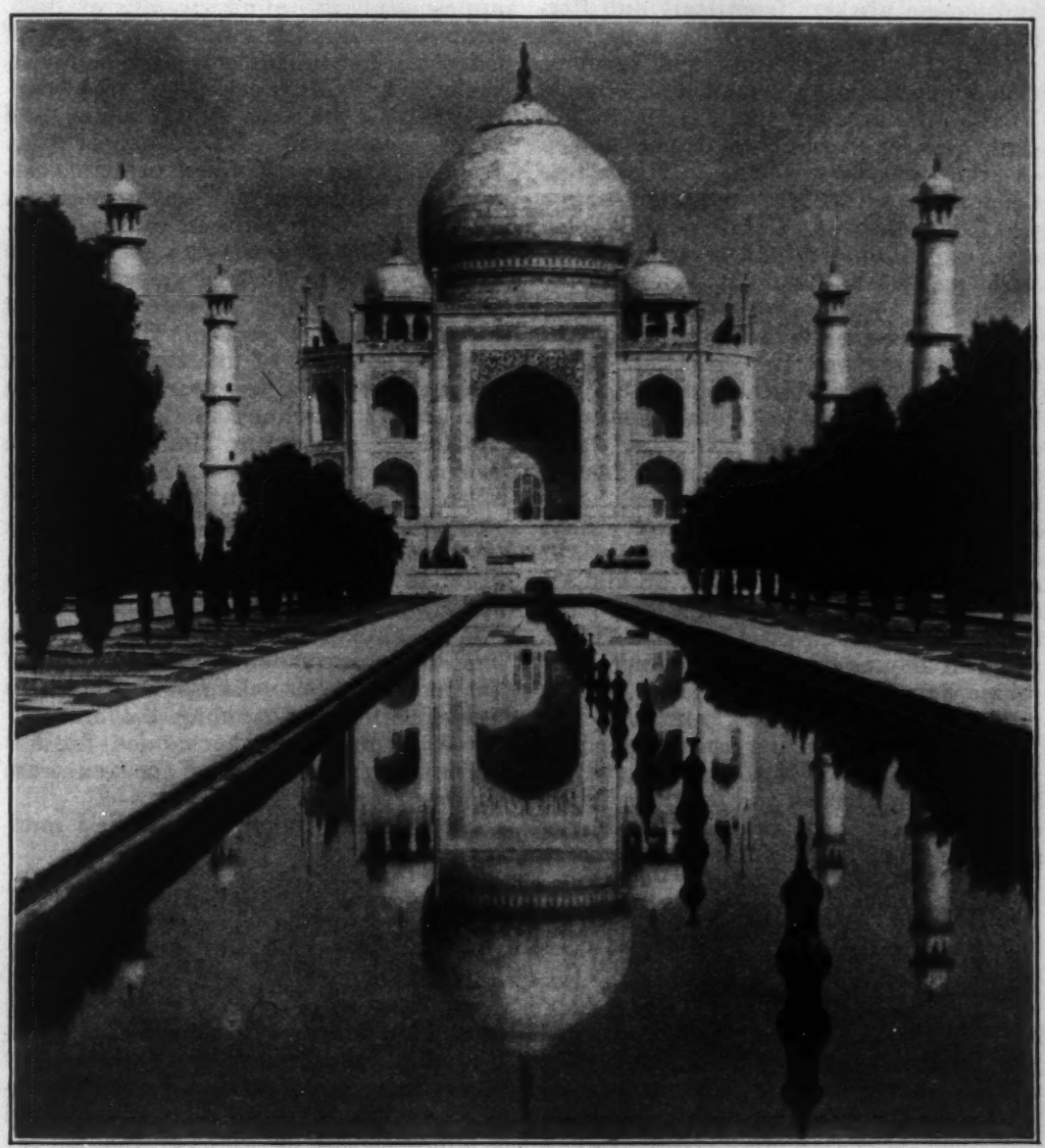
The Mongols were then lords of a great empire. They built their palaces for show, and lived in the open air in gardens. Their women, strong and self-reliant, were determined not to sink to the level of the women about them.

Mumtaz became the leader of these women in the first part of the seventeenth century. At nineteen she was married to the royal prince of Agra, and she set to work to reform him.

One of her aunts was the real ruler of India, being married to a wretched emperor whose soul and body she was trying to save. Mumtaz undertook the same task with the emperor's heir, and never left his side. She went with him on long journeys, and into battle, keeping him charmed with her wit and beauty while she guided his actions. When her husband became emperor of India, under the title of Shah Jehan, Mumtaz took over a large share in the actual work of government, and her influence was used to win the hearts of the people by kindness and good administration. The end of the Mogul Empire began in 1630, when this great woman died in the prime of life, while with her husband on the battlefield.

Shah Jehan knew what he had lost. He felt helpless without his wife. He refused to see his ministers or to go on with the war. For two weeks he held out, and at last, when he was induced to resume the power of government, he ordered his court into mourning. No music, no feasts, no fine clothes or jewels were allowed for two years. Jehan was ever ready to break any man or woman who used forbidden luxuries in this sad period. His wife had struggled to help the common people by discouraging the extravagance of the Mongol nobles, and he saw that her wishes were carried out. He saved all he could, but all he saved he resolved to spend on a monument to the woman who had saved himself.

He chose a garden for his wife to



Rows of slim cypresses lead to this lovliest of all buildings and between the trees lies a stretch of still water, banked in marble.

sleep in, by the river Jumna. He had drawings made of the most famous buildings on the earth. He brought artists from Italy, Constantinople, Mesopotamia, and other lands. A man who seems to have been part Greek, part Turk, and part Persian won the competition. His name was Ustad Isa. Masons came from Bagdad, from the Ganges, and from the Punjab. Builders came from Anatolia and Samarkand, and mosaic workers from Italy and Persia. Twenty thousand men were kept working seventeen years, and precious stones were brought from China, Persia, Tibet, and Arabia. A French silversmith made two silver doors, and a sheet of pearls was designed to cover the tomb. A fortune was spent on rich silk carpets, golden lamps, and jeweled candlesticks, and a gold screen studded with gems was made to enclose the tomb.

All this seemed like the gorgeousness of savage taste. In England, John Milton heard of the building of the Taj, and sang of the Orient showering on her kings barbaric gold and pearl. But the great Mongols had a fineness of mind amid all their magnificence. Perhaps their love of natural beauty kept their sense delicate and true. Jehan, at any rate, had fine taste, and he himself directed the design and decoration of the Taj, so that one of the most barbaric races in the world gave mankind a supreme lesson in art and beauty.

The design is simple, and depends for its effect on spacing and proportion, and on the art of leading the eye by landscape gardening to the appreciation of the great work in stone. All the main lines are broad and simple. From a marble terrace rises the white dome, flanked on both sides by two noble mosques of red sandstone, each inlaid with white marble. Four minarets, like court ladies attending their empress, stand about the dome, and the distant effect is like that of a graceful woman whose bearing and silhouette please the eye before we come near enough to observe her fine features and delicate attire. When the shrine is closely approached, its infinite wealth of decoration captures the mind with a gust of delight. Though the marble seems smooth in the distance, there are cut into it low reliefs of lilies, tulips, and crown imperials. The panels are framed in jasper, coral, turquoise, sardonyx, and other precious stones, set by the greatest craftsmen of the age.

Within the tomb a soft light plays on a screen of marble tracery, which now replaces the original screen of gold. It is one of the most exquisite things in the world, a lacework of fine stone on which artists labored for ten years in a golden age of art. Enclosed in the screen are the tombs of Mumtaz Mahal and Shah Jehan, who sleep in a vault beneath. Everlasting Persian flowers are wrought in the white marble of the tomb of Mumtaz.

Jehan intended that soft melodies and religious chants should echo forever in this great monument. When a loud noise is made in the chamber of the tomb there is no response, but if a few notes are softly sung the music is repeated in echoing harmonies, until it seems as if the choir of heaven were singing from the dome.

Such is Taj Mahal, the loveliest monument on earth.

THE TAJ MAHAL

By B. CHESNEY

ON the banks of the sacred Jumna, one of India's holy rivers, lies an ever-green and flowering garden in seclusion behind a wall. But from a terrace near the river the softly flowing lines of white marble domes and minarets rise like a cloud of ethereal light above this sun-swept land and the majestic river. This wonder of the world is know to all as the Taj Mahal, the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal.

No Empress in the world has been honored after death with a more heavenly mausoleum than that which covers the earthly remains of Mumtaz Mahal, "Crown of the Palace," as her name would ring in English. Although nigh on three hundred years have passed over this delicate structure, its beauty is as fresh and fragrant as on the day of its completion. The white marble is as radiant, the garden as young, and the waters of the river as abundant as of yore, when the dying Emperor, a captive in the fort of Agra, was taken by his faithful daughter to gaze once more upon the peerless shrine of his immortal love.

Sublime as this vision is in daylight, night alone discloses the secrets of its inner meaning. In hours of night or silent dawn let us approach this jewel of the builder's art. As we cross the dewy park, a young moon or only Indian starlight to guide our footsteps, the great Moghul gate looms out among the trees. Passing through the dark, tall archway, surmounted by the happy symbols of Mahomedan architecture of its time, we become gradually aware of a new presence facing us, remote, yet near; indistinct, yet faintly real. The light of a million stars is reflected from opal-tinted forms and the most feminine lines ever yet charmed into architecture by the hands of man.

No dome in India—yea, in the world—resembles this exquisite edifice, from which the yearning soul of a lovely woman seems forever rising to the heavens above, with lotus flowers blooming at her feet.

One marvels how the human mind could evolve a marvel such as this and is reminded that at least three spiritual conceptions of womanhood are united in this masterpiece. For the design was conceived by an Italian, approved by a Persian and executed by Indian craftsmen, all able to draw upon the manifold spiritual traditions which combined to produce their various civilizations.

Although India owns this unrivaled work of art, it has been left to the British spirit of reverence for beauty and the sublime in religious spheres to preserve the precious building, and declare it a protected monument. Without this intervention the smiling domes would have decayed and the lovely rhythmic lines would be no more. The spirit of India lives in the past, yet shows little appreciation of historical monuments which have no special merit as places of pilgrimage. No Mahomedan would worship in this mosque, as it holds the remains of a woman. To an orthodox Hindu it is equally uninviting. A new spirit is coming to the East, however, and with it a new love and reverence is awakening among the young for India's historic past and the spiritual beauty expressed in her monuments. Thus the wonders of the Taj Mahal will fill all hearts with sacred joy, thrilling the soul with its uplifting rhythm and the memory of its beauty will last forever.

Every year some new love of lovely things, and some new forgetfulness of the teasing things, and some higher pride in the praising things, and some sweeter peace from the hurrying things, and some closer fence from the worrying things; and longer stay of time when you are happy and lighter flight of days that are unkind.

—*Ruskin*

AN EXCURSION TO THE MOON

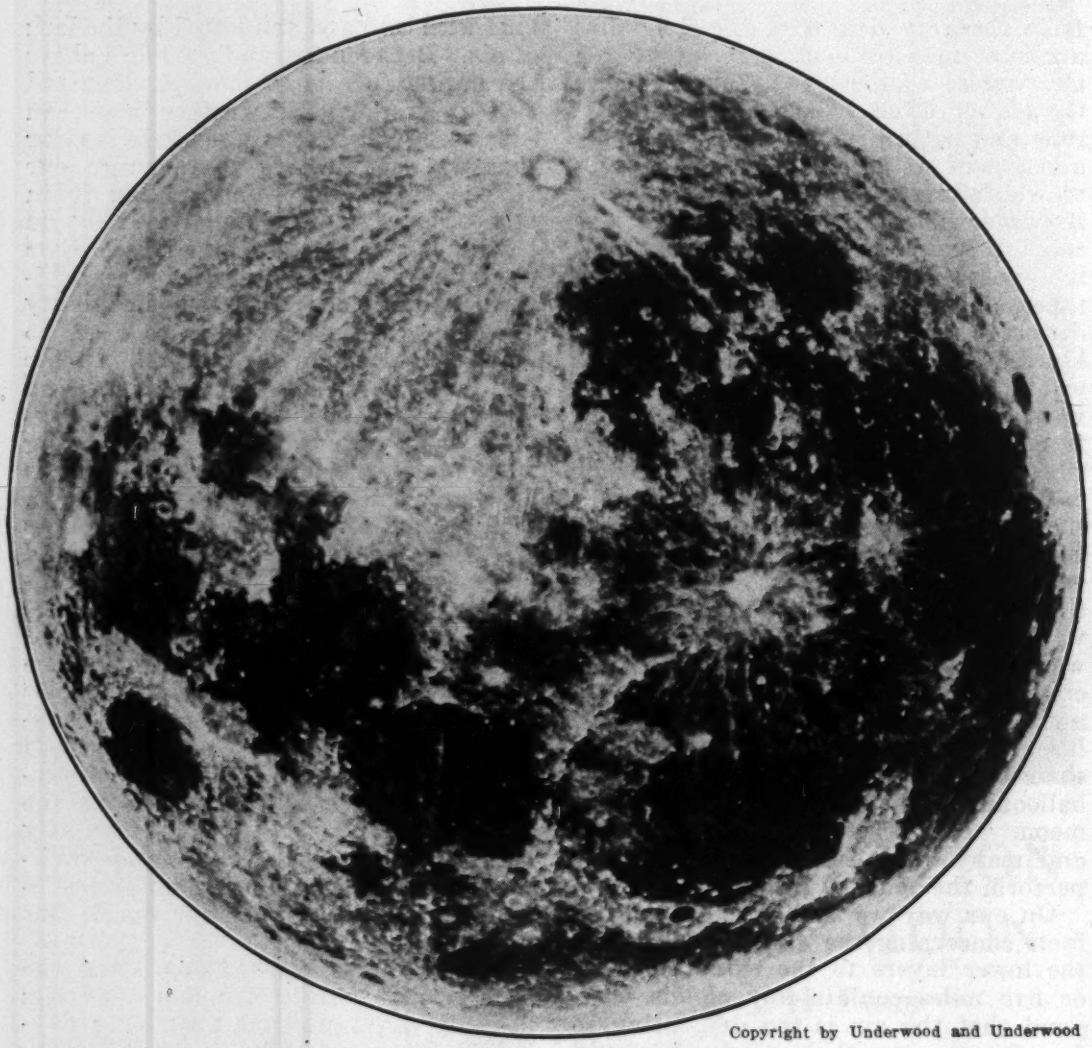
By J. H. FABRE

IT must be a great moment for the balloonist when the last rope holding the balloon is let go. The aerial machine oscillates throughout its swollen bulk; it is set in motion and starts on its journey. A stone sinks less swiftly into the abysses of the ocean than the balloon rises into the heights of the atmosphere. In a few seconds the crowd of onlookers is like an insignificant lot of ants; houses look ridiculously small, and the town appears like a little heap of white cubes which could easily be held in the hollow of the hand. Here comes a cloud. The balloonist plunges into it and everything vanishes. Another rush, and the balloon emerges

from the gray depths of the cloud like a marine monster coming to breathe on the surface of the water. It rises into the higher levels, which are always serene and bathed in sunlight. It reaches a height of six miles, the greatest height to which mankind has ever penetrated. At intervals the balloonist sees the earth through holes in the clouds, but it appears vague on account of its distance, and terrifying by its depths. A dozen ropes and a wicker-basket hold him suspended over the abyss. What would happen to him if the frail craft were to be shipwrecked and thrown from a height of six miles? Our hair rises on end if we only think of such a fall. In three-quarters of a minute the unfortunate man would touch the ground at a speed of 140 feet per second, which is nearly the speed of a cannon-ball, and after the shock he would have lost his human form, and would be unrecognizable. We divert our eyes from the horrible spectacle, and if you feel you have courage sufficiently strong not to turn giddy we shall ascend together higher than the balloonist and proceed as far as the moon. And for reasons of prudence and many other reasons we shall only perform the journey in our mind's eye.

On our way we shall find out certain facts concerning the atmosphere. Only the lower layers to the extent of four or five miles contain any clouds. Beyond that the air is too dry, being so free from vapor that no clouds would be able to form. In the upper regions of the atmosphere the weather is therefore perpetually fine. There are no storms and there is no lightning. The temperature falls very rapidly. Even at a few miles, the cold is very intense and the serene heights of the atmosphere have at all seasons a lower temperature than the most severe of our wintry days. The air becomes more and more rarefied, and soon ceases to be sufficient for respiration. The balloonists who have ventured to the greatest height, Glaisher and Coxwell, who reached six miles, said that at the highest level they lost consciousness, blue with cold and suffocated by the lack of air. Between five and six miles above the ground life is so much endangered that it is doubtful whether man can ever reach yet higher levels. It is clear that we should have to renounce our voyage if we were undertaking it in any other way but mentally. We should hardly have left the ground before we were threatened with death by asphyxiation and cold. But as imaginary travelers we have nothing to fear, so let us proceed. What is this? In the middle of the day the sky is getting dark. We left under a magnificent blue sky, and now the blue is turning more and more black. Night seems to be coming in the presence of the sun. The reason for this celestial darkness is easy to see. We have only a small portion of air above us to produce diffused light. The luminous veil of the atmosphere is becoming thinner, and across this light veil we see the space where there is no more daylight because there is no more matter to be illuminated. Let us do this last stage with a rush and emerge above the atmosphere. Turn once more back to the earth. With good eyesight you may see the surface of the aerial ocean swelling in enormous undulations and subsiding on the confines of our world. But we must pass on.

Now we have reached space and the infinite void, where the sun sheds its floods of light without producing daylight. When we look towards the sun, blazing light threatens us with blindness, while in every other direction space is jet black, and stars shine in incomparable splendor. It is night in full daylight, and it is darkness amidst the light. Where there is nothing the sun can illuminate nothing. In vain do its rays traverse the desert immensity. The eye which does not receive them in a direct line regards them as invisible. We have entered the domain of eternal silence, the heavy silence of the void. No noise reaches us from the earth, an explosion which would break up the globe would not trouble our peace, for in the absence of all



Copyright by Underwood and Underwood

The moon as seen through one of the largest telescopes.

matter there can be no sound. It is also the domain of terrible cold which would kill the earth, but for its atmospheric mantle. Where there is nothing to heat up, the heat of the sun, like its light, remains ineffective. The most moderate computation places the temperature of these extra-terrestrial deserts at 200° below the freezing point, which is three times the most intense cold of the exceptional winter of 1829. Certain delicate researches lead us to believe that the cold descends even to 270° below zero. You will understand I hope, that with such fatal conditions as are presented by the total absence of air at a very low temperature, life is altogether banished from inter-planetary space. But let us pursue our expedition across this terrible void. Why not? Imagination is a marvelous mount which laughs at danger, and takes you where you wish to go; it is apt, indeed, to go astray, and we shall have to be on our guard and control its assertions by the severe pronouncements of science.

We need not prolong our stay in this monotonous space. The moon is our goal, and we will not lose any time. But

a remarkable station is encountered on our way. On the imaginary line joining the earth to the moon there is a point which limits the respective domains of the two globes as regards attraction. Nothing distinguishes that point from any other point of space, and yet it is worthy of attention. Let me explain. The earth exerts her attraction on surrounding bodies and makes them fall towards her. The moon also attracts them on her part. As the attraction is proportional to the mass, the earth being larger and heavier is superior to the moon when the distances are equal. But on the other hand the attraction diminishes with the square of the distance. Thus, if the body attracted is fairly near the moon, the lesser distance would compensate for the feebleness of the moon, and the smaller heavenly body may exert as great an attraction as the larger body, or even a greater attraction. Thus we have to determine the point where, on account of distance and mass, the lunar attraction balances the earth's attraction, so that any body which happened to be placed there would be equally attracted by the earth and by the moon, and would fall neither towards the one nor towards the other. A calculation proves that such a point is found at nine-tenths of the whole distance of the two bodies, reckoned from the earth, or at one-tenth as reckoned from the moon. On this side of that limit the earth rules supreme, while on the other side it is the moon. Thus, an object situated on a straight line joining the two bodies would fall towards the earth or towards the moon according to its position on this side or the other side of the point of equal attraction.

We have reached that point, the frontier of the two attractions. Until now we have been traveling with our heads pointing upwards to the moon and our feet downwards towards the earth, the mass which attracted us most. That position alone is the normal one, the only position

World Wide Photos.

proper to our conditions of existence, since a complete reversal, unless it were very short, would be fatal to us. Yet it is strange that at the point where we have just arrived we must, in order not to suffer any inconvenience, turn our heads where our feet would be, and turn our feet where our heads should be. The reason for this is obvious. Once we have passed that limit we do not belong to the earth, but we belong to the moon, whose attraction is now superior. What we call "down" will now be towards the globe which attracts us, and that is the moon. What we call "up" will be towards the attraction of the earth, which we no longer obey. Henceforth the voyage will no longer be an ascent, but a fall. We do not rise, we descend. We fall towards the moon from a height of 24,000 miles. We have no more effort to make to reach our goal, since the moon's attraction carries us along with an increasing velocity which in a few minutes will become terrifying. A little time ago we shuddered at the idea of a balloonist falling from a height of six miles. What will it be when we fall from a height of 24,000 miles? Well, all is over, and we have arrived, but it is just as well that we are only traveling mentally.

Where are we? On a rocky slope resembling those bare escarpments which we find in some of the Swiss Alps. These are real stones we see, veritable rocks heaped in a terrible disorder. All of us have seen similar avalanches of boulders on the torn flanks of earthly mountains. The moon, like the earth, is a globe of stony material. But is stone heavy here? Here we have a block which, according to its volume, should weigh 2 cwt. on the earth, but we can lift it easily in our hands. A similar block of wood would be lifted on earth with less ease. We might almost say it consisted of cork, so light is it. A singular country this, where stones weigh no more than cork weighs with us. But everything participates in this lightness. A strange sensation warns us that, for us also, weight has been lessened. We have hardly any consciousness of our own weight, and our feet seem enveloped in cotton-wool, because we no longer feel the pressure of the ground. We hesitate in our walk because the effort of a step takes us farther than we wish to go; we walk without proper facility or proper equilibrium or proper weight. We are too light for the force used. There is no longer any harmony between the resistance to be overcome and the power brought into play, and this accounts for our pleasing awkwardness in trying to do the simplest thing in the world, viz. walking. Let us hope that habit will come to our rescue, and that we can ascend the slopes which surround us.

The place to which the chances of our fall have brought us is not very reassuring. The soil around us rises in sudden slopes of a bare and mournful appearance, and forms a conical chasm, a sort of large funnel, the bottom of which is lost in a chaos of darkness and rocky boulders. A mile above our heads the orifice of the crater opens with many gaps, like the rim of an immense well in ruins. We cannot doubt that we have fallen into the crater of a volcano. Such a situation would be dangerous on earth, but here there is no danger. Astronomers, at least, have never found any eruption in lunar volcanoes, whose activity, it seems, has ceased for ever. Let us, in any case, get out of the volcanic funnel and look round at the landscape from the summit.

It would be difficult to find a stranger country. We might be on a gigantic cinder. An infinite number of volcanic cones succeed each other to the north and south, to the right and left as far as the eye can reach, larger and smaller, isolated or in groups grafted like warts one upon another. Some of them are like small molehills, and hardly rise above the plain. Others rival in their height the highest peaks on earth, and their funnels are so deep that the sun never reaches the bottom. Some are erected on an excrescence of the soil, while others are planted within

monotonous enclosures which it would take several days to walk round. And on the flanks of these cones and at their base in the valleys which separate them we see the strangest collection of pinnacles, battlements, broken edges, and excrescences. It requires, no doubt, an enormous power to produce such convulsions of the soil.

What we see from the top of our observatory is repeated all over the moon's surface. Everywhere the dominant aspect of the moon is one of disorder, which reminds us in its enormous proportions of certain cantons of the Auvergne and of the Vivarais which are known to be covered with extinct volcanoes. If the small craters of the moon can reasonably be compared to terrestrial volcanoes, the immense enclosures have a great resemblance to certain circular mountain ranges with crater-shaped valleys which in the Pyrenees are known under the name of *cirques*. These are not eruptive cones like Vesuvius or Etna, but regions where the surface of the moon has risen under the pressure of internal forces within the planet, like bubbles which rise in the surface and whose center collapses, leaving an amphitheater of vertical walls.

And yet what a disproportion between the *cirques* of the moon and those of the earth. That of Heas in the Pyrenees is a gulf more than six miles round. Its walls are never less than 2,500 feet high. Numerous herds roam within these walls, the limits of which can hardly be seen. Three million people would not fill it up, while ten million would find room on the gradients of its ramparts. Yet the majestic *cirque* of the Pyrenees is only a miserable object compared with those lunar *cirques* which are 250 or 400 miles in circumference, and whose walls reach heights of three or four miles.

The volcanic character, so striking in the inequalities of the moon's surface, is matched by another characteristic, which is equally remarkable, viz. their colossal dimensions as compared with the moon itself. Of the 1,095 mountains of the moon whose heights have been measured, six are over 20,000 feet and 22 surpass the height of Mont Blanc, which is 14,000 feet high. The lunar peak Doerfel, with its 25,000 feet of height, is almost the rival of Mount-Everest and Gaurisankar, the two highest mountains of the earth, which are 29,000 feet high. If we consider the small volume of the moon, the exaggerated size of the lunar mountains becomes even more striking. Gaurisankar represents in its height the 740th part of the earth's radius, while Doerfel represents the 227th part of the moon's radius. According to this comparison of the extreme heights, it is seen that the lunar mountains are three times higher in proportion than those of the earth. A very probable cause of this excessive relief on the moon is that gravitation is six times less there. If the mountains of the moon are due, like those of the earth, to central commotions and internal disturbances which have raised them above the general level, it is quite conceivable that the same force should produce more considerable effects where the weight of material lifted presents six times less resistance.

One thing will naturally astonish you. I have told you the size of the lunar craters and the elevation of the lunar peaks in feet. How do I know these numbers? How can we, from the earth, measure the heights of the mountains of the moon?

If we point even a small telescope at the moon, its disk appears strewn with a prodigious number of round or oval patches partly illuminated and partly obscure, and surrounded by walls or ramparts whose crests shine with great brilliancy. At the period of first quarter or last quarter, when the visible portion of the moon is reduced to a crescent, the clearness of those hills is admirable, and we can recognize without any hesitation that the round bodies are cavities or enormous craters. The internal slope of the cavity which faces the sun is brilliantly illuminated, while the opposite slope, which is shaded from the sun's

rays, is jet black. The peaks of the circular rampart seem to be flaming, and the whole mountain projects its own black shadow into the plains behind. Now it is the length of these shadows when compared with the moon's diameter which guides us in ascertaining the height of the mountain and the depth of its crater.

We proceed as follows: If the moon had a perfectly smooth surface, the line of separation between the part illuminated by the sun and the dark part would be perfectly regular. But if we examine the moon at first quarter we find beyond the line of continuous light a number of luminous irregularities, and particularly a number of isolated points which seem to be detached from the crescent. These points are the tops of mountains which, on account of their elevation, receive the sunlight before it reaches the surrounding plains, and which shine out, while at their feet everything is still plunged into the darkness of night. From the distance of those bright points, reckoned from the line of continuous illumination, we can deduce the heights of the corresponding mountains, for the higher the peak rises the earlier will the sun's rays reach it. But let us not speculate any longer, but leave the unknown its mysteries.

THE GRASS

The grass so little has to do—
  A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
  And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
  The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
  And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like
    pearls,
  And make itself so fine—
A duchess were too common
  For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
  In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
  Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
  And dream the days away—
The grass so little has to do,
  I wish I were the hay!

—Emily Dickinson

THE YOUNG UNITED STATESER

By ETHEL BAILEY

"HEY, Dutch! Cheese it!" Bud Williams' stub nose butted imperiously through a gap in the picket fence that divided his mother's place from the Deitrich's.

"What's the big idea, huh?" Bud's freckles darkened belligerently. Wrenching off another lath, he made commanding, if squeezing, entrance to the Deitrich back-yard.

A shabby tow-headed boy, bent earnestly double over a tin can that covered a small fire-cracker, straightened electrically.

"Ach," be blushed, "you gif me a scare." A piece of punk smoked pungently in his hand. "I made already a little celebration," he smiled. "To-morrow comes once the Fourth of July!"

"Does, hey?" Bud's nose achieved a yet greater angle of ascension. The delicious aroma of the punk assailed his nostrils. He reached forth a freckled, acquisitive hand and secured it. "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs," was his oracular advice, "tell me sunthin' I don't know!"

"Well, you ask me once, not?" ventured Eric Deitrich, relinquishing the punk with regret.

"Yea, I ask you what's given you the right to celebrate *our* Fourth o' July, huh? You ain't an American!"

"Ain't 'Merican!" solemnly echoed a small voice. Bud's three-year-old brother, Acie, appearing via the gaping fence, now advanced upon them.

"I was born here, already," defended Eric.

"Where?" defied Bud.

"To the farm first, by the edge of town."

"Aw," scoffingly, "out to the Dutch Settlement! Say, that don't count."

"Don't tount," pronounced Acie judicially.

"If you had been raised here, along with us," explained Bud, "you might not be so bad; but you Dutchmen herd up alone and act like this was the old country."

"Old tountry!" commented Acie disdainfully.

Eric hung his head. Although accustomed to taunts, they yet possessed the power to wound. He edged towards the shelter of his kitchen porch.

"Hey, Dutch!" It was not Bud's purpose to allow Eric to escape. "Listen here! I'll shoot your cracker for you," he offered regally, "I'm an American, see? And say," he moderated his voice in an approach to affability, "I'll tell you something—a secret! Oh, boy!"

Beguiled by the friendlier tone Eric returned to the fence.

"Mebbe," Bud's small form swelled with pride, "Mebbe, some of these Fourth o' Julys I get to carry the flag myself! The big flag, on parade in the percession! Grandpa said so! Grandpa's a G. A. R." Bud exploded. "When I'm a little older, I'm gonna march along all stiff and stuck-up and carry the flag myself, with the band playin', 'tootle-loo, tootle-loo, tootle-loo!'"

Bud gave a graphic illustration of the dramatic moment, with a picket wrenched from the fence as a flag staff. "I'm an American, I am," he hurled over the picket.

"'Merican, I is," Acie strutted behind, a broken lath at a jaunty angle against his bobbing curls.

"I, too, was born here," ventured Eric under his breath, with gratifying envy.

"Aw," Bud halted his march to stare him out of countenance, "You're Dutch just the same—don't make any odds if you were born here. Your folks came over from Germany, didn't they, huh?"

"Folks tome over," declaimed Acie, pointing an accusing picket.

"Yes," Eric protested gently, "but you should not blame them yet that they never knew to get themselves born over here."

Ignoring this logic, Bud swept on ruthlessly, "They talk Dutch, too, and cook Dutch and look Dutch, so you're a Hun! Hello, Hun!"

"Hayo, Hun," contributed Acie, "Hayo!"

"Your grandpa wasn't a G. A. R., your dad didn't go to the war, he's just a Dutch farmer. Don't you wish you was me? But," he added illuminatingly, "you ain't! You're just a Hun. Hello, Hun!"

"We ain't Dutch, yet." Eric's methodical mind reverted, with a sense of injustice, to the first point in Bud's charge. "We ain't Dutch," he repeated with a slow dignity. "For they come from Holland and we come——"

"Shucks, I don't care! They're just the same," Bud announced with catholic impartiality. "Dutch and German, ain't no diff. Your're allus havin' your ole Dutch picnics and talkin' Dutch and eating Dutch grub. If you wanta be Americans why don't you act like 'em? What makes you talk so funny, huh? Why don't you talk like anybody else? Why don't you talk like white folks?"

"It's not so easy yet to talk a language you're not mothered to," Eric explained patiently. "My mamma takes shame enough for her English. She won't go where she is all the time laughed at, and when people don't feel so good against us, we know it. So we Germans must get by ourselves together to have once some good little times."

"There you go again," exulted Bud. "Gosh, you talk funny! Anybody could spot you for Dutch a mile off. Hello, Hun! Hello, Hun!" He danced happily about, waving his picket belligerently.

"Hayo, hayo, hayo," Acie joined gleefully, "hayo!"

A tall, stooped figure stepped out on the porch of Bud's house. Grandpa Williams appeared with a coat on his arm. He hung it carefully on the clothes-line and dusted it with a brush that he carried in his pocket. Tomorrow he would march, with the G. A. R. boys, in the parade. He always brushed and aired the old blue military coat the afternoon of July third. He left it, at length, on the line to air and, turning, became conscious of the yelling boys.

"Tut! Tut!" he exclaimed, "Tut! Tut!" He beat a tattoo on the porch with his broad-toed shoe. "What's the fuss!"

Bud looked away guiltily, but little Acie, with the frankness of his years, burst out. "He's no dood, Dranpa," he explained. "Eric Hun, Eric butch! Hayo—" he turned to the small figure drooping against the fence, "Hayo butch!"

"Boche, hey!" Grandpa cupped a thin old ear with a wrinkled hand. "What's all this? That's no way to talk! Come here!" He crooked a finger at the little German and pointed, with his cane, to a seat on the shady steps. "Come here, boys, all of you, I want to talk to you.

"I thought I had taught you better than that, Bud," be began. "Americans aren't small and pestering and little." He eyed his grandsons severely. "Acie, you move over and give Eric a place in the shade. The United States is made up of people from every country. It had to be. Don't you know that?" Bud busied himself with an excavation in the path, ably conducted by a muscular big toe and did not look up, but over Eric's clouded face a gleam shone.

"Don't you know," persisted grandpa, "that the American Indians are the only real natives, if you want to go back far enough?"

Bud conducted the final obsequies of a small beetle, pressing the kicking corpse firmly into his excavation, before lifting his gaze to meet his grandparent's eye.

"Aw," said he, "Injuns don't count! But Eric, here," he slid a belligerent

glance in Eric's direction, "his folks are Germans and we just finished lickin' them. That's different!"

Grandpa Williams eyed the boys before him in silence for a moment. "Did you ever hear the story of Fighting Bob Evans?" he began. "It was in the harbor of Santiago—he had overwhelmed a Spanish vessel and her deck was lined with fallen men. Our boys were raising a cheer of victory, but Fighting Bob waved them down. 'Don't shout!' said he, 'the poor devils are dying!' That," and the old man eyed the enthralled listeners sternly, "was the speech of an American!"

"America," the old soldier went on, "is too big for malice and meanness—too big to nurse old grudges and carry on hatred from generation to generation. Many of our best, most loyal soldiers both in the Civil and the World War were of German blood. Perhaps our bravest aviator was a naturalized German. Because a man has German blood in his veins is no reason why he may not be fine and loyal and good.

"Eric, here," the old man smiled into the glowing blue eyes that were riveted upon his own, "he can show he is loyal to the old U. S. A. when his time comes. He can do something some day, if he watches his chance. Eh, boy?"

Eric swallowed hard, his eyes gleaming, and nodded his head, speech for the moment beyond him.

"And that's all patriotism is, anyhow," the old man concluded. "Service, just service!" He rose stiffly from his seat on the steps and trudged up the path, his broad-toed shoes slapping the board-walk with a marching rhythm. "Service," he muttered to himself, "to the end."

"I want," suddenly spoke up Eric at his elbow, his rapt eyes visioning something of glory called up by the old man's words, "God-from-the-world," he whispered, "but I want already to be a United Stateser!"

The morning of the Fourth dawned cloudless and hot. Amelia Williams laid out her father-in-law's military suit.

"I do wish, pa," she began, "that you'd give up the idea of marching in the parade. It's going to be awful hot and you know you get those dizzy spells when you get overhet."

"Why, daughter, it ain't much to do." The old man pinned his company badge on his coat. "We had all ought to be willing to exert ourselves once a year, or our patriotism will get as moth-eaten as my old suit, when it isn't used oftener."

"Well, then, seems to me they ought to arrange for the G. A. R. boys to ride, instead of limping along in the dust behind the mayor and town officers and the Chamber of Commerce. Every one of them is better fitted to tramp than you are!"

"Tut, tut, Amelia, 'tain't soldierly to be setting soft. The old boys ain't complaining. Just so they give us time, we'll get along as good as the rest."

"You've got the flag to carry, too, ain't you, pa?"

"Guess so. Ain't missed carrying old glory once since the war. Got so I take a foolish pride in my record. Folks will take a pride in most anything, 'specially when a body gets so old there ain't much to take a pride in except the past. Every year I wonder if I'll be spared to march another time. I'm kinder hankering to last till one of my grandchildren can take up the old flag, when I have to lay her down. But pshaw, that's narrer-minded. It don't make any odds who carries Old Glory, so long as he's a good 'United Stateser,' as the little cuss next door says."

"Nonsense, pa!" Amelia spoke up with sharp cheer to hide the pain his words gave. "You'll be carrying the old flag for years to come. Only I do wish they would fix it so that the G. A. R. boys could ride."

It may have been the hot sun, for it beat down with pitiless ferver. It may have been that one of his poor spells was due to come on. At any rate, just as the long parade, banners flying, band booming, made its first turn at

Third and Broadway, a grim old blue-clad figure staggered slightly under the flag it was bearing, and quite calmly and gently lay back in a faint.

A drug store occupied the corner where Grandpa Williams fell. Some men lifted and carried him indoors.

"Poor old man," they muttered. "Poor old feller, carrying a flag and tramping this hot day."

"Who has the flag now?" one demanded.

"That's so," Amelia, tear-stained and eager, had just arrived, "who took up the flag when pa fell?"

"Some little tyke in a white suit," volunteered a clerk. "He grabbed it up and hoisted it to the wind. There!" he peered out the window, "there he goes, just turning the corner now."

The old man opened his eyes. "Who," said he, a feeble hand groping beside him for the staff, "who has the colors, boys, now?"

"Little fellow in a white suit, grandpa," comforted the clerk, bending down to the old man. "Unbuckled your sword and fastened it around his shoulders—grabbed up the flag and darted out as spry as a cricket. He's carrying it in the parade right now!"

A sigh of supreme content escaped the old soldier's lips. "Must have been Bud," he smiled. "I've raised him to know the colors have got to fly, no matter what happens."

"Well, pa, that's what I call providential," exulted Amelia. "I let Bud and Acie go with the Stanley's in their new flivver. He must have seen you stumble and been right there when needed. I'm glad now," she reflected with satisfaction, "I made him wear his white suit, so long as he's going on parade."

The little white-clad figure trudged sturdily along. When the band played it was easy enough to carry on. He wished it played all the time, for when the band-men stopped to get their breath the flag got so heavy, try as he would, he could not keep it from wabbling. The sword, too, dragged, unless he hugged it against his body with one elbow, which made it awkward to hold up the flagstaff. But when the music began! Ah, the music *carried* him along. He floated on waves of pure emotion, wordless, in rosy clouds of glory. The silken flag spread to the breeze. He gazed up at the delicious colors—brave, bright red on a gleaming white; blue with its sprinkle of heavenly stars. The throb of the music, like a mighty national heart, beat through his own. It was, to the boy, the very incarnate military spirit of America made audible. It dimmed his eyes, parched his throat, pulsated through all his small being.

A pause—and again the proud, glad glory of the music! His throat ached with it, his eyes brimmed with the joy of it. Everywhere banners waved, people shouted and clapped. Beautiful horses minced daintily by, dancing proudly to the spirited air. He shifted the staff with numb hands, stretched his short legs to keep up with the ranks, lifted a small, determined chin, and trudged sturdily along.

The flag—*his* flag—*America's* flag—caught up its silken glory in a sudden breeze! How beautiful! How he loved it! To die, like a soldier for it, would be joy—pure joy!

On Tenth Street a young soldier slipped up. "I'll relieve you, buddy," he said.

"No, no," the little figure stiffened, "No, no!" He gripped the flagstaff and hitched up his sword straps belligerently, hastening truculently ahead.

"All right, son, carry on," the young fellow grinned. "Guess you're as good a sight for sore eyes as any here on parade."

Some boys, a little larger than himself, waited at a corner. One slipped behind him and tried to jerk away his staff. The other reached out adroitly from behind the folds at the side. He kicked fiercely at the one behind and savagely bit the hand that tried to unclasp his own on the staff.

"Go it, wild-cat," they muttered, as they fell back to nurse their bruises.

The music burst forth now but rarely. The band-men wiped their faces wearily in the heat, and the sword-straps on the little color bearer began to cut deeply. The sword, too, swung against his legs, bruising them with every stride. The parade, it seemed, traveled miles. Down Fourth to C, across C to Ninth, up Ninth to Union—miles—miles!

The flag flapped sometimes into his face, blinding him, and at every block it got hotter! At M street he lost his hat. The sun, after that, beat down on his bare crown and made it ache with a fierce, throbbing beat. When, at intervals, the music drowned out the aching beat in his head, it carried him for a while; but when it ceased he was conscious only that the flag must go on—on, in spite of weight, pain, weariness—though it was miles—miles——

People were swarming about the flag-draped band-stand that fronted the public square. Here there were to be speeches, music, the oration of the day. The mayor sat in state on the front seat, beside him the city council, the members of the Chamber of Commerce, an orator of renown from the North.

The little white-clad flag-bearer, hot, weary and disheveled, now walking near the end of the procession, dragged slowly into view.

Some one near the stand set up a cry—others took it up—"The Standard bearer—Standard-bearer—Hurrah for the color-boy!"

Before he was well aware that the excitement and clamor were centered about himself, they had half-lifted, half-carried the lad to the platform beside the mayor, and an uproar of laughter and cheering voices arose.

"Now what," said the mayor, beaming kindly upon him, "is your name, my boy?"

The crowd gathering closer fell silent to hear. The flushed little face grew redder still and, for the first time that day, the childish chin trembled. He could not control his voice to speak.

"It's old Williams' grandson," came a voice from the crowd. "He took up the flag when the old man fell down."

"Did you, my son?" The mayor bent down to him. "Is your name Williams, my boy?"

"Ach, no," the small boy mastered his tongue. "My name, it's—— I been Eric Deitrich already."

A surprised murmur ran through the crowd.

"But," he lifted his curly head proudly, "I got the dare fer to show I been loyal to the flag. I—I ain't one fer to let it lie when old Grandpa fell down once! He said, old Grandpa Williams did"—the childish voice rang clear over the crowd—"that fer to be an American we got only to have service. Service, he said, to the end! Ach, mister, the kids all calls me Hun, but I want"—his voice quavered with earnestness—"God-from-the-world, how I want already to be a United Stateser!"

Old Grandpa Williams, as he sat in a rocker in a corner of the drug store, raised a wrinkled hand to his ear.

"Just hear those folks holler, Amelia," he chuckled happily, "They're making racket enough to be greeting the president!"

Copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood

THAT FIGHT ABOUT AMERICA'S GOLD

By WALTER S. HIATT

GOLD?

July 28, 1914, a German passenger steamer, the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie,* tranquilly put out of New York harbor. A few days later the newspapers carried headlines that she was being pursued by British warships, then that she had on board $10,700,000 of American gold, then that she had gotten into Boston harbor, safe in a safe place.

That was the beginning of the great gold drama, the end of which is not yet. In those days a half dozen financiers told me the war could not last, because there was not enough money in the world to finance it. Nations answered by printing up paper money by the bale, then by the ton. Then they mortgaged their gold, then they sent it to us. These impossible billions and trillions of paper promises have been used up, worn out, and only the gold is left, and now that they want back.

Why? Whether you speak with the tongues of men or of angels, whether you count in sterling, or piastres, lei, roubles, pesos, dinars, marks, dollars, paper, copper or silver, you *pay* in gold.

Is the curtain about to rise on the last act of the great gold drama? This coming year will see a gigantic effort made to smooth the creaking machinery of world commerce by the use of our gold, perhaps partly in reshipments of metal to Europe, partly in international investments of loans, of which one thousand millions were made in 1924. The Dawes plan is a part of this schedule. That act has not been written. No man can write it. Gold moves regardless of the wishes, the plaints, the despair, the hope of men.

The United States is said to hold the key to the solution of new world prosperity because it has so much gold. Is this true? Many claim that we have saved the world from total collapse by our gold; that if we turn it loose we invite that collapse. Anything and everything is said about our gold. Some say that gold itself will, in this last act, disappear from the stage as the prince of money, that it must pass into the markets of men as a commodity like silver or platinum or diamonds or pearls.

Since the mythical Argonauts' search for the Golden Fleece thousands of years before Christ, gold has befuddled the minds of men. Since then, and es-

Why Does Your Dog Have Better Teeth Than Your Child?

By C. H. WOODWARD

Every decayed tooth is proof of disease, because disease is merely altered function, regardless of the name of the manifestation whether as a decayed tooth or as a boil, or diabetes, or typhoid fever.

Today we are inclined to think that some manifestations of altered function are due to decayed teeth, and that is unquestionably true, but such manifestation is merely *an effect* of an *effect* without disclosing the original cause.

Rheumatism or neuritis (and many other named manifestations of altered function) often disappear when decayed or abscessed teeth are pulled or patched, but pulling or patching the teeth did *not correct the cause of decay.* The neuritis was an incident of the decay—an effect of the decay.

Teeth decay because we fail to obey the law of life. That law demands that we put back into the blood-stream day by day, the exact elements in kind which are used up in the life processes. We get these life-elements *only from natural food,* and *never* from *denatured food.*

Your dog more perfectly complies with the law of life than does your child. That is why the dog has better teeth.

Man assumes to think he can juggle with the law of life and not be punished. He needs but to open his mouth to prove his punishment, evidenced by his decayed and decaying teeth.

The dental offices are filled with suffering humanity having teeth extracted because their rotting presence fills the body with aches and pains. But taking out the teeth is not dealing with the fundamental cause. It is merely removing one effect to relieve another, and the *cause* of the decaying teeth *goes on with its deadly work!*

Should Teeth Be Patched?

Assuredly they should, but not patched, and *patched, and patched.* Have your teeth patched, and *do it at the earliest possible moment,*

A Business Opportunity

exists for the man who wishes to be his own boss and the owner of a permanent, ever-expanding, profitable merchandising service. It may start with $100 capital or $10,000, but it cannot start without capital. The degree of success has no reasonable limit. It has attracted to it, and has today engaged in it, men who are conspicuous successes and of long and wide experience in merchandising with capital abundant for all their requirements; and the other extreme of men and women with limited business experience and qualifications, and very small capital.

No man is too big for the business.

Men of strong professional standing with splendid incomes have given up these incomes and their professional work to engage in this service, with success.

Service is the foundation of all real success, and this service literally enables you to take time from eternity and put it into the life of man, and make legitimate profits in doing so.

Address Whole Grain Wheat Co., 1849 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

but when you have this done stop living on denatured food.

Animals in nature never have decayed teeth, because they never eat denatured food. Animals live eight to ten times their maturity. Man lives twice his maturity.

Food is denatured when some element or part of an element is removed or lost. It may be through milling, refining, or through cooking in the presence of the oxygen of the air, resulting in changing the minerals from their organic form into oxides. This is one of the greatest discoveries of modern times.

Another Case of Pyorrhea Corrected

208 N. 8th St.,
Terre Haute, Ind.

"I am pleased to recommend ***Whole Grain Wheat*** to the public as a corrective for many human ailments; and wish to add another to your list.

"***Whole Grain Wheat*** has absolutely corrected a case of pyorrhea of long standing for me, by replacement of mineral salts.

"I will make affidavit to that effect."

(Signed) H. A. DIXON.

The use of ***Whole Grain Wheat*** reduces cooking and saves much of the drudgery of the kitchen. It makes you feel better every way. But remember you cannot get real results unless you use it regularly. You never tire of bread, nor will you ever tire of ***Whole Grain Wheat.*** It is the natural wheat berry just as it comes from the harvest field with nothing added, nothing lost, and nothing taken away, cooked under a new method of cooking that is protected by the United States and Canadian governments, and is the first wheat that has ever been cooked ready to eat that is identical with the raw ripe grain in its constituent elements. It possesses the minerals and the vitamine effects possessed by the natural grains, and is delicious and sweet as a nut.

It is never sold through grocery stores, but only through authorized distributors or direct from the company, because it is guaranteed to reduce your meat and grocery bill 25 per cent to 50 per cent when used twice daily. It comes in hermetically sealed sanitary 11-ounce tins (ample for four servings) and is sold in packages of not less than one dozen (a 24-day supply because regular use is essential to results) delivered for $2.00 east of Denver; west of Denver $2.25; foreign $3.50.

Used and endorsed by doctors and scientific men of the highest standing. Look in your telephone and city directory for ***Whole Grain Wheat*** distributor or address ***Whole Grain Wheat Co.,*** 1849 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill. Chicago readers telephone orders Ravenswood 4101; Canadian address, 26 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Ontario; Toronto readers telephone orders Main 4489.

pecially since the discovery of America, gold has accumulated until now the visible supply of the world would make a shining tower twenty feet in diameter and some hundred and fifty feet high, as high as our statue of Liberty. And this is nearly all we know about gold. When men talk about it, their speech becomes that of Babel.

Gold is the only true money.

Gold is heavy.

Gold sells at $20.67 an ounce.

Gold costs more to get than it is worth.

Gold is the clock that tells men the worth of the labor of their hands.

Gold is a peace-maker. Gold is a war-maker.

Gold makes men careful. They lock it up in steel vaults. Gold makes men careless. Of the nineteen billion dollars' worth in the world, they know where to find but nine or ten billions.

Gold makes men happy. Gold makes them mad.

Much gold impoverishes nations. Little gold makes them the pariahs among nations.

Much gold moves prices up. Little gold moves prices down.

Gold is most talked about by those who have no gold. Gold is most thought about by those who have gold.

I despise gold. I own four pieces of gold bearing the stamps of four proud empires, the Russian, the German, the Austrian, the Turkish. These empires are gone, because of the madness of men for more power, more gold. Their people are lost, humbled, and poor, because they have no more gold.

I had six pieces of gold. A vile thief stole two of them. The four I have locked in steel vaults. I alone know where they are. With much difficulty I secretly brought them over five frontiers of countries where it is illegal for private persons to possess gold. These countries want gold to put in their treasuries, to steady the output of paper money. I have no use for this gold. I despise gold.

Yes, I have a watch of gold, real gold, which I smuggled out of Russia where the government took gold ornaments from the churches to get gold for foreign trade. Like myself the Bolsheviks despise gold, symbol of capital, of oppression of the poor by the rich. I have seen men tortured, shot because they refused to reveal the hiding place of their gold. I have seen men digging in the ruins of palaces in the Crimea for gold; tapping walls in Moscow, looking for gold. I have seen a man in Baku starve rather than use the gold hidden in his bedposts to buy food.

Gold! Gold! *Gold!*

What is gold? You take a pick; you dig in the earth; you get perhaps five dollars' worth of gold. Because of a convention you may take this to a government mint and have it turned into a coin; then you pass it to the grocer who gives you the equivalent in food, he buys a pair of shoes with it; the shoe man buys an umbrella of the drygoods man.

What is the value of this gold you dug? Its only value comes through its circulation. Men once traded by barter, a slow and uneven method. So they hit on gold, then the rarest of metals. This gold you dug is merely a symbol of the work you did. Had you been splitting fence rails, somebody who wanted those rails would have paid for your time and provided your food, clothes, tools, shelter while working.

Yet the world is beside itself about this honest, simple medium of exchange, because people confuse gold with wealth. Gold continues, dominating man and his trades, making rich and poor bow down. Nobody seems to know anything about gold. Man has filled libraries with books on gold, and thereby added to the confusion about gold.

"What do you know about gold?" I asked an American banker friend.

"It costs too much to get, more than it is worth," he said with a sly double meaning, his eyes twinkling.

I put the same question to an English banker, over in London, another friend. He bristled all over. "The biggest fact about gold is that you Americans have gold in your treasury that might as well be in the bowels of the earth for all the good it is doing. England owes eight thousand million pounds sterling of war debts. She is kept poor because that gold is not in circulation. She needs gold to work with, and she is obliged to pay you gold on her war debt."

Whenever, wherever you touch the

Do You Know the House Beautiful?

When you look at the lovely houses and rooms and gardens that fill the pages of this fine magazine, you will realize anew how great are the rewards of every effort that goes into making your home a place of greater comfort and charm.

Are you planning some day — this very summer, perhaps — to build, to remodel, or to make an addition to your house? Does the porch need a little attention — the living room a bit of freshening up? Do you want to make your garden more delightful this year than ever before?

THEN SEE THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

THE MAGAZINE OF

BUILDING-FURNISHING-PLANTING

for the lovely garden and for the house in good taste

You may enjoy one of the following special rates by subscribing at this time

----------SPECIAL OFFER----------

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL PUB. CO., 8 Arlington St., Boston 17, Mass.,
or Concord, N. H.

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed find { $1.00 for 5 Months
$3.00 for 15 Months
$4.00 for 2 Years

(Regular Rate 35c a Copy — $3.00 a Year)

Name .....

Address .....

MM-7-25

Going to Travel?

Then by all means refer to the travel section of Harper's Magazine—Every month you will find many alluring suggestions and vivid pictures of America and faraway places including the announcements of a large number of Tourist Agencies, Railroads, Steamship Lines, Resorts and Hotels.

Sailing Dates in Every Issue

For the convenience of our readers we will publish each month the sailing dates for Europe and other countries together with the dates of special tours and cruises.

Feel perfectly free to write us—Our *Travel Bureau* will gladly furnish any information desired.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

LEARN Electricity Great Shops of Coyne—complete in 12 weeks on huge outlay of electrical equipment.
FREE RAILROAD FARE
Enter anytime. Newly enlarged course. Special Limited offer. Auto and Radio Courses included without extra charge. Send for big free Book. FREE Railroad Fare to Chicago. Act Now!
H. C. LEWIS, Pres. Coyne Electrical School Founded 1899
1300-10 W. Harrison St., Dept. 115B, Chicago, Ill.

When in Philadelphia
. . stay at the . .
HOTEL WALTON
Broad & Locust Streets
PHILADELPHIA
Half square from everywhere, in the heart of the shopping and theatrical districts. Close to all Railroad Terminals.
Rooms without Bath, $3.00 with Bath, $3.50 up
Special Luncheon 85c. Unusual Dinner $1.50
As well as a la carte service
EUGENE G. MILLER, Manager.
H. C. CROWHURST, Asst. Manager,

subject of gold, you begin and end with a series of question marks.

Gold is at Armageddon, or is it Golgotha? Never in history has the world faced such complicated international trading problems. Never have there been so many debts, so much paper money. Never has there been such a battle about gold. Many economists want to scrap gold as a medium of exchange. For the first time in history a nation, the United States, has got much gold, more than it wants or needs. It has over half of the nine billions of the world's visible supply. It is conceivable we may get it all.

If we put seven dollars of paper against one of gold, this gold of ours represents a credit power of thirty odd billions. Is our gold serving any useful purpose; will it dynamite our prosperity? Abroad they speak of old Spain; they point to Midas, he of the ass's ears; they say our gold will ruin us and enslave the world. And we are wondering, more and more, how to use our gold abroad, but few have anything to give us in return that we want, and then the world owes us twenty billions.

Is the world mad about gold? Gold is not wealth. Work is wealth. Gold is merely the weight put on the side of the scales balance when you buy a peck of potatoes, or a ship. The wealth of the United States is over 300 billions of dollars, that of the world around 1500. Against this wealth is set some 21,000 tons of gold—an amount equal in size to a three-story house—to fix prices for all men.

Gold has always been right. It has neither country nor creed. It ever seeks its own safety. Men may be foolish; gold never is. At this minute gold is sticking its head out of the window, to judge if it may venture abroad without an umbrella; and when gold reaches such a decision, the greatest war in history may, in some sense, be over.

Why have we so much gold?

That question involves a gold review of the world war that cost perhaps eighty billion dollars net. Until the discovery of America the gold supply of the world was negligible. From the fourth to the fifteenth centuries alchemists flourished, busy trying to transmute base metals into gold. Between 1493 and 1600 the Spaniards obtained in

Mexico, and Central and South America large quantities, bringing the supply to $501,640,000. After the discovery of gold in California and Australia, in 1849–51, there was a big jump in the world supply, which by 1890 was estimated at $4,806,866,000. Later discoveries in various places, including the Klondyke, Nevada, and the Transvaal, brought the estimated world supply to sixteen billion dollars by 1914, some of which was used in the arts and industry, some in bullion and coin by nations. The double standard of gold and silver had long prevailed, in a haphazard manner, and it was only in 1816, when there was enough gold to meet commercial uses, that England adopted the single or gold standard, followed by Germany in 1871, the United States in 1873, and France in 1876.

The largest producers of gold until 1914 were the United States with 3,913, Australia with 3,261, and Africa with 3,263 billion dollars.

The United States, which had started the mint coinage of gold in 1791, had coined, by 1911, $3,271,514,410. Much of this gold had been sold, however, in the course of trade or to pay balances due Europe. At the beginning of the world war the United States' basic gold metallic stock was roughly 1,866 million dollars, that of Great Britain 1,600, of France 1,200, Russia 1,200 and Germany 1,000. At least another billion was held in Austria and Italy.

If ever there was an age of gold, it was in the period that ended in 1914. There was not only plenty of gold to regulate international commerce, but also enough to be used as coined money for internal circulation in the richer countries. Gold came to be accepted as a basic fact of every day life like bread. And man's life went on peacefully. He was occupied with moral problems no more disturbing than the prevention of cruelty to animals. He had enough food, clothes, enough gold. Paper money was the equivalent of gold in most countries. The people of Switzerland and Austria preferred paper money to gold coin. In England, France, and Germany, gold coin circulated as freely as silver in the United States, where we find gold too heavy, too easy to lose. Among these three na-

(*Continued on page* 474)

$2,000.00 for 65 Cents!

Every reader of HOW TO SELL, the great national magazine of selling (which means everyone, male or female, between the ages of 10 and 70, who accepts this extraordinary 4-months' trial combination offer at only $1.00!), can now have the **guaranteed** protection of a Federalized Readers' Service Travel Accident Policy for $2,000 for one year. Not only that, but this special HOW TO SELL policy of the big, reliable Federal Life Insurance Co. of Chicago (25 years old, with assets of over $7,500,000!), may be **renewed** for only 65 cents a year. And it **increases in value 10% a year** until it

BECOMES A $3,000.00 POLICY AFTER 5 YEARS!

It pays weekly indemnities for travel and pedestrian accidents, too, for 13 weeks. And absolutely all you have to do to obtain this sterling policy by mail is to cut out this ad, and pin it—**with a dollar bill**, sent at **our** risk to a brief letter telling us: (1) your full name; (2) full mailing address; (3) place of birth; (4) date of birth; (5) whether you are totally blind or deaf; (6) whether you are crippled so you cannot travel safely in public places; (7) name and address of person to whom you want insurance paid in case you are killed; (8) occupation. That's all. **No physical examination required!** No red tape. No "catch." And in addition to this $2,000.00 policy, you will receive

4 BIG ISSUES OF "HOW TO SELL"

for the other 35c of your dollar—containing a series of editorials of **vital, universal importance** on "Selling **Ourselves** Successfully." (After your trial subscription expires, you need not renew it if you do not wish. Or you may buy the magazine on the news-stands at 25 cents a copy.) Address M 2. Insurance Dept., Kable-Spalding Co., Inc., 443 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Florida Offers Investors $300 more income on each $1,000

That is the difference between 6% and 8% on $1,000 invested in a 15-year bond.

The amount of money safely invested each year in first mortgage realestate bonds amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars. The total invested by insurance companies, banks, trustees and private individuals extends well into the billions. Some get 5½%, some get 6%, some get 7% *and some send their money to Florida and get 8%.*

The difference between 5½% and 8% is more a matter of geography than of varying degrees of fundamental safety.

Write for Trust Company of Florida booklet explaining Florida's five reasons for 8% and safety.

TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA

Paid-in Capital and Surplus $500,000

407 Trust Co. of Florida Bldg., Miami, Fla.

Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida
I want to know Florida's five reasons for 8% and safety.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* 407

YOUR TOMMY AND MARY WHAT WILL THEY BE

THE CELEBRATED CHATAUQUA EQUIPMENT IN USE. This system of play-study brings out, by ***natural*** methods, the child's creative talents. Distinguished educators, parents, writers, scout masters—thousands of people enthusiastically endorse the **CHATAUQUA EQUIPMENT** after observing its effect on the minds and habits of growing children

dull or clever?—laborers or creators?

OUR FIELD SECRETARY

Explains This Equipment In Your Home

No Obligation

WE send directly to your home or office an expert who explains everything about the Chatauqua Equipment.

He shows you how sensible instruction may now be given to children while they are actually at play. He demonstrates how this equipment aids children in their school work and brings them closer to their parents in play and study. The Chatauqua Equipment brings into the home a modern form of play-study in which any parent can become actively interested.

What It Does

The Chatauqua Equipment makes the home the real centre of the child's interest; it encourages accuracy, neatness and order; it directs boys and girls into useful occupations for which the world pays money; it cultivates a taste for good and useful things; it arouses ambition, stimulates the imagination and reveals talent.

A glance at the photographs in this advertisement gives you some indication of the amazing adaptability of the Chatauqua Equipment. But it must be actually seen and used to be appreciated. Already more than one million families have used and benefitted by it.

SURPRISINGLY LOW-PRICED

The complete Chatauqua Equipment includes (1) the Industrial Desk, (2) the Adjustable Table, and (3) the Adjustable Bench. The finest materials are used.

Considering its completeness, the quality of its construction, and its wide range of usefulness, you will find it surprisingly low-priced.

DESK CONTAINS

Simple charts which encourage study of drawing, architecture, penmanship, telegraphy, animal and plant life, business forms, shorthand and many other useful subjects.

Children find it so intensely interesting that they *forget* mischievous, wasteful playtime habits. What a relief to busy mothers—and tired fathers!

No Charge For Demonstration

We will guarantee you an interesting half-hour if you will invite our field secretary to call. Just mail the coupon below. If it happens that you are not near a large city, we will get complete descriptions of the Chatauqua Equipment into your hands by return mail.

Lewis E. Myers & Co.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Clip and Mail

LEWIS E. MYERS & COMPANY,
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Without obligating myself in any way, I should like to learn more about the celebrated Chatauqua Equipment.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

tions there were special pocketbooks to carry gold. The French people in particular love the sight of gold, as do the Asiatic peoples, and their peasants stored their savings in gold coin, in the ground, as the people of India have long done.

Then came the chill suggestion of war. Months before it began France had been buying gold here, shipping it out on her vessels, partly in connection with a loan she was making to Turkey and Serbia. Germany had forestalled the world, however. After the Agadir affair in 1911, when Germany just failed to bluff the world, she began to call in her loans, her paper, adding to her war chest in the Julius Tower of Spandau. Originally this chest held $30,000,000 in gold, spoils from the war with France, in 1870. She added fifty or sixty million dollars to it, and the Reichsbank gold reserve went from $258,000,000 in July, 1911, to $339,000,000 in July, 1914. At the same time Russia had the largest stock in her history, and the largest single stock in Europe—$800,000,000 in the Bank of Russia, and $250,000,000 in the emergency fund of the government treasury.

It had been supposed by banking people and economists, who are so frequently wrong about gold, that the ramifications of world trade would prohibit another war. Yet war came, and with it was smashed all the intricate system of domestic and foreign trade, based on gold. Checks were worthless. Americans traveling in Europe found themselves without credit. Banks were closed. Made wise by other wars, Europeans began to put their gold in the ground, and demanded more gold in payment. Stranded Americans in London were taken care of by Herbert Hoover and Lyndon W. Bates, two engineering partners who, having lived in the East, had kept in their safe an emergency fund of $10,000 in gold. The United States sent over a gold ship with $35,000,000 worth of coins in kegs to be doled out by the various embassies to these Americans, to send them home.

Gold and guns became dual monarchs. Americans going abroad took gold coin in money belts. The gold rushes of our mining days were an afternoon stroll compared to those hundreds of millions of hands clutching, grasping for gold. A French mother with two sons on the front confided to me she had managed to save a dozen pieces of gold, sovereign help in case she had to flee from France. As soon as it became apparent the war would last, the nations made appeals to the patriotism of their citizens to give up their hidden gold, and in return gave them certificate of honor. They placed embargoes on gold leaving their frontiers. A great gold hunt began, and it is still going on.

To get more gold the nations called in their credits here. At that time the United States owed Europe roughly a billion dollars. Our floating debt to London was 580 millions.

Between August 1 and December 31, 1914, we shipped $81,719,000 in gold. These shipments worried us. We were losing our gold! A gold pool of a hundred millions was formed here to guarantee London payments.

Then Europe began to buy goods of us; food, arms, clothes. Europe sold us back some six billions of our investment stocks and bonds. When these were exhausted she had to send us back our gold and her own. Our gold stocks rose from 1,866 millions to 1,973 in 1915, to 3,018 in 1917, and to 3,294 in 1921.

Another payment device of Europe was the placing of loans here which, between 1915 and 1917, totaled three billion dollars. Then the figures outreached the comprehension of men.

The United States was called on even to ship precious metal to India, where the traditional hoarding of gold took on a political aspect. The Indians didn't bother about who won the war, but they did want gold and silver. This nation which during the half century up to the war had absorbed nearly a billion dollars in gold, or 11 per cent of the world supply for that period, became the prize sinkhole for gold and silver. It cleaned out Peru and other countries of silver and by the Pittman Act got at least 271 million silver dollars from us. Canny people those Indians!

The close of the war found gold on top, though able to buy but fifty per cent of its pre-war value. We had double our normal amount of gold, a huge national debt of twenty-six and a half millions, and promises to pay by Europe. Much territory had changed hands, England and France having

A Man's A Man For All That And All That

said an eminent Scottish poet years ago.

Today he would put it: *A Man's a Man for all that and all that, PLUS:—The Books and Magazines he reads.*

THE SALESMAN'S NEWS, a national Educational and Inspirational Magazine, is one of the really worthwhile magazines today. Published in the interests of business men, sales managers, executives, saleslades as well as salesmen, it is an indispensable friend to inform, to instruct and to inspire. *Write today for sample copy.*

THE SALESMAN'S NEWS
Des Moines, Iowa

For { *Those who Sell and Those who Buy.*
Those who Win and Those who Try.

WHY NOT AVOID THE RISK?

BEFORE investing your surplus funds, take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker who will gladly serve you.

Guard Against Loss In Investments

For after all good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in the July issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.

Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable. All advertisements carefully censored.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Copyright Title Page

PAGE

449 Beauty, by Ralph Waldo Emerson; from *The Essay on Beauty.*

450 The Sleeping Lady of Taj Mahal, by Arthur Mee; from *The Wonderful Day.*

454 An Excursion to the Moon, by J. H. Fabre; from *The Heavens;* J. B. Lippincott Company.

460 The Grass, by Emily Dickinson. By permission of Little, Brown and Company.

Erratum

In *Studying the Eclipse from the Los Angeles,* in the June number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, the name C. M. Keiss should read C. C. Kiess, Ph.D.

been the chief takers. All countries had saddled themselves with promises to pay, in bonds and in paper money. France's paper money had jumped from an issue of 1,800 million dollars, in 1914, to 6,000 million, in 1918, and was still soaring. Austria had printed forty times her normal paper circulation in four years, and had only gotten started. Ditto for Germany and Russia.

It had been a grand riot for which nobody wanted to pay, or knew how to pay. Prices had gone out of all proportions to work values. Fanatics raved about the plots of the international bankers to set the world by its ears, particularly the Jewish bankers. Then unkind words were said about the Kaiser. Gold was chased all over the map and refused to be caught. France and England had quite a spat about a billion francs of gold sent as a guarantee by France to London, and the quarrel remains unsettled. Switzerland, which had set by snug sums in gold, as a neutral trading country, couldn't sell anybody anything any more—not an electric lamp or a stove poker—because hers was a gold basis.

Roumania had plenty of paper money but no gold, because in an unhappy moment she had entrusted her gold stock to a train headed for Petrograd, a short time before the glorious revolution, and the Bolos to date have declined to return the gold.

Down in Vienna I witnessed the starting of the new republic. At a consultation of the ministry, where I was present, the vital subject of money came up. "Haven't you got a printing press?" I inquired. "Everybody else has." They took the hint.

The job of a minister of finance in 1919–20 was a sinecure. All he had to do was look solemn and give the printing press another twirl.

There's an old saying that everything that goes up has to come down. Soon this money would buy nothing, especially in terms of foreign exchange. On a trip from Moscow to Odessa, I noted the rouble went from 100,000 to 1,000,000 for a dollar. During an hour's airplane trip that I made from Budapest to Vienna, the dollar went from 100,000 to 150,000 crowns.

In 1919 the dollar became the standard for Europe. The fact that it was of paper didn't matter. It represented gold. In one breath these Europeans damned us, and claimed we had robbed the world; yet they wanted our money.

All these facts are part of history. But neither paper nor gold is wealth. Work is wealth. And that's what they have been trying to do over there ever since, in rare moments of lucidity—get back to work.

Easy to say, hard to do, because the complicated machinery of peace and commerce, working so easily before the war, has been shot to pieces.

This pile of gold still has people hypnotized. It is not being used. First the world waited for the peace to right the war troubles. The Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations came out, and few were satisfied. Then came talk of the reconstruction of Europe. The Bolsheviks had their schemes, the Germans theirs, the French theirs. Business people here and in all these countries thought to increase war profits or recoup war losses in a year or two by selling goods at extraordinary prices. Many wanted these goods, but no one had gold to pay for them, and gold was the only foreign exchange medium.

Then came proposals of settlements of the international debts, a general forgiveness and hand-shaking all around. Then more proposals for international loans, tied up with reparation payments. Then, utterances of threats and hopes that the Americans would be starved by their gold accumulations. Next international thinkers shifted their minds from gold.

"Since we can't get gold, let us have another money standard. Let us have a goods-dollar, a goods-pound-sterling, a mark, a franc that moves up and down with the index of prices. Gold has worn itself out anyway. Let us scrap gold." These and other short-cuts were devised to pay for a war that had cost the world around 350 billions of dollars; a war that will be felt fifty years hence.

But three big constructive things have been done since the war. One of these was the arrangement by England to pay us what she owed us by 1990. One was the attempt of Americans to take advantage of the potentialities of our gold by engaging in foreign trade and investments. This began in 1919–20,

Give Her the New BUTTERICK COOK BOOK

And Your Dinners Will Be the Best You Ever Ate

For this great new Cook Book contains not only hundreds of delicious recipes but many suggested menus for holidays as well as ordinary days. Every woman is delighted with The New Butterick Cook Book because it saves her the trouble of pondering every day, "What Shall I Have For Dinner Tonight?" Then it also gives her ideas on entertaining—chafing-dish suppers, a Japanese tea, an evening card party, a formal dinner in Russian style, etc. Pictures show her how to decorate a cake by using a pastry bag, how to arrange a tray for serving iced drinks, how to set a table for a luncheon party.

The New Butterick Cook Book has chapters on how to buy food, carving, entrees and made-over dishes, meat and meat substitutes, casserole cookery, the fireless cooker, canning, drying fruits and vegetables and scientific information on food values.

On sale at all bookstores and Butterick Departments or send direct. Clip this coupon. Mail TODAY!

Practical and Serviceable
A First Aid to the Hostess
734 Pages; Illustrated
The Ideal Gift

CLIP HERE

CLIP HERE

Butterick Publishing Company
Butterick Building, New York

Dept. Z 1

Please send me a copy of The New Butterick Cook Book for which I will pay the postman only $2.50 for the book, plus postage ($2.65 prepaid), when it is delivered to me. My understanding is that I may return this book after 5 days and have my money refunded if I am not fully satisfied.

NAME .....

STREET and NO. .....

CITY .....STATE .....

In Canada send coupon to Butterick Publishing Co., 468 Wellington St., W., Toronto.

McClure's for July, 1925

and went on during the price deflation movement of 1920–21; we promptly and naturally lost a hundred or more million dollars, and quit—a retreat as spectacular as that of Napoleon from Moscow. Another is the Dawes plan. The world is not much farther along than it was in 1919. Each nation is out for itself.

Meanwhile, what has gold been doing? More and more of it is coming here to pay debts, to pay for wheat, cotton, for investment, to escape political and business instability abroad.

Business men, financial authorities, writers, have talked, and written on this question. The libraries are choked with books on it. The daily newspapers carry interviews, columns of discussions about it. One says we must loan it abroad, and save Europe and the world. It took 44,000 words of text to explain the Dawes plan. Another says there is no confidence in Europe, and Europe says it can't establish confidence until it gets gold. Another says there is a plot to rob us of our gold. Always a vicious circle, and the gold keeps coming! All that has been said about gold trails off into paradox. Prices in the United States were sure to rise with more gold. They are falling here, and rising in Russia, for instance, where there is little gold. Is gold in the hands of Chinese mandarins? The paper madness gone, the gold madness is intensified. In South Africa a mine manager protests against the paper currency fallacies, menacing gold mining profits, and in the same breath the socialist government proposes to place an embargo on gold exports. The old delusion—gold is wealth.

One view is pretty sure. Most of our gold will stay here. If Europe wants gold for its treasuries, it will buy it from the new gold mined, as a question of convenience and markets.

Meanwhile our gold is eating its head off. It is money, and money demands interest.

What shall we do with it? One man proposes that we put some of it in circulation as coinage, and retire our greenbacks. It is proposed that we lower our tariffs so Europeans may send in goods, pay us back, and take back their gold. And how about our own factories, already over-producing? Gold is a tool to create wealth. How shall we put ours to work? By foreign loans, whereby the banker gets the first profit? One effect of putting Germany to work may be to make competition for our goods stronger in foreign markets.

Here's a case in point, as to investments by the British. A certain firm owns quebracho and raw dyestuff production plants in the Argentine, and sold to Russia and to Europe in quantity last winter. The money goes to London, and the cost of productive labor to the Argentine.

These Americans arguing for larger investments abroad say we are a twelve-months country, unwilling to wait for long returns; that we are too willing to accept such a solution as Sir John Bradbury put to me. He suggested that we farm out our money to the British, let them make the investment direct and pay us interest.

The American manufacturers and building and railway concerns are pressing these arguments hard this year, pounding the table not infrequently in foreign trade conventions, in gatherings of associations of various sorts. They insist that we are no longer a debtor but a creditor nation; that we are no longer an agricultural country but one with 387,000 factories producing more than we can use; that if we do not go forward into foreign trade we must go backward. They say the flood of gold is coming here in payment for goods and debts, that if the gold is stopped it means we must accept manufactured goods in payment—things we don't want—that the raw materials we import do not come from debtor nations.

Among the answers given is that we now have 8,000 millions in foreign loans and investments, five billions made during or since the war; that we are circumspectly, carefully, pushing out, as fast as they are educated, investors who until now have preferred to keep money at home where they can watch it grow. One banker said to me: "Foreign investments in a country without credit is equivalent to saying 'Loan me the money and I will buy an automobile from you.'"

So the arguments wag. Meanwhile the gold is here, and more of it coming, and the more sound foreign investments we make the more we shall have.

Gold!

ALLERTON

CLUB RESIDENCES

There is an indefinite something about the atmosphere in the Allerton Houses—comradery, good fellowship, good cheer—that keeps forever alive the fire of College Spirit—that greatest of adjuncts to after-year success.

Rates $10 *to* $20 *per week*

ALLERTON HOUSE

CHICAGO NEW YORK

THE FASHION PROMENADE OF THE WORLD

WHENEVER you go to France, there's a beach waiting for you—frilled round with the great white-crested waves of the Channel or the Atlantic, the frisky green rollers of the Bay of Biscay, or the wide shining blue floor of the Mediterranean where the carved peninsulas and the storied islands lie greener than fairyland, steeped in sunshine.

Le Touquet, Deauville, Dinard, Biarritz, the Cote d'Azur—and all the chic world of three continents spending millions to make a spectacle for you.

To reach the fashionable beaches or the lovely Alps or Pyrenees; take the French Line whose de luxe liners make the trip from New York to Havre, the port of Paris, in less than six days with special three-hour boat trains for Paris waiting at the dock—and be in France the moment you go up the gangplank.

You can go to France this summer for $140, in the large French Line one-cabin steamers. . . . You can live well in France—and tour—on six dollars a day.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York

Offices and Agencies in principal Cities of Europe and the United States

AND NOW—

It Is So Unnecessary *to be without fine books*

Arlen—Ferber—Lewis—Kipling; books of travel, biography, humor, etiquette.

WE OFFER THE NEW CHARGE ACCOUNT SERVICE
that brings the World's Best to your doorstep

Two men were sitting opposite each other in the Monte Carlo Express. They were Americans, as their clothes proclaimed. But here the similarity ended. One was engrossed in a book, the other wore a hopelessly bored expression.
When the first man finally took his eyes off the book, his traveling companion addressed him. "Pardon me," he said, "if I intrude. I see you're reading *These Charming People* by Michael Arlen. I've been unfortunate this trip. No sooner did I start the book you're reading, when my entire luggage was stolen. Nothing very valuable lost, and I was insured, but all the books I'd taken along for my vacation are gone. It really puts me out."
"Don't let that spoil your vacation," said the other man. "Send a line, or better, a cable, to the Mayfair Publishers, at 250 Park Avenue, New York City. They'll send you all the books you want on the first steamer leaving New York, unless they are out of print, or otherwise unobtainable. I would suggest opening a charge account with the Mayfair Mail Book Shop, and avail yourself of something new in Book Service."
He is now one of our subscribers.

Our recommendations to you are prepared by skilled critics who give personal study and genuine interest to any request for information and advice from subscribers to this service. Don't starve your mind and imagination for want of interesting books. BUY A FEW BOOKS EACH MONTH—BUT BE SURE THEY ARE THE RIGHT BOOKS! Our service includes brilliantly written monthly bulletins and personal letters of advice to customers. Just mail your application now—while you can take advantage of the bargains offered below.

Read here of the new Mayfair plan which gives you the good books when you want them, without bother or effort

On the order form below we recommend several delightful combinations of warm weather books at special introductory prices. With your first order send check or money order *only for the combination prices indicated.* Then fill in your name and address, including one business reference (or, if you prefer, your business letterhead) and we will place you at once on our Subscribers' List. The books you order will be shipped at once. A short time later you will be notified that we have opened your account.

Thereafter you receive, at no expense to you, the best critical reviews of current books as rapidly as they are published by us. Then, no matter how busy you are, or how far away the nearest good book shop may be, you simply send us a brief message stating your book requirements. We keep you supplied with order blanks, take care of all details, ordering when necessary from foreign countries, and provide books ranging from the rarest early editions of England and the Continent to the modernist products of the young American writers.

BARGAINS BELOW!

CLIP AND MAIL: These are August Combinations and Charge Account Application Form.

No. 1 Arrowsmith, by Sinclair Lewis. ($2.00).
The Great Gatsby, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. ($2.00).
Value—$4.00. **Our Combination Price—$3.00.**

No. 2 Mayfair, by Michael Arlen. ($2.50).
The Reckless Lady, by Sir Philip Gibbs. ($2.00).
Value—$4.50. **Our Combination Price—$3.85.**

No. 3 The Constant Nymph, by Margaret Kennedy. ($2.00).
Soundings, by A. Hamilton Gibbs. ($2.00).
Value—$4.00. **Our Combination Price—$3.20.**

No. 4 The Green Hat, by Michael Arlen. ($2.50).
The Painted Veil, by W. Somerset Maugham. ($2.00).
Value—$4.50. **Our Combination Price—$3.49.**

No. 5 Here Comes the Bride, by Irvin S. Cobb. ($2.00).
The Illiterate Digest, by Will Rogers. ($2.00).
Value—$4.00. **Our Combination Price—$3.25.**

No. 6 Brigham Young, by M. R. Werner. ($5.00).
Twice 30, by Edward Bok. ($4.50).
Value—$9.50. **Our Combination Price—$8.45.**

To MAYFAIR PUBLISHERS, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Please send August combinations numbered..... for which I am enclosing the special prices printed on this form. (If more than one combination is desired, be sure to give all the numbers.)

Also enter my application for a Mayfair Charge Account and free book Information Service.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

Bank or Business Reference.....
.....
.....
.....

MAYFAIR PUBLISHERS
MAIL BOOK SHOP